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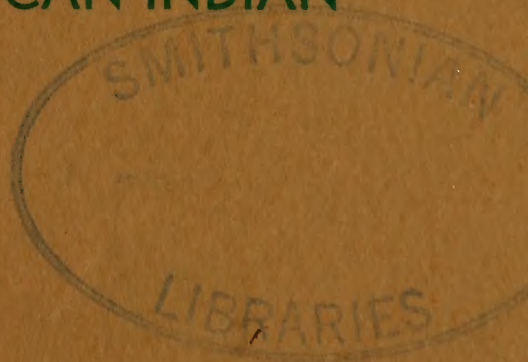
# **ZUNI BREADSTUFF**



**FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING**

**MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN**

**1974**



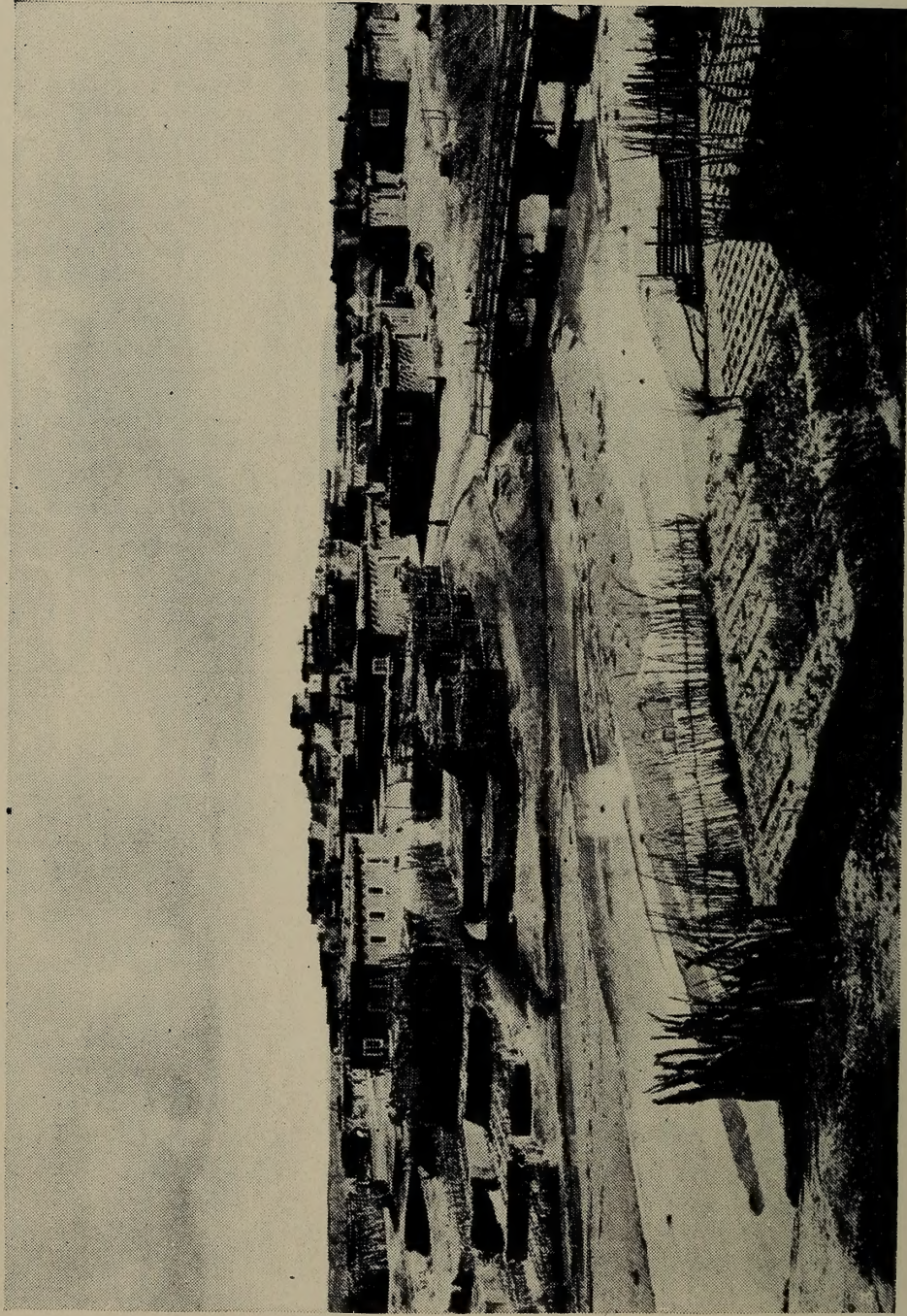












THE PUEBLO OF ZUÑI FROM THE SOUTHWEST



# INDIAN NOTES AND MONOGRAPHS

VOL.



VIII

A SERIES OF PUBLICA-  
TIONS RELATING TO THE  
AMERICAN ABORIGINES

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## ZUÑI BREADSTUFF

BY

FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING

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REPRINT EDITION

NEW YORK  
MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN  
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1974





THIS series of INDIAN NOTES AND MONOGRAPHS is devoted primarily to the publication of the results of studies by members of the staff of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, and is uniform with HISPANIC NOTES AND MONOGRAPHS, published by the Hispanic Society of America, with which organization this Museum is in cordial coöperation.

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## PREFACE TO THE REPRINT

The history of *Zuni Breadstuff* has been well told in the Foreword to the original work, herein printed on pages 7-15; there is no point in reviewing that record. Rather, the importance of the book and the unusual role of Frank Hamilton Cushing is perhaps more pertinent. He may have been "the first professional field ethnologist," as some have claimed; more significantly, he seems to have been the earliest professional anthropologist to so completely identify with and integrate into Indian society. This he accomplished to such an extent that he was not only adopted fully as a blood brother, but was in time actually able to sign himself "First War Chief of the Zuni." Attaining recognized status as a Priest of the Bow is no small step for a Zuni — for a non-Indian, it is almost an insuperable feat. It is certainly a measure of his remarkable empathy with the people into whose life he moved and totally immersed himself, and it is a further tribute to the degree to which he was accepted by one of the most reserved and taciturn Indian societies in the United States.

This is not the only work on the Zuni tribe published by Cushing. He wrote many accounts of their life, most notably two other studies of equal significance: *My Adventures in Zuni* (1882), a shorter work which appeared just before the present volume; and *Zuni Folk Tales* (1901), still the classic volume on the subject.

*Zuni Breadstuff* has long been out-of-print since its one-volume appearance in 1920 as a publication of this Museum; indeed, it has commanded a considerable premium on the rare book market. Since works on the Zuni people are few in number, we hope that this will provide



a useful document for both Indian and non-Indian alike. The many requests we have received to reprint this book are a testimonial to the considerable interest in the Pueblo Indian which is alive today.

*Zuni Breadstuff* is not only one of the first "Indian cook books," in that it provides an excellent survey of Pueblo foods and their preparation. It also demonstrates the deep interrelationship between Zuni ceremonial life, folk history, and everyday customs — and the role of corn, the mother food, in all of these activities.

It is particularly appropriate that this volume appears at a time when the Zuni people are increasingly concerned with their own history; as with all American Indians, this story has in the past been written by non-Indians. In an effort to remedy this situation and to tell their history as they know it, they are presently publishing a series of Zuni-written accounts of their past.

While *Zuni Breadstuff* cannot claim to have been written by a person of Zuni blood, it was certainly undertaken by one who may well have been more Zuni than White in many ways. We offer this book in an effort to serve both Indian and White readers. As a reference, it is timeless — as an example of one man's experiences and observations while living with his Zuni brothers, it is a unique document.

FREDERICK J. DOCKSTADER

*Director*

November 1974



## FOREWORD



HIS series of articles on Zuñi Breadstuff was first published in *The Millstone* of Indianapolis (a trade magazine that long since ceased publication), in its issues extending from volume IX, January, 1884, to volume X, August, 1885. Subsequently an attempt was made to reprint the articles, in condensed form, in *Milling* of Chicago, but only the first nine chapters thus appeared, extending from volume III, no. 2, July, 1893, to volume IV, no. 4, March, 1894, when their publication was terminated. Mr. Cushing's account of the subject is so replete with information respecting not only the food products of the Zuñi tribe, with whom he lived as an adopted member from 1879 until 1884, but of their methods of preparation, and the myths, ceremonies, and daily customs pertaining thereto.



It is needless to say that Frank Hamilton Cushing was in such intimate touch with the Zuñi that he was thoroughly familiar with the topics of which he wrote covering that interesting people, and it is for the purpose of making them accessible to students of American ethnology, and especially of the Pueblo Indians, that the articles referred to, until now practically inaccessible, are republished in this series.

In preparing the work for publication, no attempt has been made to change the original text, except where it obviously required improvement in punctuation, the correction of typographical and orthographical errors, consistency in the spelling of native terms, and the romanizing of various terms and expressions in italics where not needed for direct emphasis. The illustrations used in the original articles are all reproduced, somewhat smaller in size, and several photographic plates, from negatives by Mr. Jesse L. Nusbaum, further illustrating the subject, have been introduced.

The following brief sketch of Mr Cushing's life and activities is from the pen of



the late Major John Wesley Powell, founder and first director of the Bureau of American Ethnology, quoted from the Twenty-first Annual Report of that institution:

“Frank Hamilton Cushing was born in Northeast, Pennsylvania, July 22, 1857. At first a physical weakling, he drew away from the customary associations of childhood and youth and fell into a remarkable companionship with nature; and as the growth of the frail body lagged, his mental powers grew in such wise as to separate him still further from more conventional associates. In childhood he found ‘sermons in stones and books in running brooks;’ and in youth his school was the forest about his father’s homestead in central New York. There his taste for nature was intensified, and the habit of interpreting things in accordance with natural principles, rather than conventional axioms, grew so strong as to control his later life. Meantime, relieved of the constant waste of mentality through the friction of social relation, his mind gained in vigor and force; he became a genius.

“At 9 years of age Cushing’s attention was attracted by Indian arrowpoints found in his neighborhood, and he began a collection which grew into a museum and laboratory housed in a wigwam erected by him in a retired part of the family homestead; and his interest and knowledge grew until at 18 he went to Cornell already an expert capable of instructing the teachers. Perhaps by reason of his close communion with nature, he early fell into a habit of thought not unlike that of the primitive arrow maker, and even before he knew the living Indian, grew into sympathy with Indian art, Indian methods, Indian motives. So, in his wigwam laboratory and later at Cornell and elsewhere, he began to reproduce chipped stone arrowpoints and other aboriginal artifacts by processes similar to those of the native artisans; in this art he attained skill to a unique degree, and through it he gained unique understanding of the processes of primitive men. In 1874, at the age of 17, he sent to Secretary Baird an account of the Antiquities of Orleans County, N. Y.,



which was published in the Smithsonian Report for that year; this was based on his wigwam collection, which later passed into the National Museum. In 1876 he had charge of a portion of the National Museum collection at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, where he edified visiting archeologists by his interpretation and imitation of native handicraft; for his skill extended from stone chipping to pottery making, basket building, weaving, skin dressing, and all other native arts. In 1879 Major Powell employed him in the Bureau of American Ethnology, at first in collecting artifacts from the pueblos; but the innate sympathy with simple life acquired in his isolated boyhood soon brought him into intimate relations with the living tribesmen, and the bond became so strong that he decided to remain at Zuñi, where for five years he was as one of the tribe. After mastering the language he acquainted himself with the Zuñi arts and industries; he was adopted into the ancient Macaw clan and the sacred name 'Medicine-flower,' borne by only one per-

son in a lifetime, was given him; then he was initiated into tribal fraternities and gradually inducted into the religious ceremonies and mysteries; and long before he left the pueblo he was second chief of the tribe, the Head Priest of the Bow, and lived in the family of the governor, wearing native costume, eating native food, and participating in all native occupations and pastimes. Such was Cushing's college course in ethnology.

“When he left Zuñi Mr Cushing brought with him to Boston and other Eastern cities a party of Zuñi headmen and priests, who attracted much attention and awakened deep interest in aboriginal life. One of the results was the organization of the Hemenway Archeological Expedition, endowed by the late Mrs Mary Hemenway, of Boston; in 1886-88 Mr Cushing had charge of the work. Subsequently he returned to the service of the Bureau, and began preparing for publication the records of his researches in Zuñi; a part of this material was published in the Thirteenth Report under the title ‘*Outlines of Zuñi Creation Myths.*’



His health failing to an extent requiring a change, he was assigned to duty in Florida, where he made an archeologic survey no less remarkable for the breadth of view with which it was conducted than for the wealth of material produced from shell mounds and peat-lined lagoons. He was actively engaged in preparing the results of this work for publication when a slight accident (the swallowing of a fish bone) proved too much for the vital thread, never strong and much enfeebled by wholehearted and absorbing devotion to duty under trying conditions in Zuñi and in Florida. So his professional career ended. He died April 10, 1900.

“Cushing was a man of genius. The history of the human world has been shaped by a few men; the multitudes have lived and worked and ended their days under the leadership of these few. Most of the geniuses who have shaped the history of later times shone as intellectual luminaries alone. Cushing stood out not only as a man of intellect, but preëminently as a master of those manual concepts to which

he gave name as well as meaning—indeed, he might fittingly be styled a manual genius. There are two sides to man, two correlative and reciprocal aspects—the hand side and the brain side. Human development begins in the child, and began in our earliest ancestry so far as we are able to think, chiefly in the perfecting of the hand; for throughout the human world men do before they know—indeed, the greater part of knowing is always preceded by generations of doing. So humanity's dawn was doubtless brightened through manual genius; then came those later millenniums in which the brain side of man rose into dominance and illumined progress—and this was the time of intellectual geniuses. Of late science has arisen, and men have turned to the contemplation of nature and have been led thence to the conquest of natural forces. In the strife against dull nature the manual side of man has again come into prominence, and the pages of later history are emblazoned with the names of inventors and experimentalists in whom the hand side and the brain side



have attained perfect union. To this class of men Cushing belonged; yet the application of his genius was peculiar, even unique, in that his efforts were expended in interpreting inventions by others rather than in making inventions of his own. This application of his powers rendered him successful beyond parallel in retracing the paths pursued by primal men in their slow advance toward manual and mechanical skill; and it was through this peculiar application that Cushing's richest contributions to the science of man were made.

“By reason of his peculiar insight into primitive devices and motives Cushing was a teacher of his collaborators, even of those whose years were more than his own. His mind responded readily to the impact of new sights, new thoughts, new knowledge; hence he was fertile in hypothesis, fruitful in suggestion, an avant-courier in research, a leader in interpretation. All his associates profited by his originality and learned much of him. The debt of American ethnology to Cushing is large.”





## ZUÑI BREADSTUFF

BY FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING

## CHAPTER I

CREATION, AND THE ORIGIN OF CORN<sup>1</sup>

WATCHING one day a white-headed Zuñi grandmother who was stirring vigorously some yellow batter with a bundle of splints, I asked her what she was making. "Hoe-cakes," she answered, only she called it *mu'-we*.

"How do you make them?" I inquired.

"*Sa-k'o, o'-lut-si-na ta k'ia'-kok-shi, hi-ni-na hâ i'-ya si'; tem kwi'l-ip-nan, hâ ko-la ma-we ta i'-sha-nan wo-lu, shél-an-an ul-üp, he'-po-k'on wo'-tap, te'-na-lap, u-li'-hap,—tchim i'-to-na-k'ia, a'ya-naie'!*"—replied the old woman.

This is as hard as Zuñi milling; but I will try to grind it into English.

“Meal, soft corn-flour and good water, equally I mix; then stirring, red-pepper, salt, and suet, I put in, into husks I roll this, into an oven all place shutting the hole; time passed, I take them out. Now then, for eating they are ready!”

Do not imagine the old woman knew no other way of making corn-food. As prolific of resources as the Chinese are with their rice, not more so are they than are the ancient Zuñis with their corn.

Indeed so important to the Zuñi is his corn, that it plays an all-essential part, not only in his daily but also in his industrial, religious, and mythologic life, and even in the tales with which he amuses the children about the fireside in winter-time.

That this may be better understood among those controlled by a culture totally at variance with that of the Zuñis; that the many observances, ceremonials, and formulæ connected with corn, its growth, treatment, and preparation for food, hereinafter to be described, may not seem mean-



ingless, it is necessary that an outline of the Zuñi mythology connected with corn, and that some, at least, of the philosophy and folk-lore which have grown out of this mythology, be recorded.

Thus, by following me in the pursuit of a useful purpose, I anticipate that my readers will find some part of the interest and pleasure which fell to my lot when, on long winter nights, I listened, in the light of piñon-fires on Zuñi hearthstones, to the recitals which first gave me knowledge of these strange beliefs and things.

Thus listening, I once heard a Zuñi priest say:

“Five things alone are necessary to the sustenance and comfort of the ‘dark ones’ [Indians] among the children of earth:

“The sun, who is the Father of all.

“The earth, who is the Mother of men.

“The water, who is the Grandfather.

“The fire, who is the Grandmother.

“Our brothers and sisters the Corn, and seeds of growing things.”

This Indian philosopher explained himself somewhat after the following fashion:

“Who among men and the creatures could live without the Sun Father? for his light brings day, warms and gladdens the Earth Mother with rain which flows forth in the water we drink and that causes the flesh of the Earth Mother to yield abundantly seeds, while these,—are they not cooked by the brand of fire which warms us in winter?”

That he reasoned well, may be the better understood if we follow for a while the teachings which instructed his logic. These relate that:

First, there was sublime darkness, which vanished not until came the “Ancient Father of the Sun,” revealing universal waters. These were, save him, all that were.

The Sun-father thought to change the face of the waters and cause life to replace their desolation.

He rubbed the surface of his flesh, thus drawing forth *yep'na*.<sup>2</sup>

The *yep'na* he rolled into two balls. From his high and “ancient place among the spaces” (*Te'-thlä-shi-na-kwin*) he cast



forth one of these balls and it fell upon the surface of the waters. There, as a drop of deer suet on hot broth, so this ball melted and spread far and wide like scum over the great waters, ever growing, until it sank into them.

Then the Sun Father cast forth the other ball, and it fell, spreading out and growing even larger than had the first, and dispelling so much of the waters that it rested upon the first. In time, the first became a great being—our Mother, the Earth; and the second became another great being—our Father, the Sky. Thus was divided the universal fluid into the “embracing waters of the World” below, and the “embracing waters of the Sky” above. Behold! this is why the Sky Father is blue as the ocean which is the home of the Earth Mother, blue even his flesh, as seem the far-away mountains, though they be the flesh of the Earth Mother.

Now, while the Sky Father and the Earth Mother were together, the Earth Mother conceived in her ample wombs—which were the four great underworlds or caves—

the first of men and creatures. Then the two entered into council that they might provide for the birth of their children.

“How shall it be?” said the one to the other. “How, when born forth, shall our children subsist, and who shall guide them?”

“Behold!” said the Sky Father. He spread his hand high and abroad with the hollow palm downward. Yellow grains like corn he stuck into all the lines and wrinkles of his palm and fingers. “Thus,” said he, “shall I, as it were, hold my hand ever above thee and thy children, and the yellow grains shall represent so many shining points which shall guide and light these, our children, when the Sun Father is not nigh.”

Gaze on the sky at night-time! Is it not the palm of the Great Father, and are the stars not in many lines of his hand yet to be seen?

“Ah yes!” said the Earth Mother, “yet my tiny children may not wander over my lap and bosom without guidance, even in the light of the Sun Father, therefore, behold!”



She took a great terraced bowl into which she poured water; upon the water she spat, and, whipping it rapidly with her fingers, it was soon beaten into foam as froths the soap-weed, and the foam rose high up around the rim of the bowl. The Earth Mother blew the foam. Flake after flake broke off, and bursting, cast spray downward into the bowl.

“See,” said she, “this bowl is, as it were, the world, the rim its farthest limits, and the foam-bounden terraces round about, my features, which they shall call mountains whereby they shall name countries and be guided from place to place, and whence white clouds shall rise, float away, and, bursting, shed spray, that my children may drink of the water of life, and from my substance add unto the flesh of their being. Thou hast said thou wilt watch over them when the Sun Father is absent, but thou art the cold being; I am the warm. Therefore, at night, when thou watchest, my children shall nestle in my bosom and find there warmth, strength, and length of life from one daylight to another.”

Is not the bowl the emblem of the Earth, our mother? For from it we draw both food and drink, as a babe draws nourishment from the breast of its mother, and round, as is the rim of a bowl, so is the horizon, terraced with mountains, whence rise the clouds. Is not woman the warm, man the cold being? For while woman sits shivering as she cooks by the fire in the house-room, man goes forth little heeding the storms of winter, to hunt the feed and gather pine-fagots.

Yet, alas! men and the creatures remained bounden in the lowermost womb of the Earth Mother, for she and the Sky Father feared to deliver them as a mother fears for the fate of her first offspring.

Then the Ancient Sun pitied the children of Earth. That they might speedily see his light, he cast a glance upon a foam-cap floating abroad on the great waters. Forthwith the foam-cap became instilled with life, and bore twin children, brothers one to the other, older and younger, for one was born before the other. To these he gave the *k'ia-al-lan*, or "water-shield," that on



it they might fly over the waters as the clouds, from which it was spun and woven, float over the ocean; that they might blind with its mists the sight of the enemy as the clouds, darken the earth with rain-drops. He gave them for their bow, the rainbow, that with it they might clear men's trails of enemies, as the rainbow clears away the storm-shadows; and for their arrows gave he them the thunderbolts, that they might rive open the mountains, as the lightning cleaves asunder the pine trees, and then he sent them abroad to deliver, guide, and protect the children of earth and the Sky Father. With their bow they lifted from his embraces the Sky Father from the bosom of the Earth Mother, "for," said they, "if he remain near, his cold will cause men to be stunted and stooped with shivering and to grovel in the earth," as stunted trees in the mountains delve under the snow to hide from the cold of the Sky Father. With their thunderbolts they broke open the mountain which gave entrance to the cave-wombs of the Earth Mother, and upon their water-shields they

descended into the lowermost of the caves, where dwelt the children of earth—men and all creatures.

Alas! It was dark as had been the world before the coming of the Sun, and the brothers found men and the beings sadly bewailing their lot. When one moved it was but to jostle another, whose complaints wearied the ears of yet others; hence the brothers called a council of the priest-chiefs,—even ere the coming forth of men such lived,—and they made a ladder of tall canes which they placed against the roof of the cavern. Up this rushed the children of earth. Some, climbing out before of their own wills, found deliverance from the caves above and, wandering away, became the ancestors of nations unknown to us; but our fathers followed in the footsteps of the older and younger brothers. Does not the cane grow jointed today, showing thus the notches which men traversed to daylight?

In the second cave all was still dark, but like starlight through cloud rifts, through the cleft above showed the twilight. After



time the people murmured again, until the two delivered them into the third world where they found light like that of early dawn. Again they grew discontented, again were guided upward, this time into the open light of the Sun—which was the light of this world. But some remained behind, not escaping until afterward; and these were the fathers of the western nations whom our ancients knew not.

Then indeed for a time the people complained bitterly, for it was then that they first saw the light of the Sun Father, which, in its brilliancy, smote them so that they fell grasping their eyeballs and moaning. But when they became used to the light they looked around in joy and wonderment; yet they saw that the earth seemed but small, for everywhere rolled about the great misty waters.

The two brothers spread open the limbs of the Earth Mother and cleft the western mountains with their shafts of lightning, and the waters flowed down and away from the bosom of the Earth Mother, cutting great cañons and valleys which remain to

this day. Thus was widened the land, yet the earth remained damp. Then they guided the people eastward.

Already before men came forth from the lower worlds with the priest-chiefs, there were many gods and strange beings. The gods gave to the priests many treasures and instructions, but the people knew not yet the meaning of either. Thus were first taught our ancients incantations, rituals, and sacred talks (prayer), each band of them according to its usefulness. These bands were, the "Priesthood" (*Shi'-wa-na-kwe*), the "Hunter-band" (*Sa'-ni-a-k'ia-kwe*), the "Knife-band" (*A'tchi-a-k'ia-kwe* or Warrior), and the *Ne'-we-kwe*, or Band of Wise Medicine Men. The leaders of each band thus came to have wonderful knowledge and power—even as that of the gods! They summoned a great council of their children—for they were called the "Fathers of the People"—and asked them to choose such things as they would have for special ownership or use. Some chose the macaw, the eagle, or the turkey; others chose the deer, bear, or coyote; others the



seeds of earth, or *a'-tâ-a*, the spring vine, tobacco, and the plants of medicine, the yellow-wood and many other things. Thus it came about that they and their brothers and sisters and their children, even unto the present day, were named after the things they chose in the days when all was new, and thus was divided our nation into many clans (*a'-no-ti-we*) of brothers and sisters who may not marry one another but from one to the other. To some of the elders of these bands and clans was given some thing which should be, above all other things, precious. For instance, the clans of the Bear and Crane were given the *mu'-et-ton-ne*, or medicine seed of hail and snow. For does not the bear go into his den, and appears not the crane when come the storms of hail and snow?

When more than one clan possessed one of these magic medicines, they formed a secret society, like the first four, for its keeping and use. Thus the Bear and Crane peoples became the "Holders of the Wand"—who bring the snow of winter and are potent to cure the diseases which come

with them. In time they let into their secret council others, whom they had cured, that the precious secrets of their band might not be wasted. Thus it was that one after another were formed the rest of our medicine bands, who were and are called the finishers of men's trails, because, despite disease and evil, they guard and lengthen our lives; but in the "days of the new" there were only four bands.<sup>3</sup>

To the Eagle, Deer, and Coyote peoples were given the *nal'-e-ton*, or "deer medicine seed," which the Hunter band still guards; and to the Macaw, Sun, and Frog peoples the *k'ia'-et-ton*, or the "medicine seed of water," which the priesthood and the Sacred Dance, or *Kâ'-kâ*, still hold—without the administration of which the world would dry up and even the insects of the mountains and hollows of earth grow thirsty and perish. Yet, not less precious was the gift to the "Seed people," or *Tâ'-a-kwe*. This was the *tchu'-et-ton*, or the "medicine seed of corn," for from this came the parents of flesh and beauty, the solace of hunger, the emblems of birth,



mortal life, death, and immortality. To the Badger people was given the knowledge of fire, for in the roots of all trees, great and little, which the badger best knows how to find, dwells the essence of fire.<sup>4</sup>

To all of these peoples it was told that they should wander for many generations toward the land whence the Sun brings the daylight (eastward), until at last they would reach the "middle of the world," where their children should dwell forever over the heart of our Earth Mother until their days should be numbered and the light of Zuñi grow dark.

Toward this unknown country the "twin brothers of light" guided them. In those times a day meant a year, and a night another, so that four days and nights meant eight years. Many days the people wandered eastward, slaying game for their flesh-food, gathering seeds from grasses and weeds for their bread-food, and binding rushes about their loins for their clothing; they knew not until afterward, the flesh of the cotton- and yucca-mothers.

The earth was still damp. Dig a hole

in a hillside, quickly it filled with water. Drop a seed on the highest table-land, and it without waiting shot forth green sprouts. So moist, indeed, was the soil, that even footprints of men and all creatures might be traced whithersoever they tended. The beings and strange creatures increased with men, and spread over the world. Many monsters lived, by whose ferocity men perished.

Then said the twin brothers: "Men, our children, are poorer than the beasts, their enemies; for each creature has a special gift of strength or sagacity, while to men has been given only the power of guessing. Nor would we that our children be web-footed like the beings that live over the waters and damp places."

Therefore, they sent all men and harmless beings to a place of security; then laid their water-shield on the ground. Upon it they placed four thunderbolts, one pointing north, another west, another south, and the other eastward. When all was ready they let fly the thunderbolts. Instantly the world was covered with lurid fire and



shaken with rolling thunders, as is a forest today burned and blasted where the lightning has fallen. Thus as the clay of vessels is burned to rock, and the mud of the hearth crackled and reddened by fire, so the earth was mottled and crackled and hardened where now we see mountains and masses of rock. Many of the great monsters and prey-beings were changed in a twinkling to enduring rock or shriveled into twisted idols which the hunter and priest-warrior know best how to prize. Behold! their forms along every mountainside and ravine and in the far western valleys and plains still endure the tracks of the fathers of men and beings, the children of earth. Yet some of the beings of prey were spared, that the world might not become over-filled with life and starvation follow, and that men might breathe of their spirits and be inspired with the hearts of warriors and hunters.

Often the people rested from their wanderings, building great houses of stone which may even now be seen, until the conch of the gods sounded, which lashed the

ocean to fury and beat the earth to trembling.<sup>5</sup> Then the people started up, and gathering the few things they could, again commenced their wanderings; yet often those who slept or lingered were buried beneath their own walls, where yet their bones may sometimes be found.

Marvelous both of good and evil were the works of the ancients. Alas! there came forth with others, those impregnated with the seed of sorcery. Their evil works caused discord among men, and, through fear and anger, men were divided from one another. Born before our ancients, had been other men, and these our fathers sometimes overtook and looked not peacefully upon them, but challenged them—though were they not their elder brothers? It thus happened when our ancients came to their fourth resting place on their eastward journey, that which they named *Shi-po-lo-lon-K'ai-a*, or "Place of Misty Waters," there already dwelt a clan of people called the *A'-tâ-a*, or Seed people, and the Seed clan of our ancients challenged them to know by what right they assumed



the name and attributes of their own clan. "Behold!" said these stranger beings, "we have power with the gods above yours, yet can we not exert it without your aid. Try, therefore, your own power first, then we will show you ours." At last, after much wrangling, the Seed clan agreed to this, and set apart eight days for prayer and sacred labors. First they worked together cutting sticks, to which they bound the plumes of summer birds which fly in the clouds or sail over the waters. "Therefore," thought our fathers, "why should not their plumes waft our beseechings to the waters and clouds?" These plumes, with prayers and offerings, they planted in the valleys, and there also they placed their *tchu'-e-ton-ne*. Lo! for eight days and nights it rained, and there were thick mists; and the waters from the mountains poured down, bringing new soil and spreading it over the valleys where the plumed sticks had been planted. "See!" said the fathers of the Seed clan, "water and new earth bring we by our supplications."

"It is well," replied the strangers, "yet

*life* ye did not bring. Behold!" and they too set apart eight days, during which they danced and sang a beautiful dance and prayer song, and at the end of that time they took the people of the Seed clan to the valleys. Behold, indeed! Where the plumes had been planted and the *tchu'-e-ton* placed grew seven corn-plants, their tassels waving in the wind, their stalks laden with ripened grain. "These," said the strangers, "are the severed flesh of seven maidens, our own sisters and children. The eldest sister's is the yellow corn; the next, the blue; the next, the red; the next, the white; the next, the speckled; the next, the black, and the last and youngest is the sweet-corn, for see! even ripe, she is soft like the young of the others. The first is of the North-land, yellow like the light of winter; the second is of the West, blue like the great world of waters; the third is of the South, red like the Land of Everlasting Summer; the fourth is of the East, white like the land whence the sun brings the daylight; the fifth is of the upper regions, many-colored as are the clouds of morning and



evening, and the sixth is of the lower regions, black as are the caves whence came we, your elder, and ye, our younger brothers."

"Brothers indeed be we, each one to the other," said the people to the strangers, "and may we not journey together seeking the middle of the world?"

"Aye, we may," replied the strangers, "and of the flesh of our maidens ye may eat, no more seeking the seeds of the grasses, and of your water we may drink, no more wondering whither we shall find it; thus shall each help the other to life and contentment. Ye shall pray and cut prayer-plumes; we shall sing, and dance shall our maidens that all may be delighted and that it may be for the best. But beware! no mortal must approach the persons of our maidens."

Thenceforward, many of the *A'-tâ-a* and the Seed clan journeyed together, until at last the Sun, Macaw, and some other clanspeople found the middle of the world; while others yet wandered in search of it, not for many generations to join their brothers, over the heart of the Earth

Mother, which is *Shi'-wi-na-kwin*, or the "Land of the Zuñis."<sup>6</sup>

Day after day, season after season, year after year, the people of the Seed clan and the *A'-tâ-a*, who were named together the Corn clan, or people, prepared, and their maidens danced the dance of the *Thla-he-kwe*,<sup>7</sup> or "Beautiful Corn Wands," until their children grew weary and yearned for other amusements.

Sometimes the people saw over Thunder Mountain<sup>8</sup> thick mists floating and lowering. At such times, near the Cave of the Rainbow, a beautiful halo would spring forth, amidst which the many-colored garments of the rainbow himself could be seen, and soft, sweet music, stranger than that of the whistling winds in a mountain of pines, floated fitfully down the valley. At last the priests and elders gathered in council and determined to send their two chief warriors (Priests of the Bow) to the Cavern of the Rainbow, that it might be determined what strange people made the sights and sounds. "Mayhap it will prove some new dancers, who will throw the light



of their favor on our weary hearts and come to cheer us and delight our children.” Thus said they to the warriors when they were departing.

No sooner had the warriors reached the cave entrance than the mists enshrouded them and the music ceased. They entered, and were received by a splendid group of beings bearing long, brightly-painted flutes, amongst whom the leader was *Pai'-a-tu-ma*, the father of the *Ne'-we* band, and the God of Dew.

“Enter, my children,” said he, “and sit. We have commanded our dancers to cease and our players to draw breath from their flutes, that we might listen to your messages; for, ‘not for nothing does one stranger visit the house of another.’”

“True,” replied the warriors. “Our fathers have sent us that we might greet you, and the light of your favor ask for our children. Day after day the maidens of the Corn people dance one dance which, from oft repeating, has grown undelightful, and our fathers thought you might come to vary this dance with your own, for that

you knew one we were taught by your music, which we sometimes heard."

"Aha!" replied Pai'-a-tu-ma, "It is well! We will follow; but not in the day-time—in the night-time we will follow. My children," said he, turning to the flute-players, "show to the strangers our custom."

The drum sounded till it shook the cavern; the music shrieked and pealed in softly surging unison, as the wind does in a wooded cañon after the storm is distant, and the mists played over the medicine bowl around which the musicians were gathered, until the rainbow fluttered his bright garments among the painted flutes. Maidens filed out, brandishing wands whence issued tiny clouds white as the down of eagles, and as the sounds died away between the songs the two warriors in silent wonder and admiration departed for their home.

When they returned to their fathers in Zuñi they told what they had seen and heard. Forthwith the fathers (priest-chiefs and elders) prepared the dance of the Corn Maidens. A great bower was placed



in the court of the pueblo, whither went the mothers and priests of the Seed clan. The priests of the Macaw, Sun, and Water clans were there. A terrace of sacred meal was marked on the ground, an altar set up over its base, and along its middle were placed the *e'-tâ-e* or medicine-seeds of corn and water. Along the outer edges were planted the sticks of prayer, plumed with the feathers of summer birds, and down in front of the altar and terrace were set basket-bowls covered with sacred mantles made of the flesh of the Cotton Mother (Goddess of Cotton), whose down grows from the earth and floats in the skies [cotton and the clouds are one in the Zuñi mythology]. By the side of each basket-bowl sat a mother of the clan, silent in prayer and meditation. To the right were the singers, to the left the Corn Maidens. Night was coming on. The dance began and a fire was built in front of the bower beyond where the maidens danced. More beautiful than all human maidens were these Maidens of the Corn, but as are human maidens, so were they, irresistibly beautiful.

As the night deepened, the sound of music and flutes was heard up the river, and then followed the players of the Rainbow Cave with their sisters, led by the God of Dew. When the players entered and saw the maidens, their music ceased and they were impassioned. And when their turn came for leading the dance, they played their softest strains over their medicine-bowl—the terraced bowl of the world—whence arose the rainbow. The people were delighted, but the Corn Maidens were sad; for no sooner had the dancing ceased a little than the flute players sought their hands and persons. In vain the Corn Maidens pleaded they were immortal virgins and the mothers of men! The flute players continually renewed their suits until the next day, and into the night which followed, while the dance went on. At last the people grew weary. The guardian warrior-priests nodded, and no longer wakened them. Silently the Corn Maidens stole up between the basket-trays and the sleeping people. There, passing their hands over their persons they placed



something under the mantles, vanishing instantly as do the spirits of the dying, leaving only their flesh behind. Still the people slept, and ere long even the flute-players and dancers ceased. When the sun came out the people awoke. Then every one cried to the others, "Where are our maiden mothers, our daughters?" Yet not even the warriors knew; for only of the flesh of the maidens (corn) could be found a little in the trays under the mantles. Then the place was filled with moaning among the women and upbraidings among the men, each blaming every other loudly until the priests cried out to silence their wranglings, and called a council. Then said they:

"Alas, we have laden our hearts with guilt, and sad thoughts have we prepared to weigh down our minds! We must send to seek the maidens, that they desert us not. Who shall undertake the journey?"

"Send for the Eagle," it was said. The two warrior-priests were commanded to seek him.

Be it known that while yet the earth was young, her children, both men and the

creatures, spoke as men alone now speak, any one with any other. This the aged among all nations agree in saying, and are not those who grow not foolish with great age the wisest of men? Their words we speak!

Therefore, when the two warriors climbed the mountain whereon the Eagle dwelt, and found only his Eaglets at home, the little birds were frightened and tried to hide themselves in the hole where the nest was built. But when the warriors came nearer, they screamed: "Oh, do not pull our feathers; wait till we are older and we will drop them for you!"

"Hush!" said the warriors, "we seek your father."

But just then the old Eagle, with a frown on his eyebrow, rushed in and asked why the warriors were frightening his "pin-feathers."

"We came for you, our father. Listen! Our mothers, the beautiful Corn Maidens, have vanished, leaving no trace save of their flesh. We come to beseech that you shall seek them for us."



“Go before!” said the Eagle, smoothing his feathers, which meant that he would follow. So the warriors returned.

Then the Eagle launched forth into the sky, circling higher and higher, until he was smaller than a thistle-down in a whirlwind. At last he flew lower, then into the bower of the dancers where the council awaited him.

“Ah, thou comest!” exclaimed the people.

“Yes,” replied the Eagle. “Neither a bluebird nor a wood-rat can escape my eye,” said he, snapping his beak, “unless they hide under rocks or bushes. Send for my younger brother; he flies nearer the ground than I.”

So the warriors went to seek the Sparrowhawk. They found him sitting on an ant-hill, but when he saw them he would have flown away had they not called out that they had words for him and meant him no harm.”

“What is it?” said he. “For if you have any snare-strings with you, I’ll be off.”

“No, no! we wish you to go and hunt for our maidens—the Corn Maidens,” said the

warriors. "Your old brother, the Eagle, cannot find them."

"Oh, that's it! Well, go before—of course he can't find them! He climbs up to the clouds and thinks he can see under every tree and shadow as does the Sun, who sees not with eyes."

The Sparrowhawk flew away to the north and the east and the west, looking behind every cliff and copse-wood, but he found no trace of the maidens, and returned, declaring as he flew into the bower, "They can not be found. They are hiding more snugly than I ever knew a sparrow to hide," said he, ruffling his feathers and gripping the stick he settled on as though it were feathers and blood.

"Oh, alas! alas! our beautiful maidens!" cried the old women. "We shall never see them again!"

"Hold your feet with patience, there's old Heavy Nose out there; go and see if he can hunt for them. He knows well enough to find their flesh, however so little soever that may be," said an old priest, pointing to a Crow who was scratching an ash-heap



sidewise with his beak, trying to find something for a morning meal. So the warriors ran down and accosted him.

“O caw!” exclaimed the Crow, probing a fresh place, “I am too hungry to go flying around for you stingy fellows. Here I’ve been ever since perching-time, trying to get a mouthful; but you pick your bones and bowls too clean, be sure for that!”

“Come in, then, grandfather, and we’ll give you a smoke and something to eat,” said the two warriors.

“Caw, haw!” said the old Crow, ruffling up his collar and opening his mouth wide enough to swallow his own head. “Go before!” and he followed them into the dance-court.

“Come in, sit and smoke,” said the chief priest, handing the Crow a cigarette.

At once the old Crow took the cigarette and drew such a big whiff into his throat that the smoke completely filled his feathers, and ever since then crows have been black all over, although before that time they had white shoulder-bands and very blue backs, which made them look quite fine.

Then the Crow suddenly espied an ear of corn under one of the mantles, for this was all the maidens had left; so he made for the corn and flew off with it, saying, as he skipped over the houses, "I guess this is all you'll see of the maidens for many a day," and ever since then crows have been so fond of corn that they steal even that which is buried. But bye and bye the old Crow came back, saying that he had a "sharp eye for the *flesh* of the maidens, but he could not find any trace of the maidens themselves."

Then the people were very sad with thoughts, when they suddenly heard Pai'-a-tu-ma joking<sup>9</sup> along the streets as though the whole pueblo were listening to him. "Call him," cried the priests to the warriors, and the warriors ran out to summon Pai'-a-tu-ma.

Pai'-a-tu-ma sat down on a heap of refuse, saying he was about to make a breakfast of it. The warriors greeted him.

"Why and wherefore do you two cowards come not after me?" inquired Pai'-a-tu-ma.

"We do come for you."



“No, you do not.”

“Yes, we do.”

“Well, I will not go with you,” said he, forthwith following them to the dance-court.

“My little children,” said he, to the gray-haired priests and mothers, “good evening” (it was not yet mid-day); “you are all very happy, I see.”

“Thou comest,” said the chief priest.

“I do not,” replied Pai'-a-tu-ma.

“Father,” said the chief priest, “we are very sad and we have sought you that we might ask the light of your wisdom.”

“Ah, quite as I had supposed. I am very glad to find you all so happy. Being thus you do not need my advice. What may I not do for you?”

“We would that you seek for the Corn Maidens, our mothers, whom we have offended, and who have exchanged themselves for nothing in our gaze.”

“Oh, *that's all*, is it? The Corn Maidens are not lost, and if they were I would not go to seek them, and if I went to seek for them I could not find them, and if I found them I would not bring them, but I would

tell them 'you did not wish to see them' and leave them where they are not—in the Land of Everlasting Summer, which is not their home. Ha! you have no prayer-plumes here, I observe," said he, picking up one each of the yellow, blue, and white kinds, and starting out with the remark, "I come."

With rapid strides he set forth toward the south. When he came to the mouth of the Cañon of the Woods, whence blows the wind of summer in spring-time, he planted the yellow-plumed stick. Then he knelt to watch the eagle-down, and presently the down moved gently toward the north, as though some one were breathing on it. Then he went yet farther, and planted the blue stick. Again the eagle-down moved. So he went on planting the sticks, until very far away he placed the last one. Now the eagle-plume waved constantly toward the north.

"Aha!" said Pai'-a-tu-ma to himself. "It is the breath of the Corn Maidens, and thus shall it ever be, for when *they* breathe toward the northland, thither shall warmth,



showers, fertility, and health be wafted, and the summer birds shall chase the butterfly out of Summerland, and summer itself, with my own beads and treasures, shall follow after." Then he journeyed on, no longer a dirty clown, but an aged, grand god, with a colored flute, flying softly and swiftly as the wind he sought.

Soon he came to the home of the maidens, whom he greeted, bidding them, as he waved his flute over them, to follow him to the home of their children.

The maidens arose, and each taking a tray covered with embroidered cotton, followed him as he strode with folded arms, swiftly before them.

At last they reached the home of our fathers. Then Pai'-a-tu-ma gravely spoke to the council:

"Behold, I have returned with the lost maidens, yet may they not remain or come again, for you have not loved their beautiful custom, the source of your lives, and men would seek to change the blessings of their flesh itself into suffering humanity were they to remain amongst you.

“As a mother of her own blood and being gives life to her offspring, so have these given of their own flesh to you. Once more their flesh they give to you, as it were their children. From the beginning of the new sun each year, ye shall treasure their gift, during the moon of the sacred fire, during the moon of the snow-broken boughs, during the moon of the great sand-driving winds, during the moon of the lesser sand-driving winds, you shall treasure their flesh. Then, in the new soil which the winter winds and waters have brought, ye shall bury their flesh as ye bury the flesh of the dead, and as the flesh of the dead decays, so shall their flesh decay, and as from the flesh of the dead springs the other being (the soul), so from their flesh shall spring new being, like to the first, yet in eight-fold plenitude. Of this shall ye eat and be bereft of hunger. Behold these maidens, beautiful and perfect are they, and as this, their flesh, is derived from them, so shall it confer on those whom it feeds perfection of person and beauty, as of those whence it was derived.” He lifted



the tray from the head of the maiden nearest him. She smiled and was seen no more; yet when the people opened the tray it was filled with yellow seed-corn. And so Pai'-a-tu-ma lifted the trays, each in turn, from the heads of the other maidens, and, as he did so, each faded from view. In the second tray the people found blue corn; in the third, red; in the fourth, white; in the fifth, variegated; and in the sixth, black. These they saved, and in the spring-time they carefully planted the seeds in separate places. The breaths of the Corn Maidens blew rain-clouds from their homes in Summer-land, and when the rains had passed away green corn plants grew everywhere the grains had been planted. And when the plants had grown tall and blossomed, they were laden with ears of corn, yellow, blue, red, white, speckled, and black. Thus to this day grows the corn, always eight-fold more than is planted, and of six colors, which our women preserve separately during the moons of the sacred fire, snow-broken

boughs, great sand-driving winds, and lesser sand-driving winds.

It was Pai'-a-tu-ma who found the Corn Maidens and brought them back. He took the trays from their heads and gave them to the people; hence, when in winter, during the moon of the sacred fire, the priests gather to bless the seed-corn for the coming year, the chief-priest of the Ne'-we-kwe hands the trays of corn-seed into the estufa [kiva].

Ever since these days the beautiful Corn Maidens have dwelt in the Land of Everlasting Summer. This we know. For does not their sweet-smelling breath come from that flowery country, bringing life to their children, the corn-plants? It is the south wind which we feel in spring-time.

Thus was born *Tâ'-a*, or the "Seed of Seeds."



## CHAPTER II

THE ORIGIN OF THE DRAGONFLY AND OF  
THE CORN PRIESTS, OR GUARDIANS  
OF THE SEED

HERE is nothing about Indian life so interesting as its lore. The Indian, like his possible Mongolian ancestor, lives less in the present than in the past. His spirit loves to roam through the dark, wild vistas of antiquity and dream of the marvels which he devoutly believes caused all things to become as they are. To him the youth of the world with its beautiful visions of the to be, is fled, and be he ever so young he is a dotard. There is a reason for all this, aside from his nationality. To no man on earth seems the future so gloomy and fateful as to the Indian; the past in such heroic, glorious contrast with it. Therefore, like a poor beast, driven by the storm-blast to

the uttermost borders of his native range, he turns his back to the coming tempest and with sullen serenity awaits it; musing, meanwhile, on the scenes of other days, and the tales of other generations. In tune to the wild winds of the mesas and mountains which he ranges and watches his herds over, he composes the music of his songs, which songs are but the echoes of words uttered generations ere the white man knew him. All the genius of his best birthrights,—his imaginative mind and picturesquely poetic language,—he devotes to the beautification of pristine wonder-tales, that he may teach his little ones, whom he dearly loves, to emulate himself in seeking joy rather with the memories of a dead but known past, than in the hopes of a living but unknown future. Alone with his family at night-time, the winter wind shrieking without, the piñon light dancing within, you would not think him a mournful being. His fingers are stretched forth, his eyes gleaming, his whole action joyful and spirited, as he recounts the adventures of his ancestry with gods, monsters, and



wizards: tells how trees thought, beasts spoke, and men walked the skies, or descended to the "Dance Halls of the Dead." In more than a merely idle spirit, I have chosen two or three of these tales for my readers; for they will, so it seems to me, reveal many things relative to the Zuñi and the bread he eats, which otherwise, we who eat other bread would scarcely understand and perhaps not relish. It must be remembered that the Zuñi, not less with his imagination than his wife with her wood-ash and lime yeast, seasons every morsel of his breadstuff.

There is, on a low headland which juts out into the northern side of the plain of Los Ojos Calientes, twelve miles southwest of Zuñi, an ancient ruin called by the Indians *Ha'-wi-k'uh*. As we read the romantic pages of early Spanish conquest (in the letters which were penned for us more than three hundred years ago by the brave and devoted Franciscan fathers and their vanguard of Coronado's cavaliers), we come upon the narrative of a populous "citie of the Province of *Ci'bola* called

*Aguico*," wherein "dwelt the governors and elders of *Ci'bola*." This was no other than the town of Ha'-wi-k'uh, spoken of in the following bit of quaint folklore:

Very long, long ago, the old broken-down village of Ha'-wi-k'uh was filled with the fathers of our ancients as were many towns round about now broken down too. The plains below were covered with the fertile washes of spring streamlets and the mists from the hot springs above drove away the breath of the Ice God, so that cold never grew great in the valley. Thus it happened that year after year more corn grew for the people of Ha'-wi-k'uh than they had need for, and they became rich and insolent with plenty.

One day, the Chief Priest of the Bow saw some children playing at mimic warfare, with dirt and lumps of mud for their weapons. "Aha!" he mused, "I will devise a means of delighting my people and showing the nations round about our wealth and good fortune above theirs!"

He betook himself straightway to the house of his "Younger brother-priest,"

and, summoning the elders, they held council.

“Why should we not order that our people prepare, for four days, great stores of sweet mush, bread, cakes, tortillas, guayaves, and all kinds of the seed foods as for a grand festival? Then will we summon all nations round about to share in our festivities, and choose sides for a sham fight with good things and dough for our weapons. Think of it! How strangers will wonder at the wealth of the Ha'-wik'uh-ians when they see us treat these things which men work so hard that they may eat, as children treat refuse and mud in the plaza!”

“Listen, listen!” exclaimed the elders, who joined one and all in praising the ingenuity of their chief warrior.

So it happened that, big-hearted with conceit, the chief warrior-priests mounted to the topmost houses at sunset and ordered that the people busy themselves with preparing for the great game, explaining how it should be carried on, and demanding swift young men whom to send to the towns round about to summon visitors for the day



that had been named. Next morning the town was noisy with the grinding of meal, and the breaking of wood for the cooking fires; and long before the time named was past, every pot, bowl, and basket seemed filled with batter and dough, and already the baking at night-time was beginning.

Now there lived far up the valley to the south, among the White Cliffs, two beautiful goddesses, the Maidens of the White Corn and the Yellow. These two sisters were very sad when they saw that their children were about to treat so lightly the gifts themselves had blessed them with. "Yet," said they, one to the other, "we will even still give them a chance to abide in our favor."

They disguised as poor and ugly women of one of the neighboring towns, and started late, on the day before the feast, toward Ha'-wi-k'uh. When they entered the town, a misty, drizzly rain preceded them; for were they not our Mother-maidens from Summer-land? But the foolish people never thought of this. No, they fancied the rain was made by the gods in

humble recognition of themselves. The maidens draggled past each open doorway, but no one bade them enter. Heaps of baked things, yellow, red, white, brown, and fragrant, steamed in every corner, and paper bread was piled about as corn-shucks are at the husking. Near one house a boy and his infant sister were munching some corn-cakes. When they saw how tired and hungry the two poor girls looked, they stretched out their hands to offer them some of the food; but the old ones from within reproved them sharply, saying that "cooked food should not be wasted on vagabond creatures who might make their own food as the people of Ha'-wi-k'uh had to, instead of following the scent of the cooking-pots like the whelps of coyotes from one place to another!"

Away down at the end of the town was a broken old house. There lived a poor aged woman, and the people, heedless of her helpless lot, cast all their rubbish down the hill so that it fell about her doorway and she had to work day after day to keep it cleared away. Her clothes were patched

and ragged, her blanket torn, and she had but little corn, for her brothers and uncles had many years been dead, her husband killed by the enemy and her children wasted by disease and want. No one ever entered her house, and people rarely spoke to her save to abuse her. When coming from the pool with water she met any of the women from the town, they turned their faces from her as dogs turn their heads from a cold wind. On the evening before the festival she was sitting by her hearthstone stirring some mush, her only food. Now, it happened that the maidens, having passed each house slowly, wandered down toward the old woman's doorway. A dog which was snuffing about the refuse near by began to bark, and as the old woman started up to drive him away, she espied the two strangers.

"My poor girls!" she cried in a quavering voice. "Come in and rest yourselves and eat, for hunger will soften my coarse food. You must have come far, for you look so tired and hungry. Never mind, my children, you shall rest a moment with



me and eat, then go into the town where the people have cooked more food than you ever saw before, and you may feast to satisfaction."

The two girls turned and entered. The old woman threw the shredded mantle from off her shoulders and bade them sit on it, begging them to share it with each other, as she had only the one to offer them. Then she hastened to wash out a bowl and placed all the mush in it and set it before them. Once more bidding them to eat, she went away and busied herself about something else, to show them that she did not herself need of the food and that there would be plenty for them.

"Thou art a good and gentle old mother," said the elder of the two girls to her, "but hungry as we be, we will not suffer thee to go unsatisfied for ourselves' sake. Come and sit near us; see, we bring with us food," said she, drawing forth from under her ragged wrappings a beautifully embroidered and fringed cotton mantle. As she unrolled this before the astonished old woman, there were revealed some packages

of honey-bread and pollen. The girls undid one of them, and scattered the pollen over the bowl of mush. The odors from the rising steam were as the fragrance of a valley of flowers. Then they laid the honey-bread, cake after cake of it, on the mantle beside the bowl, urging yet more their aged hostess to join them. For a long time the poor old creature crouched in a corner covered with shame, for she now knew that these two girls who had seemed poor and like herself, were not the daughters of men, but of the wonderful and beloved beings who control the lives of mortals (the gods).

“Mother, daughter, knowest thou not that we are thy mothers, and thou almost our only child here, save two little ones in the town above and an aged priest who sits by his hearth sadly thinking of his people’s wantonness? Come, thou didst ask us to eat with thee, therefore do thou eat with us.” The old woman, trembling with thought, arose, and, seeking some prayer meal, humbly scattered it upon the heads of the maidens. As she prepared to sit

down with them, behold! they passed their hands over their persons and their ragged garments fell from them, leaving such splendid raiment as man had never before seen in Ha'-wi-k'uh, and their faces seemed as beautiful to the old woman as seems to a mother the face of her daughter long dead, when it rises before her dream vision. The girls began to eat, and the old woman, tasting a morsel of her coarse mush, found it so sweet and fragrant that, although her hunger was mingled with trepidation, she could not cease tasting morsel after morsel. The maidens laughed and chatted merrily until her old heart beat as it had not since she was a young girl. They opened yet another package. It contained dozens of minute melons which seemed shriveled by frost or heat, yet the maidens, taking one of them, breathed on it, moistened it, and lo! it grew instantly to a great size and looked as though freshly plucked from the vine. This the maidens broke open, and, placing it before the hostess, bade her finish the repast with it and with the honey-bread. Never had she tasted such rich



fruit, such absorbing sweetness,—which fairly caused the nose to ache and the tears to start—as in the honey-bread of which she ventured a morsel.

The sun was setting, and as the meal was finished, the maidens, only smiling kindly on the mother for urging them to pass the night with her, arose to go. Their little bundles they undid one after another, placing them on the floor. “Take these, our beloved old one,” said they; “place them in your store-rooms. You have but to pray and keep your heart good—no longer will you be poor.” They took one each of their mantles. “Hang these,” said they, “upon your blanket poles. We are the Seed Mothers, and from these thou wilt have abundance on the morrow of the night thou hankest them. May all days bring thee happiness, and bless thee with the favor of the beloved.” With this they suddenly vanished, and the old woman prostrated herself in their footsteps.

Some noisy young people thought they saw two beautiful beings pass around the lower part of the town just at night-time,

and when they told this to their old people, one aged man who sat silently in the hearth-corner said to his nephew and niece: "Alas! my sister's little ones, the 'Mother-maidens of Seed!' Saw ye not the rain today? Alas, my foolish people!"

"What?" said the children, half scared. "Were those two poor young women we offered bread to this morning, the Mother-maidens?"

"No, no," said the old man to comfort them; "the two beautiful beings the young people saw were they."

As the moon rose out of an arm in the vale of the White Cliffs, a little Squirrel, who ought to have been asleep, chattered and whistled from a high crag; for the Corn Maidens had told him something, and made him and his brother, the Mouse, chiefs of a grand expedition!

An old Crow in the pine tree above, and a Sparrow napping under a bush below, both woke up. "*Kâ-hâ!*" said the Crow. "The sun rises soon today!" And the Sparrow said, "*Twî-hi!* why does that impertinent, featherless wretch chatter so

early in the morning? He might as well try to fly as to sing!" And thus they complained until every little animal in the valley, mice, wood-rats, squirrels, gophers, prairiedogs, crows, blackbirds, sparrows, finches, beetles, and bugs of all kinds were awakened and came rushing about the crag where the Squirrel sat piping and chattering. "What does all this mean?" said they. "You fool and rascal, this is not the sun you see, it is only the night-light rising; but it *is* very bright!" said they to one another.

"*Tsu' tsu' tsu' k'ea'!*" said an old Mouse, which meant, "Attention all, hush!" "My brother up there and I have something very important to tell you all."

"Ha! what's that?" exclaimed the creatures. Then the Squirrel coughed, flirted his tail, patted the rock he stood on, and began:

"My fathers and brothers, my sisters and mothers, my uncles, aunts, grandfathers, mothers of my fathers and mothers, sons and fathers-in-law, grandsons and mothers-in-law"—



“We hear, we believe,” broke in the impatient creatures.

“And friends,” added the Squirrel.

“Yes, yes,” piped and chirruped the creatures.

“Our mothers, the Corn Maidens (our grandchildren some call them, and men call them their daughters and mothers both—but they’ll find out)”—said the Squirrel, changing position, “have told us that they are very sad and much vexed with their children, those big fellows who live on Ha'-wi-k'uh hill and plant corn. They told me and my younger brother, the Mouse, that we must summon all seed-eaters, for a dreadful calamity is about to befall us.”

“*Ha-na-ha!*” said the creatures (which means “alas!”).

“*E'-ha!*” rejoined the Squirrel, which means “yes, indeed!” “That is, if we do not all go to Ha'-wi-k'uh tomorrow evening and wait around until the fires go out and the moon rises. Then we must rush into the town and gather all the food we can find lying around and store it away every-

where, for there is coming a great famine and"—

"Is that all?" said the discontented creatures.

"It's little enough we'll find," said a Bob-tailed Mouse, "for the Ha'-wi-k'uh beings stuff everything away so that no one can get to it without losing his head."

"Or tail!" remarked a jealous Wood-rat who had just come to see what was going on—looking at the Bob-tailed Mouse.

"Hush!" said the Chief-mouse. "Listen!"

"You see," continued the Squirrel, "our mothers and granddaughters, the Corn Maidens, have been too good to the Ha'-wi-k'uh humans. They have breathed rain over their country for years, until so much corn has grown that even we seed-eaters are the fattest in the land, yet we get only the leavings! Well, the Ha'-wi-k'uh humans concluded to have a frolic and throw away food as plentifully as my old uncle, the Gopher, slings dirt out of his diggings. That made our mothers feel sad, so they went there, pretending to be very poor and

hungry, and, would you believe it? there were corn grains and other things piled around, enough to stock all the hollow trees on White Cliff mesa; yes, and holes in the rocks besides; but the Ha'-wi-k'uh humans wouldn't give them a bit; only two little ones and a very old woman offered them a thing!"

"Uh-h! just like them," grumbled the Bob-tailed Mouse.

"Well now, think of it, my fathers and mothers, my sisters and brothers, 'make your hearts ready,' for tomorrow they will throw all these things away. Our mothers told us to go there and gather everything, and—come up here a little nearer, uncle," called the Squirrel to the Gopher; but the latter gave a quick start and said:

"Oh! I can't waste any more time here; I've got to dig another cellar tomorrow."

"That's what I want you for. While these Ha'-wi-k'uh humans are making noise throwing food away for us tomorrow, you and your clan just dig holes into their corn rooms and we'll take the middle out of every corn cord<sup>10</sup> we can get into, for we



must store away enough food for a long drouth, you know. You see really, our mothers, the Corn Maidens, have made fools of these Ha'-wi-k'uh beings, all for our benefit. Do you not see, my children?" concluded the Squirrel, growing important: "Therefore, be ready to follow me tomorrow."

"It is well; it is well!" cried, squeaked, piped, twittered, and chirped the council of seed-eaters, and some of them stayed there all night, but the short-legged ones started straightway for Ha'-wi-k'uh, so that the longer-legged ones should not get ahead of them.

The Ha'-wi-k'uh people were all dressed in their finest blankets and necklaces, and strangers from the towns round about were coming in over all the trails when the sun rose. Every house-top was covered with baked things, dough and batter and meal, and the plaza was swept clean (so that the strangers could better see how much food was wasted). When the sun had climbed as high as he would that day, the chief warrior-priests chose sides and the fight

began. How the people shrieked and laughed, for some were knocked down with hard bread, others had their breaths stopped with dough, and everybody's hair and dresses were besmeared all over with batter and meal. At evening the young men grew angry with one another (as young men do whenever young women are looking at them), and fell to fighting, and the girls stood on the house-tops laughing, and pelted them sorely with the hardest biscuits they could find, which made them fight the harder. When night came, almost everybody was disgusted with everybody else. So the town grew silent soon. When the moon rose, all the seed-eaters rushed in and carried away every piece of food, even every crumb and meal grain. Then they went into the corn rooms through the tunnels the gophers had made, and stole the grain all night. But of course there was still great store of corn left when the sun rose next morning.

Soon after the seed-eaters had scampered away, the people one by one climbed out of their roofs, and behold! not a trace of the

food they had thrown away was to be seen! Many of them were troubled at this, because they had expected to gather much of it up after the strangers had gone. But they said to one another:

“Who cares? we have more corn than we could eat in a whole year!”

What do you suppose the old woman in the broken-down house found? When she woke up that morning she was very happy, for she thought the people would throw the food they had fought with down around her doorways, but when she saw that there was none of it left, she grew very sad. So she went into the rooms where she had placed the gifts of the Corn Maidens. There, in the first, she found the floor stacked to the ceiling with cord after cord of white and yellow corn. In another room she found melons and other fruits so many and large that she marveled how she could eat them all. But more wonderful still, where she had carefully hung up the mantles of woven cotton and many-colored embroideries, and the buckskin that had been given her by the Corn Maidens, every



pole was filled as for a large and wealthy household with many kinds of robe and garment. The aged woman wept when she saw all these things, for, she thought, "Alas! I shall never see the beautiful maidens again to tell them how happy they have made me, and who is left now to share my good fortune?"

As time passed, and the winter waned, the people began to find that the mice (as they thought) had carried away great quantities of their corn, and they were troubled, for the winds, even as spring-time came, never blew from the southward, and no rain ever came to moisten the soil. Nevertheless, they planted more than ever of their seeds (thus only diminishing their store), for they were anxious to repeat their great feast when autumn came again. Throughout the long, hot summer they watched in vain for rain. The clouds would rise up from the mountain of the horizon, but no sooner had they floated over the Valleys of the Hot Waters than a great being, taller than the highest pine on the loftiest mountains, would gulp them all

down and the sky would get as clear as before. Their corn-fields were parched and the plants grew yellow and dead. The priests and pupils sacrificed plumes and said prayers, and danced their most precious dances, but all to no purpose, for the "cloud swallower" always cleared the sky before the mists could shed their rain-drops over Ha'-wi-k'uh. At last despair filled the hearts of the people of Ha'-wi-k'uh. They went forth on the mesas to gather cactus fruit, but even this was scarce. When winter came, the cloud swallower had gone. The god of the ice caves breathed over the whole country, and even in the Valley of the Hot Water great banks of snow fell, such as the oldest men had never seen there. At last the corn was all gone. The people were pitiably poor. They were so weak that they could not hunt through the snow, therefore a great famine spread through the village. At last the people were compelled to gather old bones and grind them for meal, and for meat they toasted the rawhide soles of their moccasins. People wondered why the old

woman in the house below the hill seemed as well as ever. At last they concluded that she was a sorceress, and when the good old crone offered them food, they dared not accept it from fear that she would seek revenge on them for their past ill-treatment of her. No one thanked her for her offerings; yet many beings lived by her bounty, for instead of throwing away the scraps of her food, she fed hungry dogs with them, and cast them away that the snowbirds and chickadees might pick them up.

When, long before the winter was gone, the old and young began to die, what was to be done? The chiefs and priests called council. A delegation of the strongest men was sent away to the country of the Moquis.<sup>11</sup> After many days, two runners from Moqui, strong and hearty, arrived at the village. They bore strands of knotted strings to show how many days would pass before the Moquis would receive the Ha'-wi-k'uh people and feast them. Everyone was excited. The days were many, it is true, but the people were so weak that



they knew it would be a long time before they could reach the country of the Moquis. They were in great haste, therefore, to set forth. No one thought of the poor old woman in the house below the hill! They did not even tell her they were going away.

Now, in all houses there was nothing but busy preparation. All night long the people prepared for their journey. They gathered every piece of rawhide and sinew they could find, and all the bone meal they had left, so that nothing remained in the village that could be eaten. When the morning came, long before sunrise, word was called from the house-tops that all was ready, and the people, old and young, tottered forth to follow the runners from Moqui, for the people feared they would be left behind by the strong young men.

Now it happened that when the family of the old uncle were ready to leave, their little children, a boy and a girl, were sleeping by the hearth-side. The old uncle, fearing that he would hinder the others—who were vexed with him because he had all along told them and others that they

were to blame for their misfortunes (which the people didn't like, you see), had climbed out and gone on ahead. Just as the parents of the poor little brother and sister were about to leave, the uncle returned and shouted down to them, "Be sure to get the little ones." But the father and mother only turned to look at them, then, spreading a buffalo-robe over them, said: "Let them sleep on. Why should we wake them? They would only cry and lag along, and we cannot wait for babies or anything else now!"

So they left them sleeping there and joined the struggling crowd. Very long the two little ones slept. The morning came, and still they slept, for the village was as still as a winter forest when the wind has ceased blowing. At last the little boy woke up. When he looked all around the great room, he was at first frightened, and cried a little, but bethinking himself of the baby sister by his side, he softly arose, and gathering some splinters and cedar-bark, laid them on the hearth and built a little fire. Then he

climbed the ladder and looked all around. Alas, no one was to be seen! Even the dogs were gone, and no smoke rose from the chimneys of any of the houses. Then he realized that his people had left. He was very hungry, and would have cried again, but he heard his poor little sister moaning and asking for parched corn as she dreamed, so he only sighed, and looked all around for something to cook. Alas, there was not a scrap of any kind to be found. At last the little boy thought of how his playmates had taught him to hunt chickadees. So softly creeping up to the bed where his sister lay, he pulled from the tail of the buffalo-robe some of the hairs. These he tied into nooses, and fastened them all over some little cedar branches which he found among the fire-sticks. Searching about, he found some castaway clothing from which he cut pieces and wrapped his feet with them. Carefully covering his little sister, he set out for the plains below the town. Where the old woman of the broken house had been accustomed to throw the scraps from her eatings were



hundreds of chickadees. So the little boy, wondering at his good fortune, planted his little noose sprigs all around in the snow, and the birds, which kept flitting about, now and then lighted in his nooses (after the boy had hidden), until there was a large number caught in his snares. The little boy sallied forth two or three times before he returned home, each time capturing a number of the birds. When at last he gathered his snares together and climbed back to his house he had a long string of chickadees. He hastened to skin some of them, and spitting them on long splinters roasted several over the coals. Then he gently woke his little sister. At first the poor little thing cried for parched corn, but the boy gave her water; and then noticing that there were no old ones about the house, she cried for her mother and father and uncle. But the little boy at last succeeded in comforting her, and getting her to eat some of the roasted birds. Thus these poor little ones lived for a long time, but at last the sister grew weak, and cried all the time, save when she slept, for parched

corn, for she no longer relished the wasted birds. In vain the little boy tried to comfort her. One day he said:

“Little sister, hush! I have found the strangest creature down in the plain where the corn grew. I will make a little cage for him and entice him into it. Then he shall be hung over your bed, where you may watch him.”

This comforted the little girl for a time, and the boy hastened away to the fields. Then he gathered a bunch of grass straws and some stalks of corn, and running home with these, he sat down by the side of his little sister and began to make the cage. He cut the straws all of one length and strung on them sections of the pith from the corn-stalks. Then passing more of the straws through the pith the other way, he at last built up a beautiful little cage. Then, in another room, he found the feather boxes and paint-pots of his fathers, and moistening some of the paint, he covered the sections of pith with bands of white and black, red, yellow, and blue. Thus he made a very pretty cage, and

knotting some hairs together, he formed a string with which to hang the cage over his sister's bed. At last the little sister, tired of watching him, fell asleep. Then the little boy hastened to cut a ball of pith. This he fastened to a longer piece, which he painted at one end, and cutting some pieces of pith very thin, he fastened them into the sides of the long piece near the ball. You see he was trying to make a butterfly; but the pith was so narrow, and his knives so rough—for they were made of flint chips—that he could not make the wings broad enough, so he made four long wings instead of two. When he had stuck these into the body of the fly, he took six little straws, and bending them to make them look jointed, stuck them into the pith under the wings. When he had finished, he painted eyes on the side of the head, but the paint spread so as to make them very large and black, and when he tried to paint the wings and body with red, green, white, and black, the dots and stripes spread out so as to make bands across the wings and stripes around the



body; but after all the little toy looked just like some wonderful creature. The veins in the pith even were as fine and plain as they are in a fly's wing, only larger, for they marked the flesh shreds of the corn plant. When all was done, the boy hung the effigy, by a hair, in the cage, and suspended the cage just out of reach over the bed of his little sister. You should have seen the little sister when she woke up! She laughed and chattered as she had not once done since the old ones went away, and seemed to think that the strange creature up there in the cage understood all she said. But still the poor little thing was hungry for corn food. Once she said to the effigy:

“Dear treasure, go bring me corn grains that my brother may toast them, for you have long wings and can fly swiftly.”

Wonderful to relate, the effigy fluttered its wings till they hummed like a sliver in a wind-storm, and the cage whirled round and round, but presently grew still again, and the boy thought it was the wind down the sky-hole blowing his cage and the

wings of the "butterfly;" but the little sister clapped her hands and cried, "O, brother, just see; my butterfly heard me and fluttered its wings!" The brother said, "Yes, yes, little sister; I saw him, and was afraid he would get away."

One night when the little sister had gone to sleep, the little boy lay there awake watching the moonlight through the sky-hole, for the fire had died down and he had nothing to look at but that. Suddenly he heard a buzzing and hissing. "*Thli ni ni*," it said, and strange as it sounded, it seemed to say, "Let me go; let me go."

"Ha!" thought the boy, and still he listened.

"Let me go; let me go;" still buzzed the sound.

"Hush, hush, or you will wake little sister! Where are you?" said the boy, his heart thumping very hard.

"Here I am," buzzed the sound.

And looking up, the boy saw that the cage of straws was whirling round and round and the effigy was trying to fly away with it all, for it hung where the moonlight fell on it.

“Poor thing; I didn’t know it was alive. It must be hungry,” thought the boy—for he was always hungry now—so he said:

“Wait, wait, my little creature, and I will let you go.”

He softly got up, and opening the cage, un-noosed the horse-hair which bound the effigy. “*Thli ni ni ni, su nu,*” hummed and buzzed the creature as it swiftly flew about the room; then it softly neared the boy and said:

“My father, thy heart is better than many men’s together, for see, thou hast given me a body where I had none before, and thou hast loved thy poor sister faithfully and well. Open the window above whence comes the light. Let me fly away. Fear not. I shall return, and it may be I can help thee and thy little sister. Surely I will not leave ye.”

The boy, scared and wondering, searched about until he found some prayer dust, and this he scattered over the creature. Then he softly opened the sky-hole, and the thing, bidding him be of good cheer, flew around the room once or twice, and with a



twang like a bowstring and a flight swift as the arrow's, shot up through the sky-hole.

For a long time the little boy lay there wondering at the strange things he had seen, and if the "butterfly" he had made would ever come back; but weary, at last he fell asleep.

You would not suppose it, but the old woman down in the broken house (which was no longer broken, for she could now keep it repaired as she had no refuse to clear away from her doors) never knew there were two little children in the town, for the house of the uncle stood high above and on the other side of the great plaza, and as the old woman never went out, she never saw the tracks of the little bird-hunter. You see she used the ladders and stepping logs of the abandoned houses round about for fire-wood, for she did not fancy the people would ever come back.

When the cornstalk being had flown out of the sky-hole, it circled about for a moment and then flew straight away to the westward. Over hills and valleys it flew more swiftly than the breath of the "Dust

Blowing Demon," until at last it came to a great lake on the banks of the "Running Red Waters!"<sup>12</sup>

Forth from these dark, deep waters shone a thousand dim lights, and two ugly, but good, beings were pacing the shores, calling out loudly to one another. They were the ancients of the sacred dance, watching for the coming of men's souls. The "butterfly" never stopped to speak to them, but plunged at once with a sputtering sound into the clear, cold waters. In an instant he was below, in great blazing halls filled with the spirits of gods and the happy souls of men. "*Thli ni ni ni*," he buzzed and spun about the room, then settling on a protruding mantle rack, rested a second, started up, settled back, started again, and so on—never quiet—until the God of Fire and Sacrifice said:

"Ha! my children, behold the Grandfather of Gods, yet never seen as now."

"Comest thou, our grandfather? And what may be thy message?"

"I come," replied the creature, "that I may beseech you to lay the light of your

favors on some poor children who gave me this form, hence I have become their messenger.”

Then he told the story of the poor boy and girl of Ha'-wi-k'uh, which the gods knew well enough before, yet they listened, and when the being had ceased speaking, said:

“Yea, will we happily help our beloved little ones in Ha'-wi-k'uh, and thou shalt teach them their duties to us that we may do so.”

He summoned his swift-footed *He'-he-a-kwe* (runners of the sacred dance), and bade them take pouches of corn grains from the seed stores of the creatures of White Cliff valley and place them where the grandfather might find them, when he had need, for his little ones. Then said the god, “Hasten away to the land of Ha'-wi-k'uh and tell our little ones to cut prayer plumes, and do thou bring them to us on the fourth day hence, for thereby we may bring great blessings on our beloved little ones.”

“Be ye all happy!” buzzed the creature.



as he swirled around the room and up through the watery roof, and swiftly hummed his way back to Ha'-wi-k'uh. As he was about flying down the sky-hole, where the children slept, he beheld through the window of the upper room small heaps of gleaming yellow grain. The being busily brought grain after grain from the store and dropped them through a chink above the bed of the little ones.

"*K'o-po-po-po*" it fell on the robe which covered them, until the poor little ones awakened, thought it must be rain-drops, so nestled down more snugly under the robe, which ere morning grew heavy, as though wet with water. When it grew light, the little boy lay there a long time, dreading to get up, as he expected to find everything wet and cold. Suddenly he thought of his "butterfly." Quickly putting the cover from his head, he looked up. There in the cage hung the effigy seeming as it had ever since he made it; but when he tried to rise, hundreds of corn grains rolled off over the floor, and he shouted so joyfully when he saw this that the little

sister woke up too. How happy the two poor little creatures were: so happy that they forgot they were all alone. Some of the corn they parched in hot ashes, and some they cracked as best they could on the mealing stones and set it to boil with little bird bodies. All day they feasted little by little, and stretched their hands up toward the old "butterfly," who seemed to hang there as though he knew nothing at all of what was going on.

Night came, and again the effigy asked the boy to let him go. No sooner was he unfastened than he circled round and round the room, then came very close to the little boy. "Hast thou any feathers and plumes from the summer birds, eagle and duck?" said he to the boy.

"Yes; the other day when I sought for paint in the next room I found the feather boxes of my old ones," said the boy.

"Very well," replied the creature; "get these and cut sticks by the springs in the valley, and bring them here. Choose plumes and tie them to the end of the sticks, which thou must paint with six colors—

yellow, blue or green, red, white, speckled, and black. Spring cometh, and that it might be hastened with the breath of good fortune for thee and thy little sister, I bid thee do these things. I will myself take thy plumes to the home of the gods, who mold the rain clouds, and to the spirits of thy ancients."

"I will do as you tell me," said the little boy; "but alas, I may not do well, for I cannot tell how my father and uncle used to make plumed prayer-sticks."

"Thou wilt do well," said the creature. Then he flew forth out of the sky-hole, and the little boy, wondering whither he had gone, lay down to sleep by his little sister's side.

All night long the creature brought and dropped corn grains on the bed of the children, and next morning the little boy found them and gathered them carefully in a tray.

There sat the creature in his cage, never moving, yet the little boy looked up and said to him:

"Ah, my father, thank you; *you* have



dropped the corn grains for us, and I thank you, for you are gentle and good to my little sister."

After he had parched some corn for the little girl, he went away up the valley to cut sticks from the willows and shrubs which grew by the springside. These he took home, and by the fireside cut them into wands the length of his hand from his elbow to the tips of his fingers, carefully straightening and smoothing them with pieces of sandstone.

Upon the ends of the sticks he tied with ravelings from an old cotton kilt the feathers the creature had directed him to; and the sticks he painted with the colors he had been told to use. When all was finished, he wrapped them together and sat down to pray over them as he had seen old men do, only he prayed a prayer of his own instead of the prayers of his ancients. At last he did up some prayer dust and sacred paint in some corn-shucks and laid the offering by.

When the night came the creature in the cage buzzed about, hovered a moment over

the heads of his children, then, flying out, soon returned with a sprig of light-top.

Did you ever see the light-top grass in an autumn whirlwind? No bird is lighter! With the grass sprig the creature lightened his load of plume-sticks and flew away with them, the boy who was watching knew not whither.

Again beyond the hills and valleys flew the stalk-being westward. Again he entered the great Dance Hall of the Dead through the waters of the silent lake, and dropping his burdens at the feet of the gods, buzzed his greeting and settled airily on the mantle-rack.

Shu'-lu-wit-si waved his brand in the air, and suddenly it burst into red flames which lighted like sunset time the Halls of the Dead. He looked upon the plumes with pride and happiness.

"A father of his people shall become the youth whose little hand hath made these plumes, for we heard his prayers and shall more than answer them."

"*Ha'-tchi, ha'-tchi!*" responded the great Pa'-u-ti-wa, God of all Dance Gods, and

the children all answered, "*Ha'-tchi!*" which means that the Fire God had spoken well.

"Grandfather," said the God of Fire, "return and cherish the little ones. When the spring-time cometh we will waft warm rain-clouds over the vale of *Ha'-wi-k'uh*, and our swift runners and brave warriors who fail like ourselves—never, will plant from the seed stores of the gods themselves, all over the Plains of the Hot Waters. Fear not for the future of the little ones. They shall become the fathers and mothers of their people for generations and the children of generations."

The creature returned. When the children awoke next morning, there he was perched in his cage of grass-straws and corn-pith.

Now, as day followed day, the little girl began to grow sick, and again she mourned for her mother and father and uncle. In vain her brother told her she ought not to long for those who had left them, without food, to die; she would not be comforted.



One night the creature of the cage flew away. He came not back the next morning, only his cage hung there, and the corn he had dropped was nearly gone. He flew south past many mountains and plains, straight as a strained bow-cord, to the Land of Everlasting Summer. There were green trees everywhere; everywhere flowers were blooming and fruits always ripening in that far-off Summerland. Birds and butterflies lived there, and in the valley of a great forest dwelt the Maidens of Corn. As he neared their home, he rested, for his flight had been long, and he knew not where to find the maidens. So wherever a corn plant grew he settled on its tassels, then flew to another, and another, till at last he reached the home of the Corn Maidens. The two sisters who had dwelt for a time in the grotto of the White Cliffs were strolling forth through the great fields of corn when they heard the creature buzzing.

“Hasten, sister!” said the elder one. “Heard you not our child? He comes from the Northland, but if we make not haste he cannot speak with us, for by day he is but

flesh of the corn plant. Child, thou comest; where art thou?"

"*Tsi-ni-thla*," hummed the being, which meant "here;" so they looked, and there he was on a corn tassel, but ere they could speak more, he flew to another, and another, corn plant, perching again and again, yet never satisfied with his resting place.

"What wouldst thou, child?" said the maidens; yet they knew. Then the creature told them the story of the two poor little children.

"We will hasten to them. On the fourth day from this we will seek them, and with us will come warm rains, which will drive the cold snows away and bring the spring-time. Go before and tell our little son to prepare the corn rooms for us, and when we have entered them we will comfort and nourish his little sister. Our poor beloved little ones; did they not once offer us food? And we have not forgotten their goodness of heart."

When night came, away flew the corn being, and long before daylight he buzzed into the house of the little ones and round

about the head of the boy, to awake him. When at last the little boy awoke, the creature said to him:

“Little father, when the sister cries tomorrow, tell her that on the night of the third day her mothers are coming; for I have been to Summerland and seen the Maidens of Corn. Thou wilt know of their coming, for a warm wind will blow from the southward laden with the odors of flowers and spring-time, and a misty rain will fall to melt away the frost of Sun-i-a-shi’-wa-ni’s breath. Then thou must tell the little sister to sleep, and before long the Maiden Mothers will come into the room as softly as the moonbeams. Tomorrow and the next day thou must clean out the corn rooms, for there only will the Corn Maidens care to enter, and when thou hast seen them, thou canst take this little sister in to be comforted by them. Whose grandchild I am, surely thou wilt love,” said he, and he flew to his perch in the cage of grass-straws and corn-pith.

After that the little brother could not sleep. At last, before daybreak, he arose,



and, kindling a fire, began the work of cleaning the great room he lived in. Then as it grew lighter he went into the empty corn rooms, and with little wisps of straw swept them clean. When the little sister awoke he ran to her bedside and said:

“Little sister, see, I am cleaning the house, for our mother is coming;” but the little girl thought he was only trying to comfort her, and whenever he went away, she cried, for she felt so lonely. All day the brother worked, and all the next day, for he was weak, and it took long to clean the dust and cobwebs away. At last, however, every room was finished, and in the corn rooms the boy spread old blankets and soft things, that the beautiful mothers might not be angry with him or wish to leave his little sister.

On the third day the little sister cried more and more, because for two days her brother had told her the mother was coming. So the little brother kept climbing the ladder to see if the rain had begun. At last, away to the southward, he saw misty clouds, rosy and blue, gathering and rising,

and soft fragrant wind blew in his face. Eagerly he climbed down the ladder, exclaiming:

“They are coming; they are coming, little sister; the mother is coming!” But when the sun set and the rain began falling, the little sister cried herself to sleep. By her side the brother sat smoothing her face and head, and at last the creature in the cage began to buzz joyfully about the room. “Thou wilt wait but little longer, my father,” said he to the boy, and as he settled down in his cage, a light like the beams of the moon shone down the sky-hole. As the boy watched, the form of a beautiful maiden floated down the ladder and passed near him, and another followed her into the corn room. Then a voice soft as a bird’s called him, and gently rising he went into the corn room.

The Maiden Mothers of Corn stood there, the gentlest and loveliest beings the boy had ever seen, and crying with joy he forgot they were not his own mothers, and ran up to where they stood. They knelt down and took him in their arms. They

kissed him and stroked his cheeks until he was so happy he scarce dared leave them, but thinking of his little sister, he asked:

“Dear mothers, may I bring the little sister?”

“Aye,” said the maidens gently, and they smiled so softly that the little boy knelt at their feet and pressed their hands against his cheeks.

Then he ran out to where the sister lay sleeping. He carefully took her in his arms and carried her into the presence of the maidens. They bade him bring fire, and he kindled a flame on the hearth of the long, empty room. It no longer seemed musty and old. The odors of the sweetest things filled the whole place. The Mother Maidens softly sang to the little ones, and birds seemed to sing with them, they sang so softly, and butterflies sported all about them in the firelight. Even the corn creature hummed slowly down from his cage and settled in the doorway. The little girl opened her sunken eyes and smiled as she gazed wonderingly about.

“See,” said the little brother joyfully,



“has not the mother come?” One of the maidens bent over and took the little girl in her arms. “See,” said she, “little one, I am thy mother,” and she nursed the child as its mother had. The elder sister took the hand of the brother. “Come,” said she, “and sit with me. Thou art my child and shalt be the father of my children; hence, beloved little one, of my flesh if not born, yet nourished thou must be,” and she gave the boy of her milk, as the other maiden had given it to the baby sister. “Sleep now, our little ones,” said they, and again they sang until the butterflies danced in the firelight, and the brother and sister fell into a deep slumber. Then the Maidens of Corn drew forth from their mantles many things. An ear each of yellow, blue, red, white, speckled, and black corn, they placed on the floors of the corn rooms beneath little embroidered sashes of cotton, and on the blanket poles they hung treasure beads and turquoises, and many bright garments. These things were not what they seemed—single, but the seed of other things which the wonderful Mothers

of Seed knew best how to multiply, as their flesh the corn multiplies itself many times from a single grain.

Green corn and fruits, melons and gourds, they placed in basket trays in the empty rooms, for the house was large where the uncle had dwelt; and then they went to where the children were sleeping. Behold, the little girl was fair and bright, no longer was her face shrunken nor eyelid deep. Her hair was soft and her lips ruddy and smiling. The boy looked strong and older. Though only a little boy his face looked like that of a master chief with aged bearing, and kindness shone from his freshened countenance, for had he not, and his little sister, drank of the flesh of the Seed Maidens?

Then the Maiden Mothers left them sleeping. They softly glided out of the house and down the hill to the home of the aged grandmother. The firelight was already shining red at the windows. They called in at the doorway. A startled voice from within called out in reply, and they entered. The old woman, greeting them,

covered her face with her hands and knelt herself down at their feet. But they raised her up, saying, "Art thou not our child and mother?" When they had listened to her prayers of greeting and thanks and supplications for the light of their favor, they blessed her and said: "Thou are a good old mother, therefore have we come again to ask thy service. Long ago when we came hungry to the homes of our faithless children, two little ones offered us food. Their people, our foolish children, left them sleeping, to die, when they went to the towns of the Moquis. But from our flesh was made the form of a being, and he hath watched over our little ones. Knowest thou not that they abide with thee in this town? Go to comfort the little maiden, for she is yet but a baby girl, and be as a mother to her, for she shall become the mother of her people and her children after her; and her brother so manly, yet but a little boy, he shall become already, when the corn grows in the valley, the father of his people and their children. Yet, not until the being is departed shalt thou abide



with the little ones, but dwell patiently in thy poor house the while. When thou art needed, the corn being will fly thither and summon thee."

Blessing the aged woman—who was no longer poor and shamefully ugly, but a kind, fair old mother, with white strands of hair, wearing whiter mantles of cotton—they returned hastily to the house of the little ones.

They softly wakened the boy, and calling him out of the corn room, took him between their knees and said: "We will tell thy guardian, the corn being, thou hast made many things, but to thee we will tell only this: that thy uncle will return from the land of the Moquis to get the loom that lies in the corner, for his people must now weave and labor for the people who fed them, else they may not longer abide with that people. He already prepares for his journey (as the snow is melted away from the pathways), and on the eighth morning from this he will enter the town of his people. He will see the smoke rising from thy chimney-pots, and wearily yet

eagerly enter at the ladder. He will joyfully greet thee and thy little sister, but speak not to him, neither accept of the food he will offer thee, for in the corn rooms thou wilt find abundance of fresh food. Not until the fourth day shalt thou speak to him, then shalt thou humble him with reproach, not complainingly, and wondering at thy wisdom and kindness he will bow to thee and become thy faithfulest guardian. Then thou shalt make him thy warrior priest, and bid him return to his people and summon them to come back to relight the hearthstones of Ha'-wi-k'uh and replant the wasted fields of the Vale of the Hot Waters. Should the little sister cry for us, bid the corn being bring thy grandmother, whom the people left as they left thee, to die, when they sought life far away. Be good as thou hast been, and thou shalt grow wise and powerful. Keep thy heart good, and gently counsel the foolish bad amongst thy people, as a father counseleth his wayward children; then shall prosperity and plenty bless thy people, and thy mothers—ourselves and

our sisters—visit often the vales of our children.”

Each in turn took his face between her hands and breathed upon his forehead and into his nostrils. Then said they: “We go. May each day bring thee happiness, and as much happiness as the day hath brought may each evening bring thee.” To which he replied, “Thank you, beloved mothers, and may happiness go and abide with you whithersoever ye go and be.”

“Go now in with thy little sister,” said they, “for we depart, and thou shalt see us no more save with the eyes of thy dream-vision.”

They faded from sight as their voices died from hearing. The daylight was breaking, and thenceforth the little boy was another being, kindly, yet grave, with a look of endless contentment on his face and anger forever gone out from his heart.

How would he have known but the Mother Maidens were still there had not the corn being, no longer a being of corn-pith and color, buzzed out of the sky-hole? Then he knew that the Mother Maidens



had departed, and he softly went in to his little sister. All around her were heaped up fruits and melons, green and fragrant. In the rooms beyond were the piles of shining corn, and every rack (as had been the poles of the aged woman) was laden with a harvest of raiment grown from the seed things of property.

How the little brother feasted his sister, eating but sparingly himself, but saving all remains of their repasts that he might cast them into the fire, or out on the plains for the seed-eating creatures, "for," thought he, "if we but feed the beloved and the dead, returned in blessing will be the food there given, and if we the seed creatures feed, why will they waste the substance of our corn-heaps?"

One morning the little girl seemed sad, but she did not tell her brother, nor did she cry. The corn being fluttered and buzzed until he sung himself out of the window. By and by he returned, and soon an old woman followed. She was dressed just as the Mother Maidens had been, and the moment the little girl espied her, she trotted

forth to meet her, and buried her face in the folds of her white mantles. The old woman fondled her, and taking the little one on her knee told her such pretty tales of the olden time that she laughed and thought her "Corn Mother had never been nearly so nice as these beings with soft voices who wore such pretty, bright garments."

When the old woman left, she told the little girl she would come again at times to see her and her little brother.

At last the time was for the arrival of the uncle. The little boy cleared away from the sitting place of the house every trace of the fruits and foods they had eaten, and all the garments brought by the Seed Mothers he hid away also. Then he built a bright fire that the smoke might rise high from the chimney, and calling the little sister, told her that the uncle was coming, but that she must not speak to him nor even smile on him, neither accept of his food nor offer him any.

At last they heard a cough down the pathway, and then someone climbed wearily up the ladder, more eagerly down into the

house room. It was the old uncle bearing a heavy burden strapped across his forehead.

When he saw the two little ones sitting under the window, bright and hearty, his joy knew no bounds, and he rushed eagerly up to them, exclaiming:

“Ah, my beloved little ones, is it possible, is it *possible* that I see you, and be ye happy these many days?” But to his surprise they never smiled, neither spoke to him, seemed scarcely to know of his presence. “My beloved little ones,” said he, going and bending over them until his gray hairs almost touched them, “know ye not that I am your old uncle?” Still they replied not, neither smiled.

He raised himself sorrowfully and looked about the room. It was as bare as when the people had departed to Moqui; save that it was clean and well ordered, there was no difference. No trace of food nor the leavings of eatings met his eye.

“Poor little creatures!” thought he in his own heart. “I will offer them food; perhaps as prairiedogs live in winter, so have they—sleeping; who knows?”



He unwrapped his burden and revealed parched corn-meal and the dust of meat, with flour made from dried sweet mush. This he placed all before the little ones, saying: "Eat ye to satisfaction!" But they spoke not, neither smiled. "Ha!" thought he, and as he thought he grew fearful and betook himself nearer the hearth and farther from them. "They are not living, but the dead whose spirits I see before me!" But while he gazed at them, they looked so fresh and strong in color and substance, that he was fain to abandon the idea. "Besides," said he, "I look upon them in daylight, and were they other beings I would see them only in the night. My little ones," said he at last, "your mother and father and all the brothers and sisters of your clan are well, and maybe will come back to live in Ha'-wi-k'uh. How may I tell you my joy at finding my beloved children of the sister, yet will their joy be the greater to see once more their little ones. Would you not be glad with them?" Still the brother and sister spoke not, neither smiled.

Again the old man cast his eyes about the room. There was no fuel, save a few twigs, by the hearthstone. Taking the burden strap from off his bundle, he hung it on a round of the ladder and then hastily mixed a meager meal of the flour and dried meat dust. As he sat down to eat of this, once more he returned to ask the little ones to eat with him, but they neither spoke nor smiled. The old uncle silently ate a few mouthfuls, and the tears streamed down his cheeks as he did so, until the little boy was filled with compassion for him, but spoke not. At last the old man, rising, placed the remaining morsels carefully away, and turning toward the ladder said:

“At least I may remain with ye three or four days, and I will gather wood meanwhile that ye may not suffer from cold. I cannot remain, for my provisions, albeit I offer them freely to my sister’s children, are scant, and the journey hence is long.”

This time the little boy bowed his head and smiled, and the old uncle was gladdened greatly.

As soon as he had gone away, the little

brother brought out fresh melons and green corn, actually green, for thus the Mother Maidens provided their children. When the feast was over, every trace of it the children removed. Not long after, the old man returned. He did not attempt more to speak with the children, but went about plaiting some basket trays, for which he had brought splints and osiers home on his pack of wood. The children meanwhile began to talk with one another, the boy in a grave manner, the little girl as might be expected of one so young. But in no way did either of them allude to the uncle or any of his people.

On the following day he again went for wood, and also on the third. This last time, however, he returned very soon, and the children had barely cleared away their food things before he came down the ladder. Although there was no trace of food, there was an odor of fruits most delicious all through the room. The old man said nothing, but determined to make on the morrow still greater haste. When morning came, he went as usual for wood. He had



scarcely left when the old woman of the broken house came in and sat down with the children. The little girl told all about the uncle, and as the fourth day had come, together they prepared a great feast and spread it on one of the embroidered mantles. The little children, too, dressed themselves in the splendid embroideries and ornaments the Seed Mothers had provided them. Scarcely had these preparations been completed when the uncle suddenly appeared at the sky-hole. He descended. No attempt was made to clear the things away, and when he greeted the little ones after his custom, to his surprise they replied in words of great kindness and courtesy. Then first the uncle saw the old woman, whom he addressed as a superior being, calling her "Mother," and breathing upon her hands as he did upon those of the little boy and his sister. Upon these he looked in wonder, yet wise was he, and he knew they were the beloved *ki-hes* [spiritual friends].

"Sit with us, uncle, and eat, for we know thou art hungry," said the little boy. Tak-

ing first from each of the vessels and trays of food a morsel of each kind, the little boy cast them into the fire, saying:

“Makers of the trails of our lives and ye spirits of our ancestors, of this add ye unto your hearts after the manner of your own knowledge, and bless us with fruitful seasons, needed water and age of life.” Hence to this day the priests or hosts of Zuñi do likewise. Then said he, “Eat ye all.” While all ate, the hungry uncle almost tremulously with the eagerness of his hunger, the boy ate well, but sparingly, and with great deliberation. The old woman and the little sister cleared the remnants away, and then the boy said:

“Uncle and child, come hither and sit by me, for of saying I have much for thee.”

The uncle himself sat nearer to the boy. “What would you, father?” said he, for he now beheld that the boy was endowed with the spirit of a wise priest and a father’s commanding.

“Thou and thy people, alas, alas! Not only did they make sport of the blessings of the beloved, but even of the beloved of

themselves they thought not. Their own flesh and being, of it—my poor little sister and I—they thought not, but left it to perish. Sad was their recompense, and this their teaching, that in the future they may wiser be. Those who were our parents, behold they shall henceforth be our children, and the servants of our offspring shall their offspring be. Thou wert a warrior-priest, yet I remember thou didst not join the follies of thy others. Thou comest back, that the lives of thy sister's children might be saved. Therefore thou alone shalt enjoy my best favor. Thou shalt become my warrior-priest. Behold the aged woman whom the nation despised—no longer the despised shall she be, but the mother of her people until the end of her days, when the little sister shall become the Mother of Seed, for the flesh of the Mother Maidens hath she drank. No longer may the people of our nation live according to their own wills, but as children, whom a father and his brothers must guide, counsel and command, and I their father am appointed to be, for of the flesh of the



Mother Maidens I have drank. Do thou according to my bidding. Four days thou shalt remain and rest thyself, then go hence to the country of the Moquis and summon my people. Meanwhile I will provide for them. That thou mayst bear proof with thee I bid thee rest and feast for four days." Thus said the boy, for the corn being had told him many things at night-time.

"Alas, alas! It is true, and even as thou hast said, so shall it be," said the uncle, and he bowed his head on his knee in thought and shame.

As evening came, it grew dark and the rain fell in torrents until the sun entered the west. Until the moon rose, foaming streams poured down into the valley, spreading all over it fresh soil.

Then in the moonlight came quickly, yet silently, many runners of the dance of the gods in the Lake of the Dead, and strong warriors came also. And into the new soil they planted everywhere corn of all kinds and food seeds from the stores of the gods themselves. And again, ere morning,

soft rain fell, and the breath of the Mother Maidens fanned the country from the Land of Lasting Summer.

When the sun rose next morning not a track could be seen in all the great plain, yet everywhere shot forth from the warm soil rows of corn plants, yellow and green, and vines and other plants of the food seeds.

After the morning meal was over, the boy called his uncle, "My warrior-priest, come with me."

Together they ascended to the highest part of the house.

"Look!" said the boy, pointing to the plains below; and while the uncle, in wondering joy and reverence, looked abroad and bowed his head, the boy stretched forth his hands and cast to the six points sacred meal, with a prayer of thanksgiving to the gods.

"Behold!" then said he, "the planting of the beloved!"

And thus, each morning, he took the uncle to the topmost house. Already, on the second morning, the corn was waving fluted leaves, and on the third, the tassels

had appeared. On the fourth the ears of corn had started through the corn leaves, and the young boy said:

“My warrior, take with thee now provisions for thy journey, and a plant of corn as a promise of harvest to my people, for foolish are they and of such vicious heart some, that of good hearts they know not the beating or the straightness of the words thereof. Ere thou hast reached the land of the Moquis, thy corn shall have grown milky and full of kernel as the brother and sister plants here do.”

The old man hastily prepared for the journey, and taking a green corn-plant from the field, bade farewell to the boy and his sister and the old woman.

That night the corn being appeared uneasy, and toward daylight he called to the boy:

“Father of his people, hear thou me. Thou hast given me being, even as I and thy mothers have preserved thy old and given thee new being. Precious shalt thou be, and thy people shall plant and reap for thee and thy chosen council of wise



ones. The offspring of thy flesh or of thy breath shall ever, as thou, be precious, when thou hath joined the everlasting Council of the Dead. Behold! I am born of the flesh of the Mother Maidens of men and the creatures. Their flesh is renewed, and amidst its tassels shall I find my home, yet thy messenger was I, hence never long in any of my many homes shall I rest. Make thou of the stalks that grow below yet another of my form and send her forth, and men shall call us and our offspring the 'Dragon-fly.' By my ministry and from the milk of the Mother Maidens of Seed hast thou received being, a man, yet a *Shi-wa-ni* [priest]; not one of the great beloved among the gods, yet one of the 'Forewalking Beloved' [leaders] among men who shall call thee their father as thou shalt call them thy children. And thy little sister shall be the Seed Priestess of earth, keeper of thy seed among men, and provider of the fertility of the seeds whereby men live. May all days thine happiness bring." As he said this, the boy thanked him, replying:

“Thy form in remembrance will I paint on the sacred things, emblematic of spring and the health-giving rains of springtime; and thy companion shall I paint, the symbol of summer and the pools of summer showers.”

The Dragon-fly poised a moment in the air over the head of the boy, then like a “star seeking the house of a wife” [meteor], he sped forth over the broad cornfields.

Hence to this day the dragon-fly comes (the black, white, and red one) in early summer, when the corn tassels bloom, humming from one plant to another, yet never content with his resting place.

And following him comes the beautiful green dragon-fly, for of the green stalks of corn made the boy the companion of the first dragon-fly, hence the green dragon-fly is green with yellow light like a stalk of growing corn in the sunlight.

When eight days had passed, there came from over the northwestern hills the nation of Ha'-wi-k'uh. Amongst them came many strangers from other tribes and countries. And when they entered the town

through vast fields of ripening corn, they passed beneath the house of the great priest-boy, and breathed humbly upon his hands.

Dazzled with the bright richness of his garments and the kindly yet grave face of the boy, they both loved and feared him. And to the sister girl and the aged woman of the broken house all paid their homage, as wise children homage parents who have grown wisely old.

From amongst the strangers who came to Ha'-wi-k'uh the young priest chose three men, aged and young. He embraced them and called them younger brothers, and breathed into them the breath which had been unto him breathed by the Mother Maidens of Seed. Then he chose a great warrior and set him under the aged uncle, and gave both the command of the nation, calling them the mouthpieces wherewith he and his brothers might speak to their people. "For," said he, "that our hearts may be always good and gentle, that our prayers be answered of the beloved, we may not too often speak to the foolish



among our children. Go ye now," said he to the two warrior-priests, "and command the people together in the harvest of the gods. Each man shall fetch seven loads of corn for himself, but the eighth load he shall fetch for my brothers and me, that all of our children may the better bear our counsel and value in heart."

When the corn was gathered, the great priest had many rooms filled, and this he saved, that it might furnish seed for the people or food in times of want. Portions thereof he gave to the beloved, the ancestral spirits and the creatures which devour seed.

Then again he commanded the people to plant and attend the growing things, for the summer was not yet come, and when the harvest was by, a portion also took he for his little sister, his brother priests and himself. Great grew the boy-priest, and the most beautiful of maidens married he; and his daughters, when they had grown, were sought by men of all towns far and near.

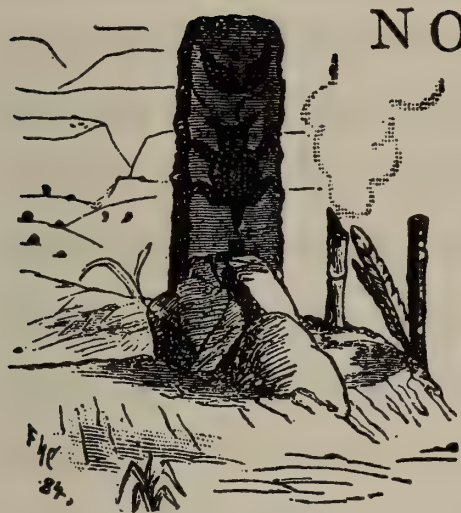
Thus was it in the days of the ancients, long, very long, ago; and hence have we

today Guardians of the Corn, *Tâ-â A'-shi-wa-ni*, or the Corn Priests of Zuñi.

(One cold night in winter, when the wind was blowing through the piñons near the White Cliffs, so that our camp-fire swirled up like a burning whirlwind, an Indian companion maliciously told me this story that he might make me "wait the morning watching." This is why it is so long.—*F. H. C.*)

## CHAPTER III

## LAND LAW AND LABOR



NO BRANCH of the industrial arts of the Zuñi Indians is shown so clearly as in their farming customs and methods, first the influences of climatic environment on a people's religion and culture, then the effects of this belief and philosophy on their daily life. Before noticing these curious topics, however, a considerable, but I hope not wearisome, digression must be made, to give some idea of the land laws of primitive Pueblodom.

In a former issue of this series the Zuñi conception of the origin of Indian sociologic systems was given. Fundamentally these are the organization into gentes, or clans—



the warp, so to speak, of the Zuñi governmental fabric.<sup>13</sup>

The Zuñi tribe today (I shall speak of it frequently as a nation, for of such it is the remnant) includes only between sixteen and seventeen hundred members. This population is divided first, into six subtribes, each taking its name from the *ki'-wi-tsin*, or sacred house to which it belongs. Again, without reference to this plan of subdivision, the tribe contains thirteen organizations, orders, or sacred societies, founded upon four primary elements in savage life: war, the chase, the priesthood, and the medical fraternities.

Yet again, owing allegiance to neither of the preceding is a third subdivision, into the farming tribes which derive their names from the summer pueblos near which their principal fields are located. The names of these geographic tribes are, in order of precedence, three: *Tâ'-ia-kwe*, "People of the Planting Town;" *He-sho-ta-tsi'-na-kwe*, "People of the Pictured Town" (from the sculptured pictographs on the foundation walls of their village); and the

*K'iap'-kwai-na-kwe*, or "People of the Town Whence Flow the Hot Waters."

More important than any of the preceding in its relation to the tenure of corn-land, is the gentile subdivision, for there are finally, irrespective of these, sixteen clans. In order of their rank they are named as follows:<sup>14</sup> The Parrot or Macaw people, the Corn or Seed, the Badger, Sun, Eagle, Turkey, Crane, Deer, Bear, Coyote, Frog, Grouse, Tobacco, Spring-vine (or Chickweed), Yellow-wood, and Rattlesnake peoples. The Parrot and Seed clans are nearly equal in membership, each containing about three hundred. From these there is a dwindling down throughout the other clans to five of the Yellow-wood people, and only one living representative of the Rattlesnake clan, a man, with whom of course, the clan will cease. Thus, it may be seen that one small nation is organized on four different principles, no one of which has, save in the religious aspect, dependency on any of the others: (1) The sacred government, according to the places of worship; (2) the secular government, according to landed and water

possessions; (3) the medical government, according to professions of "medicines" and fetichism; and finally (4) the social government, according to family organization. Were this paper treating rather of the sociology than of the food productions of the Zuñis, I could show how these four kinds of subdivisions harmonize with one another; how, indeed, the first three were the outgrowth of the fundamental social principle of the tribe, and how, finally, with the addition of the phratral combinations of clans (now modified or outgrown among the Zuñis), all four features were well-nigh universal to aboriginal America. As it is, I must confine further remarks to what these things seem to tell us of the pre-Columbian Pueblo life, and to a discussion of the relation they bear to the land and water and food possessions of the tribe.

In addition to the clans above named, Zuñi tradition says that the tribe formerly possessed several others: the Water, the Macaw (as distinct from the Parrot), the Crow, the Sea Serpent, the Red-house, and the six Corn clans (Yellow, Blue, Red,



White, Speckled, and Black), now merged into one—the *Tâ'-a-kwe*, or Seed people. The same traditions say that the nation of today is a remnant of three great tribes, the middle, the southern, and the northern. At the time of these tribes, a vast area of New Mexico, Arizona, and minor parts of the Southwest was covered by inhabited towns of them, few individuals living in a single place, and the people were more nomadic than at present. When, at last, these tribes confederated, and chose, one after another in the order of precedence above given, the great valley of Zuñi as their permanent home, they numbered many thousands, inhabiting no fewer than nineteen towns. When discovered in the early half of the sixteenth century by the Spanish Friar [Marcos de] Niza and later subdued by [Francisco] Vasquez Coronado, they were living in the famous "Seven Cities of Cibola." The native names of these towns were: 1, *Mat'-sa-ki*; 2, *K'ïä'-ki-ma*; 3, *Ha'-wi-k'uh*; 4, *K'ia'-na-wa*; 5, *Ham-pas-sa-wan*; 6, *Ke'-tchi-na* (?), and 7, *Ha-lo-na*,<sup>15</sup> the last being the only one of

the towns now inhabited, save in summer, and the ancient name for modern Zuñi (*Halona I'tiwana*, "The Middle Place of Happy Fortune," "The Middle Ant-hill of the World").<sup>16</sup>

Although the early Spaniards doubtless exaggerated the population of Cibola (more through imperfect means of getting data than from willfulness) in stating it as great as "eleven thousand souls," we may safely conclude from a computation of the rooms in the six ruins above named, that altogether they and ancient Zuñi contained more than six thousand inhabitants.<sup>17</sup> This seems only reasonable when we study the immense stock of lore, ritual, and ceremonial of the tribe, and, more than all else, the elaborate and highly differentiated organizations above mentioned. All these point not to a vast or dense population, but still to a very numerous and quite highly yet naturally developed ancestry.

When, during the years of the Pueblo rebellion (1680 to 1692), the Zuñis sought to fortify themselves from Spanish vengeance on the Rock Mountain of Thunder,<sup>18</sup>

they had for nearly half a century been inhabiting six towns only. On the top of the Mountain of Thunder they built their town, not all together but in six different blocks or terraced masses, each mass representing one of the abandoned towns. This was significant. Great error has always been committed in considering the Indians, particularly the Pueblos, as (in our sense of the word) communists. Not even among ourselves is the division of property or individual land-tenure carried further. It is in consequence of a native method of speaking, law, or custom regulating the disposal of land that these curious people have come to be regarded as property communists.

Suppose that a young man belongs to the Parrot clan, he cannot marry any girl, however remote her relationship to him may be, who belongs to the same clan. As descent is on the mother's side, his children do not belong to him nor to his clan, but to his wife and her clan. If he, either before or after his marriage, "raises the sand" (takes up or clears a field), it belongs strictly



to him, but is spoken of as the property of his clan. In case he makes no provision that it shall descend to his children or to his wife; in case, moreover, he has no nephews or nieces on the sister's side, the property remains, after his death, in the Parrot clan, may be claimed and cultivated by any member of that clan, preferably by near relatives, but neither by the man's wife nor by his own children. Any one man belonging to the tribe of Nutria, cannot, even of his own fields, give land to any one person belonging to either of the other pueblos, unless that person happens to be a member of his clan. Nor can any man living at Pescado, go and take up even unclaimed land at Nutria or Ojo Caliente, unless with the consent of the body politic of the tribe which he wishes to join. No Zuñi, whatever his rank, can, without the consent of the Corn and certain other priests of the tribe, give any member of a stranger tribe or people, either portions of his own land or of any part of the tribal domain. With such a people as the Zuñis, therefore, the reservation from sale is, by

their native tribal law customs, without intervention of government, already provided for.

The procedure by which a Zuñi seeks to bequeath lands which he has inherited or reclaimed, is curious. Nominally, as above explained, such lands belong to his clan. In bestowing them upon his children, by doing which, of course, he transfers them to the clan of his wife, he has in the absence of all writing, to make arrangements in whatever one of the thirteen secret organizations of sacred medicine (*ti-kitla-pon*, or *ti'-kia*) he may be a member of. In the presence of the council of this society, he states with great minuteness all the particulars of his bequest. Years may pass. Not one of his items is, however, revealed, unless by himself, until after his death. If then, any question arises, the members who listened to his declaration, acting as witnesses to one another, reveal what the will of the deceased had been. In illustration of their process nothing can be more interesting or instructive than an account of a lawsuit at which, as (at the

time) second chief of the tribe, I once presided.

One evening in the autumn of 1881 my old brother, Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa, the head chief, said to me:

“Younger brother, wash your eyes in cold water.”

“Why?”

“An old beast who belongs to the clan of him who was his uncle, wishes to get a peach orchard away from his brothers [cousins], the children of the dead one.”

Soon after I heard the herald call out a council from the distant housetops.

The old man had only finished stuffing the big black throat of the family hearth with piñon sticks, when the members of the coming council began to steal in. Each was wrapped from nose to instep in his blanket, each, moreover, as grave and dignified as any senator of history. From the depths of each blanket would issue, as the threshold was crossed, the invariable greeting, “How be ye these many days?” to which was responded expressionlessly *Kets'-in-i-shi; i-ti-ni-k'ia!*—“Happy; gather



and sit!" by my brother, myself, and all former arrivals.

Sheep-pelts, dog-skins, buffalo-robcs, retired blankets, four-pronged stool-blocks, bundle of corn-shucks, and long slender rolls of dry cedar-bark were strewn about the floor, and a bag or two of rocky old plug tobacco was lying in the firelight. As the council gathered in, everything except the shucks, cedar rolls, and tobacco was appropriated as a seat, no sooner than which the place sounded like a hail storm on dry fodder—which sound resulted from the rustling of corn-shucks—for every one who sat down (and none remained standing) immediately made a grab at the shuck pile and began to cut out a piece of husk with his thumb-nail, of suitable length to serve as a cigarette wrapper. When cut, the shuck was dampened with the tongue and scraped to a proper state of thinness and pliability between the teeth. It was then neatly rolled to the shape of the prospective cigarette and stuck into the top of the legging to take form. Meanwhile a nubbin of the dried plug was attacked with the

same thumb-nail until a small quantity of coarse dust had accumulated in the palm of the opposite hand. Then the husk was unrolled, the pecked tobacco deposited in the last coil, and the wrapper without trouble rolled back to the shape it had been taking under pressure of the legging. As this process—tedious equally with its description—was completed at about the same time by two-thirds of the council, every person helping to make up that two-thirds called out at once, “*Kiäthl'thla'-kwi-mon-ne'!*” or “*Kiäthl-u'-te-an-ne'!*”—“Hither with the ‘root!’ ” or “This way with the ‘blossom!’ ” the “root” being the roll of bark, the “blossom” the fire at the end of it. Now all these things are told of, because out of the two or three hundred councils and lawsuits I have attended, they are the opening proceedings, as invariable as toasts are the fit endings of public dinners.

So far, all is peace. The call for the “root” and “blossom” means just as many clear, tiny, blue columns of smoke as there are mouths in the room. It means, too,

such universal contentment that wild, very witty, somewhat coarse jokes and general uproariousness begins, even a few practical—not very gentle—pranks, and any quantity of sarcasm, make the place as nearly like as it can be in Zuñi, to a meeting of jolly students bent on a lark.

I sit next my “old brother,” who has uttered never a word save the responsive “Happy; gather and sit!” since he took his station by the fireside. There is order in this chaos. If you look carefully, there is a little space along the middle of the room, ranged on either side of which is a party. As yet, however, every pair of lips not smoking a cigarette is stretched with a broad grin, every arm vigorously gesticulating—that is, with four or five exceptions. One of these is a sullen looking old fellow, who sits like a Zuñi eagle after “picking time,” on his stool, smoking his cigarette and glaring into the fire. The other exceptions are (unless my bored brother be included) one or two despondent-looking young men. It need not be told that these are the characters concerned in the



issue. I edge over closer to the old chief.

“Brother!”

“Ha?”

“Why is this orchard quarreled about?”

“Shut up!”

“But I want to know.”

“Well, that’s what these beasts are here to cackle about.”

The old man deliberately finishes his cigarette (the joking is as loud as ever), then suddenly throws the stump away, spits, and hisses, “*Shssshh*,” and says with a frown and a curse:

“Shut up, you beasts!”

For a moment no effect is produced. I thump on the stone floor with a staff of office and yell (being echoed by every sub-chief in the room) “*Hi’tâ!*” which means “Listen!” Every eye turns toward the now composed chief. With the gentlest demeanor possible, with absolute ignorance and lack of feeling expressed in the tone of his voice, the old man says to the silenced council:

“My brothers and children, ‘why and

wherefore' are we gathered together this night? For, it is not for nothing that people meet one another in council."

This is the signal! The mine has been fired! Both sides start up at once. Positive pandemonium ensues. I yell at the top of my lungs:

"One at a time, *one*, ONE!"—and every subchief cries "*Hi'tâ!*"

The clatter runs on for a moment—having boiled over in fierce personal abuse—until I jump up and yell:

"Shut up, every one of you; *shut UP!*"—and again the subchiefs shriek, "*Hi'tâ! hi'tâ!*"

Silence reigns. A subchief rises up, goes over to the front of the sullen smoker (the picked eagle), and sits down. Two others of like rank come forward and sit down so as to face him, forming a breastworks, as it were, of despondent young men. *Then* the real business begins.

Now, with regard to the officers of a Zuñi council of law: The head chief is the judge. His function is to resemble as nearly as possible a dirtily dressed stone

statue in sitting posture. Throughout the proceedings—save occasionally to grunt a curse, look exceedingly disgusted, and smoke unceasingly—he fulfills this mission perfectly.

The second chief is at once sergeant-at-arms and justice, or, more precisely, secretary. In the former capacity he has to rage and swear and thump the floor with his staff, jumping up, sitting down, and expressing ferocious wrath in his every action, but keeping his heart as imperturbed as a Hindoo rishi's during penance.

In the second capacity, he has to listen intently. This, with a view of straining twenty-five minutes of serious significant statement of fact, out of from five to seven midnight hours of vituperant recrimination and violent personal abuse, which scorns not to rake up from the traditionary tribal annals, every scandal, calumny, and other vicious bit of back-bite comprised within at least two antecessorial generations of the parties "mentioned the council." Add to this fact that the "lawyers" (the sub-chiefs to a man parceled equally to either



side) occasionally in their warmth of zeal get into a little private discussion and reach such heat that the words of three or four of them let off simultaneously with those of a like number opposite, fairly strike fire (or ought to) in crossing; that the witnesses, amounting to a dozen or so, chime in with charming vigor, and you have some conception of the work he has to do, in order to distill from all this, enough material to make a clear recapitulation or "brief"—leaving out no single pertinent detail—to the silent judge toward the end of the proceedings.

This office it has been my happy lot to fulfill a few times. Happy, I say, because it was exciting and a better educator of the faculties of perception and memory than all the courses in Oxford, though (I must confess) in other respects not quite so edifying.

Now, in telling this I hope I have served two purposes—have given a near account of this particular lawsuit up to the production of my brief, and have demonstrated the fallacy of the sweeping assertion, "Two Indians are never known to speak at

once." I grant this; but mind, I grant it simply because, during all my experiences while fulfilling the office of second chief, I never, by any amount of floor-pounding, could induce fewer than from five to fifteen to speak in the same breath.

When I turned to state the case to the governor, the substance of it proved to be about as follows. Only the interest of the whole council in what was to be presented to the head chief for his judgment (with the added taint of a desire to criticise) can be adduced to explain the silence which prevailed during its utterance.

"The old man died last year, leaving one girl and two sons, all well grown. When these children were young, the 'dead one' with their assistance and that of an old friend, planted a large peach orchard. This has grown up, is fruitful, and contains eighty-six trees. The nephew claims he is the dead one's son in inheritance because the son of his sister. That the old-man-who-was never arranged to make his *very* children his children in inheritance. He, therefore, wants the whole orchard. Now,

the talkers of the children of him-who-was, say that the nephew caused the old man years of 'thought' (anguish) by his laziness, impudence, gambling, and consequent wish to have things for nothing; therefore, the peach orchard could not have been thought of for him by the dead one; that the children helped plant the orchard and care for its growth, which the nephew had not aided in; hence, even if the father who-was had not 'brought words to the sitting place of his brothers,' he intended his very children should have that which he had 'looked upon with labor' and they deserved it, nevertheless, above the nephew.

"The question is, 'What did the old-man-who-was, want—?' "

"Wait!" replied the head chief, as though he had suddenly thought of something, but with a suspicious grin on his face.

"Here, Bit-By-A-Bear, and you Arrow-Scratched, and you, too, Straw-Counter [the old man was addressing his subchiefs], 'want after' the four oldest men in the Cactus band [society of surgeons]; run quick!" So the three subchiefs betook themselves to



remote and widely separated parts of the pueblo.

Meanwhile the joking was resumed, but I noticed that some of the chief disputants turned their backs on one another. Still the question in hand was dropped *pro tem*.

Soon returned the three subchiefs with as many sleepy old men staggering after, and the rear brought up by an antiquated ex-chief. "The other couldn't be found," they said, and sat down to cut shucks.

"Thou hast come," said the chief, addressing the nearest of the fresh arrivals. "What's your heart up to?"

"Sleep!"

"Oh! I thought it was meditating mischief because these rattle-mouths [a wave at the subchiefs] made it necessary to pull you out of your dreams. Can you tell me where Dried-Bean-Pod is?"

"Why here; he came along with us."

As the one thus designated, after being vigorously punched (he was somewhat deaf), came forward, winking his eyes in the firelight, I giggled.

"What are you laughing for?" said the head chief.

"Has the grandfather no other name?" said I.

At this the whole council grinned (the "Dried-Bean-Pod" not so much, for he didn't hear), while the old chief explained that "This was the best *known* name but not the *best* one the old man had, as his "Cactus name" was *Iu-ai'-tih-si-wa*, which means nothing but his name, but that *Thlap'-K'us-na* was the best for a council, because young people never remembered *ti-k'ia* names, nor those given by clans at birth. My brother finished by declaring apologetically to the council:

"You see, the young brother is smart, and the best 'side carrier' [assistant] I ever had, but he grew up on '*Me-li-kän*' milk, therefore doesn't know everything! *Ssi'!*"

The last exclamation, the cut-off hiss "*Ssi'!*" brought the council to order, and I recapitulated at the top of my voice in the Dried-Bean-Pod's deaf ear.

"Ah! ah!" croaked the old fellow, when

I had finished, poking an empty shuck at me for "sneeze stuff" (powdered American tobacco) and saying that his thumb-nail was broken.

Occasionally appealing to his two companions, this old dotard gave a history of his childhood, his initiation into the Cactus band and that of the deceased, hints of the Mexican war, the first coming of Washington (Americans), the Navaho wars, the starvation times, copious draughts from his ritual-stored brain showing the duty of every *ti'k'ia* member, until he worked down to the time when the orchard had been planted and stopped!

"Yes, yes, but did the dead never tell what should be done with the orchard?"

"Oh! ah! yes, yes! You see it was in winter time;—no, near spring, not long after the cliffs on Grand mountain caved in and we thought the world was going to vomit corpses, and send fine turquoises, prayer-meal, and shell beads to harden the earth. Isn't that so, younger brother?"

"Yes."



“Yes, and just before we broke up god *Po'-sha*<sup>19</sup> for burning the forests.”

“Yes, yes.”

“Well, he said to us, when we were ‘in [fasting] for the third day,’ said he, ‘You see no one can tell how long daylight may last, my brothers; therefore I say this day my cornfields except one I give to my two boys, the one to my girl; my peach orchard I want to divide half and half between *Wa'-mu*, my nephew (unless he turns out bad), and my very children all; but then *Wa'-mu*, because he is a bad boy and does not love me—”

“You lie!” shrieked the said *Wa'-mu*, “My uncle never said so!”

“Shut up!” said I.

“What?” queried the deaf old man. “Ah, yes, says he, for that reason, and because he may turn bad, he must give part of the trees to my brother *Chu-pa-thla'-shi-kia* (Old-Corn-Bin), because Old-Corn-Bin helped me, and he didn't. So, isn't it, brothers?” concluded *Dried-Bean-Pod*.

“True! true!” echoed the others.

“That will do, *Dried-Bean-Pod*,” said

the chief, and the old man was glad to resume exclusively his cigarette.

Now, then, fury redoubled! Wa'-mu howled to prove that he had always been faithful and good. Everybody on one side accused everybody on the other side of unreliability, citing numerous instances as proof, until I yelled:

“Shut up, all of you!”

They were silenced after a fight of five minutes or so.

“Now,” said the head chief to me in an undertone, “Ask the Old-Women’s-Governor [the ex-chief mentioned above] to scathe these subchiefs; they’re fighting on their own accounts, you see, to prove which is past the other in lying.”

The Old-Women’s-Governor needed only a hint. He kept his eyes closed or squinting, for they were sore, but he turned them toward me.

“Talk to these children?” said he, ironically waving his lean hand over the heads of the wrangling chiefs. “These are the days when every ‘slender bone’ [ungrown boy] swallows shame and vomits impu-

dence, and '*chiefs!*' ha, ha! ho, ho! chiefs think such talk is wisdom, so they try to imitate it. They only rattle, rattle; do you hear me? When I was young, a chief thought his duty was to travel the middle trail, but these, *these*, why they split apart as a band of runners do meeting a mud puddle and sling brine [caustic words] at one another from either side."

"So! so! True! true!" exclaimed the chief, and I said "*Hi'-tâ,*" whereupon, behold! every subchief looked at every other and said, "*Hi'-tâ!*"

"Sit down, old man, it's useless! The morning star is up!" said the head chief, addressing Old-Women's-Governor. Then turning to me, he asked:

"How much has it gone on, younger brother?"

So I repeated the essential features of Dried-Bean-Pod's evidence.

"Listen," said Pa'-lo-wah-tiwa. He then waited for about five minutes, and the council clamored for his decision, but he waited. He seemed intent only on finishing his cigarette, but there was a thought-



ful expression on his face. Then he said quietly, not a single ray of emotion in his eyes:

“Brothers, it seems Wa’-mu is a bad man, but he belongs to the clan of his uncle-who-was. He shall have forty trees, and as he wouldn’t of his own accord (because he wanted the whole orchard) give a sprout to the Old-Corn-Bin, he shall be told to have thought of giving eight trees to this old friend of his uncle for helping to plant the orchard, which Wa’-mu did not do. The rest of the orchard shall belong to the dead one’s children, and they shall give how-many-soever they like to the Old-Corn-Bin. Day after tomorrow Scratched-By-An-Arrow, the Straw-Counter, and I will go to lay out the boundaries, and my younger brother here [referring to me] shall do as he likes. Thus much!”

I expected to hear a torrent of dissatisfaction, but every one said as meekly as catechised children, “Indeed!” or “It is well!” and this is the rule, as the decision of a head chief on such occasions is final. When I said, “Thus much we have straight-

ened our thoughts, see that complaint crooks them not again," which meant the council was over, light spirits seemed to descend from the dense blue clouds of tobacco and corn-husk smoke among the rafters, and the jokes, pranks, gossip resumed sway once more, merged soon into yawns and remarks on the nearness of dawn, and then one by one the party left, seeming wafted through the open doorway out into the silent gray light by the draught-drawn smoke-clouds.

As I turned to roll up in the corner, the old man, who was cleaning away the "lame shucks" and "dead cigarettes," remarked with a dyspeptic grimace, "What kind of animals do they most resemble, prairiedogs or bumblebees? Well, they're not to blame after all, for since those bearded beasts, the Mexicans, came, we never have had decent chiefs or dignified councils. No, we have had to sit as though watching for daylight, with the interrogation of every small question. May you happily wait until the morning, younger brother."

Two ends have been served by this long

account. Relative to lands, the rights of water, the trespass of animals and children, lawsuits are the order of the day (or rather night) of each autumn. As they are all carried on in much the same way, this description of one shall stand for the many which must be mentioned hereafter. Moreover the law custom regulative of the transfer of land by bequeathal from one clan to another has in the above a fair, although only partial, illustration.

When a young Zuñi wishes to add to his landed possessions, he goes out over the country, to all appearance caring nothing at all for distance. He selects the mouth of some *arroyo* (deep dry gully or stream-course) which winds up from the plain into the hills or mountains, and seeking, where it merges into the plain, some flat stretch of ground, his first care is to "lift the sand." This is done by striking the hoe into the earth at intervals of five or six yards, and hauling out little heaps of soil until a line of tiny boundary mounds has been formed all around the proposed field. Next in this space he cuts away the sage-



brushes with his heavy hoe, and clods of grass, weeds, etc., all of which he heaps in the middle of the field and burns. He then throws up long banks of sand on the line first indicated by the heaps of soil. Each embankment is called a *so'-pit-thlan* ("sand string"). At every corner he sets a rock, if possible columnar, sometimes rudely sculptured with his tokens (see initial letter). It is rare he does anything more to the piece in a single year. Not infrequently even years before the land is actually required for cultivation, the "sand is lifted" and a stone of peculiar shape is placed at one corner as a mark of ownership. Ever after, the place is, unless relinquished, the exclusive property of the one who lifted the sand, or, in case of his death, of the clan he belonged to.

In riding over the ancient country of the *Zuñis*, I have sometimes found these rows of little soil heaps as many as forty miles away from the central valley. Even after the lapse of years, overgrown with grasses, each the bases of a diminutive sand-drift, these marks of savage preëmption are dis-

tinct. Thus too, for ages they will remain to serve the archeologist, when the Zuñi and his theme shall have passed away, as material for speculation. Distance could not have been the sole cause for the abandonment of these pieces, as some fields, still under the hoe, are equally as far away; yet give evidence of having been cultivated, probably in consequence of great fertility, for several generations.

With the Zuñis one-half the months in the year are "nameless," the others are "named." The year is called "a passage of time," the seasons "the steps" (of the year), and the months "crescents"—probably because each begins with the new moon. New Year is called the "Mid-journey of the sun;" that is, the middle of the solar trip between one summer solstice and another, and, occurring invariably about the nineteenth of December, usually initiates a short season of great religious activity. The first month after this is now called *I'-koh-pu-yä-tchun*, "Growing white crescent," as with it begins the South-western winter—the origin of the name is

evident. The ancient name of the month seems to have been different in meaning, although strikingly similar in sound, *I-shoh-k'o'a-pu-yä-tchun* or "Crescent of the conception," doubtless a reference to the kindling of the sacred fire by drilling with an arrow-shaft into a piece of soft, dry wood-root, a ceremony still strictly observed. Interesting evidence of this meaning may be found on the old notched calendar-sticks of the tribe, the first month of the new year being indicated by a little fire-socket at one end.

The second month is *Ta'-yäm-tchu-yä-tchun*, so named from the fact that it is the time when boughs are broken by the weight of descending snow.

Then follows *O-nan-ul'-ak-k'ia-kwum-yä-tchun*, or the month during which "Snow lies not in the pathways," with which ends winter, or the "Sway of cold."

Spring, called the "Starting time," opens with *Thli'-te-kwa-na-k'ia-tsa-na-yä-tchun*, or the month of the "Lesser sand-storms," followed by *Thli'-te-kwa-na-k'ia-thla'-na-yä-tchun*, or the month of the "Greater sand-storms," and this, the ugliest season of the



Zuñi year, is closed by *Yä-tchun-kwa-shi'-am-o-na*, the "Crescent of no name." Summer and autumn, the period of the "months nameless," are together called *O'-lo-i-k'ia*, the season "Bringing flour-like clouds." In priestly or ritualistic language these six months, although called nameless, are designated successively the "yellow, blue, red, white, variegated or iridescent, and black," after the colors of the plumed prayer-sticks sacrificed in rotation at the full of each moon to the gods of the north, west, south, east, the skies, and the lower regions respectively.

In common parlance, these months and the minute divisions of the seasons they embrace, are referred to by the terms descriptive of the growth of corn-plants and the development and nature'scence of their grain. There will be, on a future page, occasion to illustrate the tendency of the Zuñis to make corn the standard of measurement and comparison not only for time, but for many other things, by the reproduction of a singular song of one of the sacred orders.

Early in the month of the "Lesser sandstorms" the same Zuñi, we will say, who preëmpted, a year since, a distant arroyo-field, goes forth, hoe and axe in hand, to resume the work of clearing, etc. Within the sand embankment he now selects that portion which the arroyo enters from above, and cutting many forked cedar branches, drives them firmly into the dry stream-bed, in a line crossing its course, and extending a considerable distance beyond either bank. Against this row of stakes he places boughs, clods, rocks, sticks, and earth, so as to form a strong barrier or dry-dam; open, however, at either end. Some rods below this on either side of the stream-course, he constructs, less carefully, other and longer barriers. Still farther down, he seeks in the "tracks" of some former torrent, a ball of clay, which, having been detached from its native bank, far above, has been rolled and washed, down and down, ever growing rounder and smaller and tougher, until in these lower plains it lies embedded in and baked by the burning sands. This he carefully takes up,

breathing reverently from it, and places it on one side of the stream-bed, where it is desirable to have the rain-freshets overflow. He buries it, with a brief supplication, in the soil, and then proceeds to heap over it a solid bank of earth which he extends obliquely across, and to some distance beyond the arroyo. Returning, he continues the embankment past the clay ball either in line of, or at whatever angle with the completed portion seems to his practiced eye most suited to the topography.

To those not acquainted with savage ways of thought, this proceeding will gain interest from explanation. The national game of the Zuñi is *ti'-kwa-we*, or, the race of the kicked stick. Two little cylindrical sticks of hard wood are cut, each the length of the middle finger. These, distinguished one from the other by bands of red paint, are laid across the toes of either leader and kicked in the direction the race is to be run. At full speed of the runners these sticks are dexterously shoveled up on the toes, and kicked on and on. The party which gets its stick over the goal first



is counted the winning side. This race is usually run by no fewer than twelve men, six opposed to an equal number. The distance ordinarily accomplished without rest or even abatement, is twenty-five miles. Now, the time taken in running this race is marvelously short, never exceeding three hours; yet, were you to ask one of the runners to undertake the race without his stick, he would flatly tell you he could not possibly do it. So imbued with this idea are the Zuñis that frequently, when coming in from distant fields, and wishing to make haste, they cut a stick, and kick it on ahead of them, running to catch up with it, and so on. The interesting feature about all this is, that the Indian in this, as in most things else, confounds the cause with the effect, thinks the stick helps him, instead of himself being the sole motive power of the stick. The lump of clay before mentioned is supposed to be the *ti'-kwa* of the water gods, fashioned by their invisible hands and pushed along by their resistless feet, not hindering, but adding to the force and speed of the waters. The field-maker

fancies that the waters, when they run down this trail again, will be as anxious to catch up with their *ti'-kwa* as he would be. So he takes this way of tempting the otherwise tameless (*he* thinks) torrents out of their course. Yet, to make doubly sure, he has thrown a dam across their proper pathway. On the outskirts of the field thus planned, little inclosures of soil, like earthen bins, are thrown up wherever the ground slopes how little-soever from a central point, these inclosures being either irregularly square or in conformity to the lines of the slope (pl. II).

My hope has been in so minutely describing these beginnings of a Zuñi farm to give a most precious hint to any reader of *The Millstone* interested in agriculture, or who may possess a field some portions of which are barren because too dry. We may smile at the superstitious observances of the Indian agriculturist, but when we come to learn what he accomplishes, we shall admire and I hope find occasion to imitate his hereditary ingenuity. The country of the Zuñis is so desert and dry, that times out of

number within even the fickle memory of tradition, the possession of water for drinking and cooking purposes alone has been counted a blessing. Yet, by his system of earth banking, the Zuñi Indian, and a few of his western brothers and pupils, the Moquis, have heretofore been the only human beings who could, without irrigation from living streams, raise to maturity a crop of corn within its parched limits.

The use of the principal barriers and embankments may be inferred from the terms of the invocation with which the field is consecrated after the completion of all the earthworks. The owner then applies to whatever corn-priest is keeper of the sacred "medicine" of his clan or order. This priest cuts and decorates a little stick of red willow with plumes from the legs and hips of the eagle, turkey, and duck, and with the tail-feathers from the Maximilian's jay, night-hawk, yellow-finch, and ground-sparrow, fastening them on, one over the other, with cords of fine cotton. From the store of paint which native tradition claims was brought from the original



birthplace of the nation (a kind of plum-bago), he takes a tiny particle, leavening with it a quantity of black mineral powder. To a sufficient measure of rainwater he adds a drop of ocean water with which he moistens the pigment, and with a brush made by chewing the end of a yucca-leaf, applies the paint to the stick. With the same paint he also decorates a section of cane filled with wild tobacco supposed to have been planted by rain, hence sacred. These two objects, sanctified by his breath, he gives to the applicant. Taking them carefully in his left hand, the latter goes forth to his new field. Seeking a point in the middle of the arroyo below all his earth-works, he kneels, or sits down on his blanket, facing east. He then lights his cane cigarette and blows smoke toward the north, west, south, east, the upper and the lower regions. Then holding the smoking stump and the plumed stick near his breast, he says a prayer. From the substance of his prayer which, remarkably curious though it be, is too long for literal reproduction here, we learn the important facts

relative to his intentions and his faith. We find he believes that: He has infused the consciousness of his prayer into the plumed stick; that with his sacred cigarette he has prepared a way 'like the trails of the winds and rains' [clouds] for the wafting of that prayer to the gods of all regions. That, having taken the cloud-inspiring down of the turkey, the strength-giving plume of the eagle, the water-loving feather of the duck, the path-finding tails of the birds who counsel and guide summer; having moreover severed and brought hither the flesh of the water-attracting tree, which he has dipped in the god-denizenized ocean, beautified with the very cinders of creation, bound with strands from the dress of the sky-born goddess of cotton—he beseeches the god-priests of earth, sky, and cavern, the beloved gods whose dwelling places are in the great embracing waters of the world, not to withhold their mist-laden breaths, but to canopy the earth with cloud banners, and let fly their shafts little and mighty of rain, to send forth the fiery spirits of lightning, lift up the voice of thunder whose

echoes shall step from mountain to mountain, bidding the mesas shake down streamlets. The streamlets shall yield torrents; the torrents, foam-capped, soil-laden, shall boil toward the shrine he is making, drop hither and thither the soil they are bearing, leap over his barricades unburdened and stronger, and in place of their lading, bear out toward the ocean as payment and faith-gift the smoke-cane and the prayer-plume. Thus thinking, thus believing, thus yearning, thus beseeching (in order that the seeds of earth shall not want food for their growing, that from their growth he may not lack food for his living, means for his fortune), he this day plants, standing in the trail of the waters, the smoke-cane and prayer-plume.<sup>20</sup>

The effect of the network of barriers is what the Indian prayed for (attributes, furthermore, as much to his prayer as to his labors), namely, that with every shower, although the stream go dry three hours afterward, water has been carried to every portion of the field, has deposited a fine loam over it all, and moistened from one



end to the other, the substratum. Not only this, but also, all rainfall on the actual space is retained and absorbed within the system of minor embankments.

At the stage of operations above last described, the field is again left for a year, that it may become thoroughly enriched. Meanwhile, during the same month (the first of spring) each planter repairs the banks in his old fields, and proceeds to adopt quite a different method for renewing or enriching the soil.

Along the western sides of his field, as well as of such spots throughout it as are worn out or barren, he thickly plants rows of sagebrush, leaving them standing from six inches to a foot above the surface. As the prevailing winds of the Zuñi plains hail from the southwest, and, as during the succeeding month (the "Crescent of the greater sand-storms"), these winds are laden many tens of feet high in the air with fine dust and sand, behind each row of the sagebrush a long, level, deep deposit of soil is drifted. With the coming of the first (and as a rule the only) rainstorm of spring-time, the

water, carried about by the embankments and retained lower down by the "earth bins," redistributes this "soil sown by the winds" and fixes it with moisture to the surface it has usurped.

Thus, with the aid of nature's hand, without plow or harrow, the Zuñi fits and fertilizes his lands, for the planting of May-time, or the Nameless month.

## CHAPTER IV

## CORN-RAISING, OR "THE DECAY OF THE SEED"



READER of this chapter will at the end, like a man lost in the woods, find himself only where he started; but unlike such a man he will be, for all that, much nearer home.

That is to say, a description of the last ceremonial of harvest must begin an account of Zuñi corn-planting and rearing.

In each corn room or granary of Zuñi are preserved carefully four objects: an ear of yellow corn full to the very tip of perfect kernels, called a *yä'-po-to*; an ear of white corn which has resulted from the intergrowth of two or more ears within a single



husk-fold, called, from its disproportionate breadth and flatness, a *mi'-k'iap-pan-ne*; a moderately large, normal ear of corn which has been dipped by a seed-priest in the waters of the great sacred Salt Lake far south of Zuñi ("*Las Salinas*" of New Mexico), and a bunch of unbroken corn-soot. The latter two objects are laid side by side on the floor in the middle of the corn room, and upon them, also side by side, usually connected by a bandage of cotton filaments, the *yä'-po-to* and the *mi'-k'iap-pan-ne*. (See pl. III, a.)

The significance of all this is both interesting and poetic. The corn-soot is held to symbolize the "generation of life;" the salted and sanctified ear of corn, the material given by the gods and prepared by man, as the means whereby generated life is sustained; and, finally, both these are regarded as the "resting place" or "couch" of the "Father and Mother of Corn-crops" or seed; the *yä'-po-to* being the "male," the *mi'-k'iap-pan-ne*, the "female."

In a field of growing maize, the owner selects such hills as give promise of speed-

iest maturity. These receive his special care. No sooner have a few ears ripened on them than he picks the most perfect, as well as a bunch of soot from some neighboring stalk, and tenderly carries them home in his arms. Arrived at the entrance-way of his house, he calls to the women within:

“We come!”

“Ah? How come ye?” say they.

“Together, happily,” he replies.

“Then enter ye!” calls out the chorus of women’s voices, whereupon the man goes slowly in. One of the women beckons his attention to the “sitting place,” which, in this instance, is a decorated basket-tray in the center of the room. Thither he proceeds and places, one by one, the ears of corn in the tray—using care that they shall all point eastward—and lays the bunch of soot over them. The women of the house flock to the mantel whereon stands the family bowl of prayer-meal, each taking a pinch of the sacred substance, while one of their number, the “corn matron,” hastens away to the gran-

ary, and carefully lifting the *yä'-po-to* and *mi'-k'iap-pan-ne*, brings them forth. As she nears the tray, she says, across the objects in her hands (addressing the new corn), "My children, how be ye these many days?" Then the new corn is supposed to reply through the voices of the other women, now gathered near, "Happily, our old ones; happily!" With this the corn matron deposits her burden on the new bunch of soot, and all present say little prayers significant of the occasion and setting forth their wishes for "age of life, happy fortune, and the health of strength born of the food of maize." This ceremonial is called the "Meeting of the Children," and is performed in commemoration of the return of the lost Corn Maidens under the guidance of *Pai'-a-tu-ma*, and their welcome by the Seed priests of ancient Zuñi.

With the closing of the prayers, the right hand of each worshipper is passed gently over the tray—while scattering prayer-meal—and breathed from. The corn matron then returns to the granary, bearing



both the old corn and the new. She replaces the old bunch of soot with the new, laying the former away with the fresh ears of corn and returning the *yä'-po-to* and *mi'-k'iap-pan-ne* to their resting place.

When all the harvest has been gathered, dried, sorted, and corded up, around and over the "father and mother" in the corn room, the ceremonial interrupted at the beginning is resumed. While the corn is being classified as to color and grade, the finest ears of each kind are selected and laid aside. These and the ears of "new corn" are together laid along the outer edge of the corn-pile. Next morning the "corn matron" takes a basket-tray (perhaps the same one used before, or at least one like it) and goes to the door of the corn room. Here she slips off her left moccasin, then enters. As she passes the threshold she looks around as though she were about to address a group of waiting friends, and exclaims:

"My mothers and children, how be ye, and how have ye come unto the morning?"—and after a moment herself replies:

“Happily!”

Reverently, for she is in the presence of the conscious and the benign, so it seems to her, she approaches the cord of corn and with her left hand takes of the selected ears along the top, an ear for each finger (that is, four), then with the right hand an equal number, placing them in the tray. She brings these forth, and assisted by the male head of the household, shells them with such care that not a kernel is lost. Dust from the old bunch of soot is scattered over the shelled corn, and a curious sacred pigment is prepared, in an earthen ladle, of yellow paint and a kernel of salt, from the mountain near the Lake of the Dead, and the Salt Lake in the south. To these ingredients are added two or three kinds of little yellow flowers, the principal variety being precious in the eyes of the Zuñi, as that which was “left over of the seed stores of the gods.” All this is mixed with pollen and water, and the whole tray of kernels is thoroughly sprinkled and anointed by stirring. The corn grains thus treated are bright yellow in color and pleasantly odo-

riferous. All this is done that the "seed" may have the power of reproduction, rapid growth, and strength, and that it may bear fruit possessed of the properties of food, which fruit shall mature with the season when thrive most and bloom the little yellow flowers—early autumn. We are at first surprised when we learn that to a remarkable degree the corn thus treated has vigor and the quality of ripening early; but our wonder may be lessened when we reflect that these seeds are the most perfect of the whole harvest, selected mostly from among those ears which soonest reached maturity. Still, with the Zuñi all these things are living testaments of faith, proving the infallibility of his theory of "medicine," or fetichism, and of his practice of religion.

The corn, now fully prepared, is poured into a pouch made from the whole skin of a fawn (pl. III, *b*). Most fantastic in appearance is this spotted, life-like corn-bag, as it hangs at night-time against the wall, gilded by the firelight, head downward, the incessantly flickering shadows of its broad ears



and dangling forelegs giving it the appearance of struggling to get free from the strong antlers which seem as actively trying to cast it off. And there, notwithstanding these illusionary struggles, it hangs until late springtime.

I have told how, during the months of the sand-storms the banks in the old corn-fields are newly built up. Little more need be done, and some fine morning in May, the voice, low, mournful, yet strangely penetrating and tuneful, of the Sun Priest is heard from the housetops. As you listen in the shadow of some tall terrace, you think that voice must come from a spirit of the heroic age of Zuñi, returned on the night-wind and hastening to call his wayward game-becrazed children to the fields, so old-fashioned, so hidden in meaning seem the words it is uttering. However little the sleepy-eyed devotee of "cane-weeds" and "stick-shuffling" may understand of that archaic monologue, he knows its one principal meaning, and if he be the head of the household who assisted in the shelling of the seed-corn last autumn, he

bethinks himself of the planting stick and bestirs himself to sharpen (against a slab of sandstone) that useful, simple, yet ingenious instrument of husbandry. This planting stick (pl. III, *c*) is a kind of prod made from a straight-grained juniper sapling, the base flattened and sharpened to a round-nosed, blade-like point, and possessed of one ear formed by a fortuitous branch cut off and scraped until just enough is left to be useful as a brace for the right foot. The utensil our friend has just finished sharpening, glistens from long use. The blade is worn short, ground shorter, and the whole thing has an air of antiquity; was, likely as not made long ago by the man's grandfather on the mother's side or by some other equally pristine potterer early in this century or late in the last. He will not use this venerable relic, let us hope, for planting the whole field; but at any rate he prefers it, short though it be, for the work presently in hand. He has leaned it against the wall near the doorway now, and has gone in to get his feather-box and paint-pots. With these and a piece of willow

(cut *this* time at the Lake of the Dead), he makes a plumed prayer-stick. He then chooses from the fawn-skin pouch six kernels of corn, each, of course, of a different color, and in a broad husk wraps them with the plumed wand. Slinging the pouch over his shoulder, he takes up the old planting-stick and says ceremoniously to the women:

“We go!”

As he steps out of the doorway, the corn matron hustles after him with a bowl of fresh, cold water, with which she lavishly sprinkles him and his pouch, laughingly telling “them” to go. Thoroughly bedrenched, he shuffles down the hill, across the river, and out to his field.

I need not stop to explain that a Zuñi would by no means miss this sprinkling process, as, jokingly performed though it may be, it is symbolic of rain, believed to be provocative of that blessing, without which the seed-corn would be powerless to grow. Arrived at the field, he goes to a well-known spot near the center. Here he digs in the soft, sandy soil by pushing his prod down with his foot, and turning it



around and around—four deep holes equally distant from a central space: the first to the north, the second to the west, the third to the south, and the fourth to the east. By the left side of the northern hole he digs another to represent the sky-regions, and by the right side of the southern hole still another relating it to the lower regions. In the central space he kneels, facing the east, and, drawing forth the plumed prayer-wand, first marks, by sprinkling prayer-meal, a cross on the ground, to symbolize not only the four cardinal points, but also the stars which shall watch over his field by night-time. Then with prayer he plants the plumed stick at the intersection of the cross, sprinkles it with more prayer-meal—as the corn matron had sprinkled him with water—and withdraws. From his pouch he selects three grains of each of the six colors—yellow, blue, red, white, speckled, and black—and places them respectively with the six grains of like colors which had been wrapped in the shuck. He now goes back, and, kneeling down, holds the four grains of yellow color in his left hand, and,

facing toward the northern hole, crones the following first verse of a planting chant:

*U——ai———o—a——ho——o*

*U——ai———o—a——ho——o*

*U——ai———o—a——ho——o*

*Li wa ma ha' ni.*

*Pish le a ha'n kwi,*

*Ho-lon e-te, hom thlup-tsi-kwa*

*Mi-a na-kia, an hai' te na kia.*

*U——ai———a—i——o—a——o ho.*

*U——ai, [etc.]*

“Off over yonder,

Toward the North-land.

Will it but prove that my *yellow* corn grains  
Shall grow and bear fruit, asking which I now  
sing.”

*U——ai, [etc.]*

And just as he sings the refrain, he drops the yellow kernels into the hole toward the north. Continuing the refrain so that it runs into the prelude of the next stanza, he shifts about so as to face westward, and taking up the four blue grains, repeats as before, except that he sings to the “West-land” and of the “blue corn grains,” and when he comes to the refrain, drops the blue grains into the hole toward the west. Thus he proceeds, not once interrupting his

droning chant, until all the sets of grains have been dropped into the holes which their colors respectively relate them to: the red into the southern, the white into the eastern, the speckled into the upper, and the black into the lower. Ceremonial is now abandoned. He covers the grains he has dropped, and in lines corresponding to the directions of the four hills, plants rows far out into the field until the corn in the fawn-skin pouch is exhausted. Then he returns home, not again to plant until four days shall have passed by, during which time, let me add, he dutiously fasts, prays regularly at sunrise by the riverside, and abstains from all unbecoming pleasures.

It will not be held against me that I forgot to tell how the rest of the seed corn was provided. Those ears from among which the first eight were selected by the corn matron, have been brought out, last autumn, from the place of storage, and shelled in the most matter-of-fact way. Part of the grains are laid by as seed for the *Kâ'-kâ*, or sacred dance, while the remainder are stored in large buckskin bags to serve as



the "common seed" for the planting of the fields.

At the end of the fourth day after the first planting, the householder quite likely makes a new planting-stick (pl. III, *d*), laying the old one aside. He also gets out his seed bags. These (pl. III, *e*) are curious. Usually of rawhide, they have been so puckered and sewed that they form egg-shaped receptacles, cut off at the smaller end. They are ingeniously made to remain open and otherwise retain their shape by being moistened, filled first with damp, then with moderately hot, dry sand, and hung up to harden by desiccation, which of course takes place in a short time. A little hoop of wood is, moreover, fitted around the upper edge, much as is the large wire rim of a tin bucket, and, like the latter, the seed-pouch is also furnished with a bail—of twisted buckskin.

Taking a luncheon of paper-bread—substantial in quantity at least—and a bag of common seed-corn, together with the various appliances above described, and followed by a discontented urchin, stagger-

ing under a big earthen canteen of water, the planter now proceeds to his field. Along the eastern side of the rows of last year's broken stalks (or corn butts), four or five inches from each bunch, he digs holes with his wooden prod, to the depth of from four to seven inches. The boy comes along after him, dropping into each hole from twelve to twenty kernels, and pushing sand in with his foot until it is filled. Wherever the stalk-butts happen to be thin, they reinforce them with bunches of grease-wood or sagebush sprigs. The consequence is that not only is the crop not planted twice successively in the same spots, but a long drift of fresh soil is blown by the still prevailing west winds directly over each new hill of corn, forming, without labor, neat little mounds of earth. The country of the Zuñis is so dry that the seeds have to be planted to great depths—even at the expense of great delay in their growth, and the little drifts of sandy soil protect the underlying loam in which the kernels are embedded from the fierce southwestern sun. Not only on account of this dryness,

but because some of the plants die in their efforts to reach daylight, the large number of kernels for each hill is required.

Now comes the time when young Zuñi and his elder brother may indulge in fanciful creations which would astound the most talented scarecrow makers of New England. The glossy, large, Southwestern crow or raven is abroad. He sits on every rock, soars through every cloud-shadow, laughs and cackles in every corn arroyo at safe, nevertheless impertinent, distances from the busy planter. He as much as says to his companions, in the language of Zuñi crow lore: "Ah! you must wait until those little green spikes come up! They grow solely for our benefit, that we may have signs whereby to find the good things those long-legged fearful fellows are hiding so deep in the sand. Why, that's what our heavy noses are provided for!" Alas, poor birds! Have they forgotten last season? What a shock is in store for them! What disappointment which shall soon be attested by the most discordant kaw-croaks of anguish!



The old man is busy setting up cedar poles, at intervals of a few rods, all over the field. Not knowing what these poles were for, you would think an eastern bean-patch or hop-field had been transferred to Zuñiland. But if you carefully look, you will see that each pole is furnished at the top with a bunch of its own or some other prickly leaves, so that the crows may not light on it. Moreover, the busy planter is now stringing from one pole to another, cords of split yucca, leaves which, but for their knottiness, would remind you of the telegraph wires of New York City, so thick they are. A sort of network is thus formed all over the field. To make this more imposing, tattered rags, pieces of dog and coyote skins, old shoulder-blades strung two or three together, streamers of moss, in fact streamers of every conceivable thing which has the property of swaying in the wind, are thickly attached to these numerous cords, making them appear much as I fancy a clothes-line would, left by a hurricane (pl. iv).

Meanwhile the youngsters are busy.

They have pilfered from the old storeroom everything in the shape of off-duty clothing they could lay hands on. You must know, my reader, that this is quite what their fathers and uncles want; but not so their mothers, aunts, and grandmothers. These representatives of Zuñi consanguinity are the stingiest creatures human breath was ever vouchsafed to. If a dress be too dirty and ragged to be kept comfortably on, it will do, backed by straw, to stop up sky-holes with; if too far gone for this, still, it is serviceable baby bedding; and yet more, if even not good enough for this, it is most gracious in their eyes for the manufacture of "holders of hot things." Therefore, it is stored away in common with numerous predecessors for the "wanting time." Yet, young Zuñi is quite as sharp as any other boy. He gets what he covets, be assured, and that too without the knowledge of even his younger sister. Off to the deep arroyo near his father's field he goes with his plunder. His elder brother is "in with him." Both of them have been deprived all their lives long of slates and pencils.

They have found no vent for their caricaturistic capacities, which are great, and they take it out on occasions like the present. They are prolific of invention, bold and of ready execution. Twenty-four hours hence, behold the result! As you ride along some outward-bound trail, your feelings would be mirthful but for the effect on your shaky Indian nag. He will not be convinced that those things standing or sitting around so frequently are inanimate! Yonder on the hillside is an old woman limping (*not* along). She carries a basket on her back and a rib-scapula-tin-can-and-stick-rattle in her hand. Does it rattle? Yes; it is safe to say that you can hear it, if the wind be blowing, even before you see the stuffed old woman. This way further *expressively* tearing right along, is a being with outstretched hands, streaming shocks of gray hair (pulled from a dead horse's tail), a black *black* rawhide face, eyes made of husk-balls popping out of his head and painted yellow, teeth of corn-stalks from jaw-rim to jaw-rim, and a great red tongue which lolls in and out, from side



to side, with every breeze-gust. He seems to be frightened by the frog-legged character behind him. Now all these *she'-tuna-kwe* ("watchers of corn sprouts") have the desired effect. The *old* crows let the field most faithfully alone!

Not so with the new generation of "kernel diggers," which gets feathers and finds wings about this time. Before growth has made the corn invulnerable, these guileless young creatures come along. They are no more fearful of the extravagant effigies than of the embracing boughs of their paternal rookery. Many of them, therefore, get caught in little hair nooses plentifully attached to convenient cobbles. Others commit suicide in pairs by swallowing the tempting kernels at either end of a hair thread and then winding one another up and choking. They seem to prefer this to being "Siamese twins" all their lives!

The captives are, in due course of time, taken up. They are carried home and treated with the utmost tenderness, but they are not fed! If one of them happens to find something to eat or drink (rarely

the case), his beak is promptly cut off in order that he shall not be tempted a second time. Of course, the wretched birds "die young," and are then crucified on two flexible twigs and hung, head downward, to one or another of the numerous yucca lines. This course of action is, it seems, prompted by the belief that the souls of these dead crows will warn their mortal companions that man is "very painful," and in order that these souls may not lack for witnesses, they are furnished with their own bodies, hung up in conspicuous places.<sup>21</sup>

The scarecrow and the bird it scares are subjects of such grave interest to the Zuñi, such an element of agitation during its brief season in his industrial life, so undoubtedly the chief root of evil to his bread material (on which subject he is as touchy as a miser), that a little anecdote relative to the bird in particular would not be, it seems to me, out of the way.

The corn had just sprouted in the spring of 1881, and my "elder brother's" scarecrows (fault of his own) had not been so successful as those of his neighbors. That

those of his neighbors were better than his own was not in itself an aggravation, but certainly a nuisance, for it caused the crows to leave their fields and fairly flock to his. He came to my "little house" one morning, wearing a weary look.

"What's inside of you?" I asked.

"Crows!"

"Why do you not make scarecrows?" said I.

"Scarecrows? Ho! *Nothing* will remedy the folly of our ancients; *nothing*, I say, younger brother!"

"Why? What did they do?" said I, feeling for a pencil.

"Now, look here!" exclaimed the old man. "You little fool, put away that writing stick. I'm in earnest very, this morning, and I want to ask you two questions."

"Go on then," said I.

"Well, you know when our ancients came out of the four caves? There was a priest with them—he belonged to *my clan* too!" (added the old man with a look of injury and exceeding disgust). "Well,



from under the world this priest had brought a wonderful and beautiful wand, but no one had seen it in the dark. Now, they all asked, 'What is it? What is it?'

" 'It is a baton,' said the priest, 'given by the Makers of Life.'

" 'What is it for?' said some, and 'How pretty it is!' said others, for it was covered with many colored feathers in bright patterns and bands.

" 'It is a baton,' said the priest, 'given to test children's understandings,' saying which he spoke a charm, struck the wand against a rock, and behold! four eggs issued from one end and rolled out in front of the lookers. One pair was dull; the other beautiful, like pale turquoise—with little marks all over.

" 'My children,' said the priest, 'listen! These are the seed of living things. Two of them are to become more beautiful than my wand, and precious—the blessing of those whom they accompany; for where-soever they dwell, there will be everlasting summer and beautiful growing things. But the others will become beasts who,

every year's end, will fight the summer birds away and bring back winter; and every summer-dawn will tear up growing things, leaving hunger and perplexing thoughts to those they live with. Be wise, now, my children, and, above all, choose not with greed,' said the priest."

"Now what do you suppose those fools did?"

"I don't know."

"Well! They took the pretty *blue* eggs, of course, 'because,' said they, 'these are of the color of precious stones; therefore they must surely be the seed of precious things!' So they carried them with great gentleness to a place on the sunny side of a cliff and laid them in soft down, and watched them day by day. By and by the eggs cracked and two little worms came out, which presently became birds with pin-feathers under their skins and open eyes. They never seemed satisfied with their food—always wanted more, you see! But the pin-feathers looked blue, green, and yellow, under their skins, and the people chuckled, saying 'Ha-ha, wa-ha!

*We* have *understandings*, for look! If their dresses be pretty *under* their skins, think what they will be when they come out and *cover* them!" So they fed the greedy little wretches all they could stuff. When the birds feathered out, they were *black*, and they flew away laughing 'Kâ-hâ, kâ-hâ,' as they've laughed ever since—the pesky corn-pullers!

"But the priest sent the dull eggs to summer-land in a rain-cloud, and they became the fathers of macaws, and wherever they dwell, like the color of their plumage are the flowers, fruits, and leaves, and summer abides there forever.

"Younger brother, there are just two things I want!"

"What are they?"

"Some tail-feathers of the macaw for my medicine-wand, and some of that 'white wizard-power' that Americans make and that they say 'will kill even a *Zuñi dog*,' if you can only get him to eat it."

My elder brother looked considerably happier when I told him I would get some of the white powder; but when I added



that it would not be so easy to find the macaw feathers, he fell to cursing his grandfathers as heartily as ever.

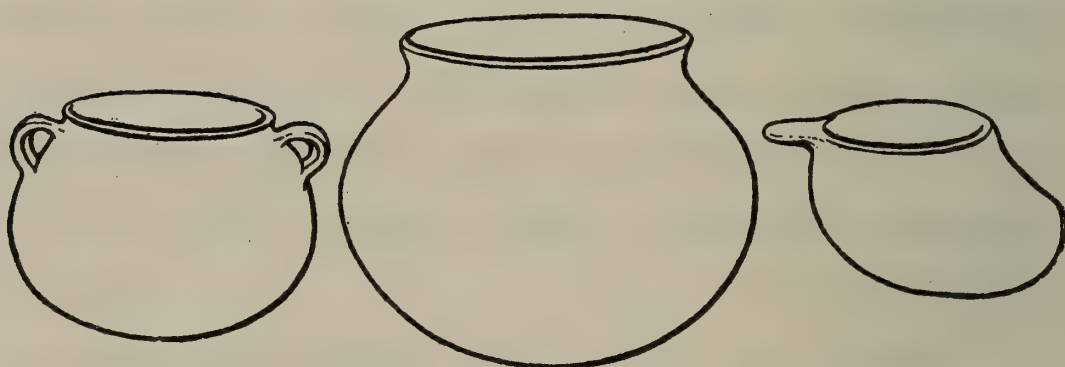


FIG. 1.—Ancient cooking vessels of Zuñi

## CHAPTER V

CORN-RAISING, OR "THE REGENERATION  
OF THE SEED"

HEN the kernels have sprouted all through the field described in the last chapter, we find the planter busy inspecting the hills near the prayer-stick.

Upon this inspection hangs the fate, so *he* thinks, of his cornfield; for if every kernel in each of the six sacred hills has "come out," the crop will be productive. If, on the contrary, one or two of the grains in, for example, the southern hill, have not sprouted forth, Alas! part of his crop of red corn will be a failure—will not get ripe before frost time.

Toward noon he is joined by two or three of the women and some of the chil-

dren of the household, and perhaps by as many neighbors. Wherever a sprout looks yellow, they dig down and kill the little white worm they are sure to find near the root. This is called "grub-finishing." Wherever the plants are very vigorous, they pull up all except four or five of the best, and this is called "leafing," or "leaf-lifting."

The occasion which follows soon and is recurrent twice or thrice during the warm season, is perhaps the jolliest of the summer. It is the "hoeing" or "staving time," as the Zuñis call it in well remembrance of the instruments with which their ancestors hoed, away back in the age of stone. These were crooked, sharp-edged staves of hard wood, shaped not unlike sickles, or better still, short scythes (pl. III, *f*). Rude as they were, they seem to have been wonderfully efficacious in the removal of weeds, for the operator, progressing on his knees, swept the scythe-hoe from side to side between the rows of corn, cutting off wide swaths of weeds, just below the surface of the soft, yielding soil. The principal drawback to



this implement was that it proved equally efficacious in wearying the man who wielded it. Therefore, while with the introduction of iron the heavy hand-wrought hoes affected today by the Zuñis displaced the ancient wooden instrument, not so with the name the latter gave to hoeing.

Every night at staving time you will hear women calling in at the doorways as they go the rounds of their husbands' clans, "*She!* Tomorrow we stave," for only the poorest Zuñis hoe their fields unaided. Next morning a goodly number of the men thus summoned gather at whatever house was represented by the woman who summoned them. Without breakfast they betake themselves to the field and hoe with might and main until about eleven o'clock, then stop to eat luncheon and joke with the girls who brought it down, and who are, true to nature, dressed in regular holiday costume. They have been "grinding" all the morning, in time to the shrill chant of the mistress, or of some old aunt whose back is too stiff for the mealing trough (or who pretends it is), but whose

voice is, if possible, shriller than ever. If you look at these giggling, droop-eyed girls, you will see that they are a degree whiter than they were yesterday. They've actually been powdering! Just before starting out with the luncheon, each one, warmed and perspiring from the violent exercise at the metate, grabbed up a handful of white meal, rubbed it well between her palms, and applied it evenly all over her face and neck.

When the girls have returned to help cook for the "stavers," the latter resume the work, but now more moderately. Laughing, joking, telling stories of the olden time (*not* folklore, *that* is forbidden, for the rattlesnake is abroad!), racing at their task, playing pranks, they are the lightest-hearted laborers you ever saw.

According to these stories, it was not like this in the olden time of which they tell. Many of the laborers of primitive Pueblo-dom were given their tasks which they had to finish under a priest's inspection. Later on (and even *that* was a long time ago), war originated these hoeing bees (or "stav-

ing councils"). They were not then, as now, light-hearted crowds. Each member of them was like a deer on an open plain, fearful lest every puff of wind should bring sounds or scent of some enemy. Full often the enemy did come. Daring not to attack the terraced town, he hung about the distant fields, seeking vengeance for those of his tribe who had fallen under the knotty clubs of Zuñi. And woe to the workers if they proved but few! Armed even as they worked, brave with desperation, it was rare they ever saw Zuñi again; for the cowardly Navahos rarely came but in swarms. Some of the most thrilling traditions of Zuñi tongue concern these and the harvest days of long ago; and it is with regret that I pass my notes of many a long recital by for the short and perhaps less interesting tale below.

Below the pueblo of Zuñi westward, in one of the long arms of the valley, there stands, perched upon the summit of a high rock, an ancient tower of stone. You reach the doorway of this solitary little citadel by means of an old log notched at



intervals to form rude steps. Entering, you find a neat little room, well plastered, in one corner a tiny fireplace, and opposite a single mealing-slab, while above hangs a blanket-pole. The cinders yet lie on the hearth-stone, the pole glistens still brightly from its shadowy recess, the meal clings even now to the roughened face of the millstone.

It seems as though only yesterday the fire was kindled, as though its light still lingered along the polished pole, as though the women had but just ceased to ply the *molina* in the mealing trough and had gone out to watch the wide cornfields or bring water. But it is fifty years since the flames died away on that hearthstone; fifty years a little streak of sunlight has played along the blanket-pole, replacing the fire's ruddy glow; and for fifty years the story has been related at each hoeing, how the woman went out one morning, never to return.

And the half of this tale is already told if you but climb another notched log leading through the trap-door by the chimney

into an upper room. There are double port-holes here, which from without seem like the sightless sockets of a crumbling skull. By the light they let in you see that the plaster is broken and stained here and there with dark patches. Splintered shafts and shivered stones lie strewn about—ungathered by those who anxiously searched there fifty summers ago at sunset.

For the little house on the rock once belonged to Um'-thla-na, "He-Of-Large-Muscles." He was living there with his family to 'tend the cornfields. The women went out early one morning to get water. No sooner had they neared the distant pool than they heard the tread of many horse-hoofs. Then they saw, sweeping down the valley, a crowd of mounted warriors. They dropped their water-jars and fled—one to the neighboring rocks, hours after to appear breathless and fainting at Zuñi; but the younger toward the little tower, the steps of which she never ascended, for, caught up by some wrangling horsemen, wrangling for her possession, she was borne away into years of captivity.



Um'-thla-na heard the rush of the riders, grasped up his war-club, bow, and arrows, and not pausing to close the doorway, clambered the step-log in the corner and barricaded the trap-door. Soon the Navahos thronged into the lower room. They snatched the serapes from the blanket-pole, they stole the basket of corn-cakes and paper-bread. Wild with glee over these delicacies so rare to their roving life, they never noticed the trap-door, but ran out and sat down about the doorway to feast. Alas, Um'-thla-na! why did he not keep quiet? Peering out through a port-hole, he saw a big Navaho calmly sitting near the step-log eating a roll of paper-bread. He drew an arrow to the head, let fly, and struck so fairly the feasting raider that he uttered never a groan but fell over against the ladder, still grasping his roll of *guayave*. Another, sitting near, saw him fall, but ere he could call an alarm, he too was pinned with one of Um'-thla-na's arrows. As this one fell, Um'-thla-na raised a yell of victory, "changing his key that the Navahos might think him many."



At first the enemy fell back, but when they found there was only one man, they rushed toward the house again. For awhile Um'-thla-na's arrows fell so thickly that the hazard of near approach kept the Navahos from charging. Even when his shafts were spent, he pulled stones from the wall and broke them against one another, casting them down at the enemy. The port-holes were small, and he had to stand quite close to them. Soon an arrow whizzed through one, sticking him in the arm. Um'-thla-na clinched his teeth and plucked it out, shooting it back.

Ere long he was wounded in many places and weak from loss of blood, still he stood bravely at bay by the port-holes. One of the Navahos, more distant than the rest, saw Um'-thla-na's face at the hole. Taking careful aim, he let go so cleverly that Um'-thla-na, dodging, was shot through the neck. He staggered back, falling heavily, then roused himself and sat up against the wall clutching his war-club. *Now* the Navahos rushed toward the doorway. Suddenly they fled away, for, be-

hold! coming swiftly across the valley in a cloud of dust was a band of Zuñi horsemen. The Zuñis pursued the flying Navahos, never thinking of Um'-thla-na. At last the poor old man, hearing no sound, pulled some of the arrows from his wounds, broke others off, and slowly, painfully clambered down the step-log, and staggered out into the plain toward Zuñi. Fainter and fainter he grew until he swooned by the trail side. Toward sunset they found him there, those who came to seek. Some stayed to tenderly care for him, while others went to search for the young woman. They did not find *her*, but lying dead on the rocks near the tower were five Navahos. One of them was leaning against the step-log, still grasping in his hand a roll of paper-bread. Um'-thla-na lived to tell the story, but grew worse as the arrow wounds rancored, and "killed himself that he might be divided from pain."

Nobody lives in the little house now. "It is a place of painful thoughts," say the narrators; but it stands always the same, for its builder was He-Of-Large-Muscles.

At sunset the men file in from the field. The women have spread or rather strung the feast out on the lowest roof. Ten or twelve great bowls in a row, smoking hot with stew, every one as red with chile as its rising vapors are with the touches of sunset. There is a row of breadstuff, thin as paper, flaky as crackers, red, yellow, blue, and white, piled up in baskets down either side of the meat bowls. Outside these, two other rows, this time of blankets and stool blocks. The first man whose head appears up the ladder is besieged with polite invitations to "Sit and eat; sit and eat," from as many pairs of lips as there are women on the housetop. When all are seated, a sacrifice is made to the household fire. Up to this time the talking has been rife; now it ceases altogether. Everything except eating seems tabu until the feast has disappeared, and the cigarettes are rolled and lighted. Then talking resumes and long into the night continues.

At the second or third hoeing, which takes place usually after one of the late summer rains, they "hill" the corn much



as our Eastern farmers do. In ancient times a sort of broad pick-axe or hoe made from the scapula of an elk and bound with rawhide to a wooden handle (pl. III, *g*), or a hoe of hard wood similarly fastened to the handle and surmounted by a heavy stone (*h*), was used for this purpose.

Autumn comes and the "corn children" have been taken in to meet their "father and mother," the *yä'-po-to* and the *mi'-k'iap-pan-ne*. A while later, another search is made through the field, this time for such corn as gives no promise of ripening. Blanketful after blanketful is picked, husks and all, and carried to some distant wooded hill where the soil is solid. Here, with sharp sticks and hoes, a hole is dug resembling a well (fig. 2). At the top it is cut larger around, to the depth of a foot or more, and walled up neatly and solidly with sandstone. Below this wall, say a foot, the hole is gradually enlarged toward the bottom, until it embraces a room several feet in diameter and cone-shaped, the apex, as it were, being the walled, circular opening. From the windward side of the hill a trench

is dug to a level with the bottom of the excavation. A hole or passage, about two feet in diameter, is cut from the end of the trench to the interior. Dry grass, old leaves, pitchy sticks, are thrown in from above, and arranged by a man who has entered through the trench. On top of these wood is piled until the hole is full.

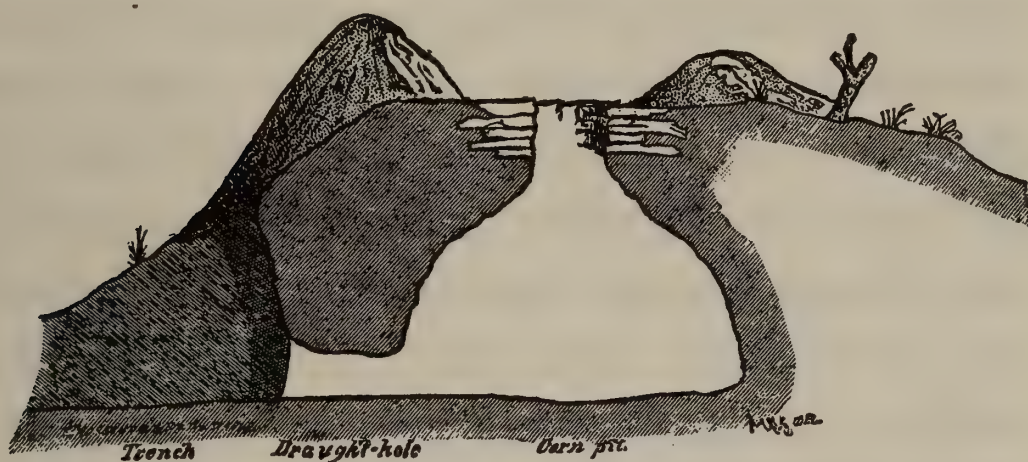


FIG 2.—Section of a large corn-roasting oven

The mass is now fired. As soon as the night-wind rises, flames dart upward through the circular hole, many feet into the air, straight, lurid, setting the woodlands around and the skies above, fairly aglow with ruddy splendor. All night long a merry group of young people dance, sing, and romp around this volcano-like oven. Wood, whenever needful, is piled in until

late next morning. At last the embers have burned low, and smoke has ceased to rise from their glaring red depths. Corn-stalks, green and plentiful, are thrown in, more are tucked into the large draught-hole, and preparations are made for artificially ripening that which nature has procrastinated over. A beautiful, long, fresh stalk is chosen, leaves, tassels, and roots complete. Two fine ears of corn are stripped of their husks. One of them is laid against the stalk, the other cleansed of its silk as though for boiling. The chief of ceremonials bites off from this all the milky kernels mouthful by mouthful, chews them to pulp, and blows their substance into fine mist over the heaps of plucked corn. He then places the cob by the side of the other ear, and binds both firmly to the stalk. This, in the brief prayer he presently makes, is called the *shi'-wa-ni*, or priest. It is cast into the still glowing pit, and then, men and women, young and old, begin to hurl in the unhusked corn from all sides until no more is left. Most likely space remains at the top.



If so, it is quickly filled with green stalks, more of which are bundled up and used as a cork for the circular opening. A mound of damp soil is heaped to a considerable height above this impromptu stopper. As night again comes on, camp-fires, bright enough it is true, but pale compared with the flames of last night, are built at convenient distances. Muffled sounds come all night from the buried oven. Sometimes, though rarely, the top is blown off, but usually next morning the mound is found unchanged and the sounds have ceased.

Now comes a sight which would surprise a stranger, miles away though he might be. The earthen mound is removed and the stopper of corn-stalks, with great trepidation, most gingerly pulled out. Instantly, hissing and seething, the steam from the heated corn and stalks below, shoots hundreds of feet into the air. On a clear day in green-corn time dozens of these white columns may be seen rising from the wooded slopes around the vale of Zuñi. It is not until toward afternoon that the

mass is sufficiently cooled to admit of approach. As soon as possible the corn is handed out through the draught-hole (which has been enlarged for the purpose), sewed up in blankets, strapped across burros (donkeys), and transported to the town. Every member of the party, as it approaches Zuñi, may be seen gorging this really delicious baked corn. When it is unloaded into the spare-room, the heat has not yet left it. With all possible haste the husks are stripped down, and the ears, now brown and plump, are braided into long bunches, and the whole is hung up to dry in an upper room.

Many of the leaves in the field still remain green. These are gathered, carefully dried, and folded into large long bundles for winter kitchen use. Quantities of late squash and pumpkin flowers are stored away in jars to serve a similar end.

As the corn ripens, you may see fires burning at almost any of the quaint little farm huts (pl. v), for children or very old men watch there day and night to keep crows, coyotes, and burros away. The

crows are worse than they were last spring. The coyotes are not outdone by the crows at either time, but the burros are worse than both together. They are, to quote Zuñi, *mi'-wi-hâ*, or "adopted of corn." You may put them in the corrals, tie their fore-feet close together, or herd them as you will, but some of them will "leave tracks and love corn in every field." The remedies are many and ingenious, but all more or less fatally short of happy results. Each man in Zuñi knows every other man, and equally as well he knows every other man's burros. If a burro be found in a cornfield some morning, the field owner counts the exact number of missing or injured ears, and drives the burro home. Forthwith he seeks out the animal's owner. If the latter prove obdurate, the sufferer informs the chief and bides his time. Woe to that burro if he get into the cornfield again. He may consider himself fortunate if he lose but one or even both ears. Sometimes he is gagged with a big stick, a cord being passed from either end of the stick up over the shoulders and back, and under



the tail (see the initial). The burro is then welcome to remain in the cornfield as long as he chooses. At other times the luckless animal is thrown and a few of his teeth pulled Zuñi-fashion: which is to say, a thread of sinew is looped to each, a heavy stone tied to the sinew, and hurled into the air. I remember a lawsuit of three nights' duration over one of these animals. Ever after he was called the "short-horn," and little wonder! For his ears had been shaved close to his head, his tail cut off short, the tip of his tongue and part of his teeth amputated, his left eye put out, and his back so stiffened by castigation that a five-foot straight-edge laid lengthwise along the very acute angle of his vertebra would have touched at every point. Two years I knew that burro personally. His working days were over. He used to get deplorably hungry, and I sometimes fed him; for, winter or summer, he dared not stir from the protecting although inhospitable shadows of the walls of Zuñi. He preferred picking cedar-bark from the firewood, anything he preferred, to going abroad. In

fact, had he been able to run he would certainly have done so at the sight of a field of corn.

In pity both for crows and burros, I have sometimes pleaded mitigation of the customary severe measures. My experiences at such times lead me to advise all aspiring ethnologists to mind their own business when corn is in the question. As I have said before, the Zuñis, and probably most other Indians, are touchy on the subject of their breadstuff.

Frost comes, changing the green of the stalks to yellow gold, the leaf-like shucks to feathers. In every field are corn pickers and huskers. Such corn as is not husked in the field, is packed with consummate method on burros or in carts and a few second-hand wagons, and brought to the town. Husking bees are formed by the women, and at three o'clock any afternoon you can see around a corner, mountains of cast-away shucks, and many a black, frouzzly head sticking up from their flaky slopes, bobbing bodilessly with the severance of every ear from its rattling wrappings. At

such times husks in great numbers are selected, bundled into neat bunches, and strung several feet long on threads of yucca fiber. They will be needed before the month is gone, particularly in the council chambers, where every night brings the weary law-givers of Zuñi fresh cases of trespass for consideration.

How the roofs groan under the weight of drying corn; how the walls gleam and glory with festoons of chile or red pepper! (pl. VII). But in time the corn is dry, the peppers ripened enough for storage, and the work of "corn-sorting" begins. The different colors, yellow, blue, red, white, speckled and black, are separated. The "nubbin-ears" are put in a cellar by themselves for sale or for burros, and, as described before, the corn is corded up in the granary around the tutelar divinities of the place—the "Father and Mother of corn crops."

Patient reader, forgive me for having lingered so long in Zuñi cornfields. However closely we may have scrutinized these crops growing green, golden grown as they may have been, we have but barely glanced



at them according to the rules and practices of their dusky owners. In illustration of *his* watchfulness—quite as well as in memory of a former promise—I repeat below a song of the growth of corn plants. Let me begin, however, by saying that I shall give only in the first verse the prelude and refrain which open and close each stanza of the song.

## I

*A-he-e'-iu, a-he-e'-iu!*

*A-he-e'-iu, a-he-e'-iu!*

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia tchu étai'-e*

*Te-tchi-nai-u-le, te-tchi-nai-iu-le'e'e.*

Soil shorn and spread by storms!

Soil shorn and spread by storms!

Band of hunters, their corn grains planted

There may now be seen; there may now be seen.

## II

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, ke'-mu-toi'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn grains* sprouted.

## III

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, thla-kwi-moi'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn grains* rooted.

## IV

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, k'e-tsithl-poi'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn leaves* fluted.

## V

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, la she yai'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn leaves feathered*.

## VI

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, ta-a-nai'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn stalks tasseled*.

## VII

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, u-te-ai'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn plants blooming*.

## VIII

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, te-k'u-ai'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn ears started* [i.e. enfolded within the leaves].

## IX

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, thla-k'u-nai'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn ears shooting* [i.e. starting forth from the leaves].

## X

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, mi-i-ai'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn ears kerneled*.

## XI

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, sho-ho-nai'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn ears silkened*.

## XII

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, o-sho-nai'-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn plants sooted*.

## XIII

*Sa-ni-hi'-akia, thla-shi-nai-ye.*

Band of hunters, their *corn grown aged*.

This song, although beautiful in the original language and music (possessed as it is of perfect meter, fair rhythm, and considerable poetic sentiment), defies exact translation. Not only is it framed in archaic syllables, but the terms in Zuñi for every phenomenon connected with corn and its growth are so numerous and technical that it is as difficult to render them into English as it would be to translate into Zuñi the terminology of an exact science. I have, however, introduced this approximation as illustrative not only of Indian powers of observation, but also as giving a fair example of the terms wherewith, from planting time to harvesting time, may be designated any given period; for the Zuñi, simply adding to any of the above expressions a syllable expressive of time, thus divides the quarters of the "nameless months."



## CHAPTER VI

I'-NO-TE-KWE A-WEN I'-TÂ-WE, OR THE  
"FOOD OF THE ANCIENTS"

HERE is a wonderful degree of ingenuity shown in the methods employed by primitive man for the production and preparation of his food.

By primitive man I signify here the chief figure of a pristine picture faintly lighted up against the darkening mists of antiquity by the dim rays of tradition, which rays even still flicker from the hearts of Zuñi and throw their fading glow backward through, it may be, a thousand generations of men, and westward over desert ranges far toward the slopes that bound the "Ocean of the Sunset World."

Thus seen, he is as dark as the shadows

of the cliffs he dwells among, and clothed in rudely plaited or stitched garments of rush or skin, as scantily as the barren nature around him. Rough sandals of fiber, turned up at toe and heel, but partly hide his feet, calloused and grimy as are his bare knees and meager, naked thighs. A fillet of beaten yucca, red or green, confines the coarse hair he has not yet learned to restrain in other ways. Through his nose is thrust a spine of cactus or the quill of some bird of prey, and depending from his ears, huge glistening rings of white shell, gathered in the terror of vague reverence from the distant sea, and fashioned in fitful persistence with flinty tools against blocks of gritty stone. More of the same, yet smaller and of different shapes, strung on sinew or hair with scales, fangs, and glistening stones of talismanic power, adorn his neck.

Stuck through the left side of the raw-hide belt which girdles to his waist the kilt of rush or bark, is a stick into which is socketed and lashed a chisel-shaped stone, his all-important possession—axe and war-

club in one. A bow nearly as long as himself, and a bundle of cane arrows tipped with diminutive flint and obsidian points, which he has fashioned with delicacy and rapidity by the pressure of a prong of horn or splinter of bone against a buckskin-covered anvil of stone or his own hardened palm, are clutched for instant use. A broad, long dirk, made—shape, method, and material—like the arrow-tips, dangles in a pouch of fur in front of the hafted chisel, like the latter, weapon and utensil in one. Beside him stands the limited village of his clan: low huts of plastered stones half sunken in the ground and thatched with bark and sticks like beehives, which most they resemble, save that they are here and there huddled together and ranged row above row along the steep side of the lofty headland they are built upon. Out in front of the doorways of these huts stand the household baskets—huge, shallow bowls plastered with gritty clay (pl. x, *h*), bottles rendered water-tight with pitch, and closely woven pot-shaped wicker vessels (the uses of which we may learn fur-



ther on), trays and great panniers, the former fan or scoop-shaped (*c*) and the latter peaked and wide-spreading (*b*) like the thatched roofs of the round huts against which they are confusedly stored. A fire smoulders in front of each doorway, over heaps of reddened stones, while out of holes in the roof-thatches puff now and then faint films of smoke, proclaiming kindred though less glowing brands within. Between the fire and the doorway crouches, flabby and angular, the ugly mate of this ancient master—for master more than his modern representative is this man of his mate. She plies with a coarse-grained rubbing rock on a slanting slab of sandstone, beneath which is spread a hairless skin, close-woven mat (pl. x, *e*), the family meal of grass seed. By means of a stick of burning pith, she has bobbed her hair off evenly above the eyebrows, which, however, has left it frouzy and rusty, while the masses of side-locks and rear, untrimmed and unconfined, fall down over the square mat or skin, which, tied at two corners under her chin, covers her back and shoulders.

Fastened to this in front or with a strap around her neck, is a lighter and longer garment of dressed skin, widening downward, wrapped around the thighs, skewered together at the back or side, and forming apron or skirt as you will.

Such as these were the remote ancestors of the Zuñis, scattered over a thousand plains instead of one, slowly working toward a civilization which, half reached already, had it not been stunned by the culverin of the Spaniard, had ultimately rivaled Aztec and Inca in its barbaric splendor and conventionality of art. Such too, with slightest variation of detail and background, the progenitors of every civilization on the globe today, and hence the story of these special ancients, Indians though they be, who haply dwell still within the pale of memory and monument, is surely of interest, if only that it may give us a glimpse by comparison of the ugly man, who evolved from an uglier environment, the possibilities of all we prize today, food, raiment, and appliance, religion, science, and art.

The alien reader of *The Millstone* will

therefore pardon me if I briefly record as an introduction to the *cuisine* of the modern Zuñi, the first chapter of this prehistoric story.

That the primeval Zuñi was not unlike what tradition has painted him, is evidenced by the myths, institutions, and language of his modern lineal descendants, and by the remains he left in the devious trails of his centuries of migration. He must have been, even thus anciently, according to these various sources, rather superior to the surrounding tribes, and perhaps his closest representative today is the Ha-va-su-pai', or Coçonino, of Cataract cañon, in Arizona,<sup>22</sup> and a knowledge of whose daily life serves, I confess, to give color and vividness to somewhat that would otherwise lack these requisites in the following paragraphs. There is, however, one difference to be noticed between what the Coçonino is, and what the earliest Zuñi was, which has a decided bearing on the breadstuff of the latter, namely, that while the Coçonino is a horticulturist par excellence during one half of the year, the



Zuñi of those remote times practised only to the most limited extent the industry which distinguishes his medieval and modern representatives, both consanguineal and comparative, from the majority of the North American tribes of history or of today.

It thus happens quite naturally that Zuñi tradition will tell you in obscure yet poetic language that the "Seeds of the Ancient were sown only by the Beloved, and his herds herded by the Gods of Prey themselves;" which, interpreted, signifies that he gathered the seed cultivated by the winds and rains alone, and that his herds, the deer, antelope, and other animals of the chase, were so wild that none could watch and follow them save the brotherhood of the coyote and the mountain-lion.

Yet by no means meager were the repasts or limited the *cuisine* he derived from these apparently precarious sources. In illustration of this I propose to give a somewhat representative and long list of the plants which supplied him, trusting rather to the interspersed narrative of his ingenuity in

gathering and rendering relishable these usually unpalatable products of Nature's broad fields, as well as to the entire novelty of the theme, than to the quaint Zuñi style and wonder-lore of former pages, for sustaining the interest.

The story of ancient food can be but half told within the limitation of this paper on breadstuff. Half told indeed! for on the chase more than on all else depended the ancient Zuñi for his support, especially during winter, when the elements assisted his rude yet effective contrivances (snares, stone-pointed weapons, pit-falls, gigantic stockades or corrals covering sometimes thousands of acres), rendering animal food abundant and the necessity for lessening his limited stores of roots, fruits, and seeds less pressing.

As spring advanced and the chase yielded each day less and less, these stores so patiently garnered during a past year, so carefully guarded or concealed during a long winter's wanderings, were now drawn from in times of need; for although the snows disappeared and the sun glowed

warmly by day, the hot winds drove the sands on the bare, dun plains and the clouds in the bright, dry skies hither and thither, so that "growing things dared not appear." Yet from among the barren wilds which environed him, this ancient knew how to seek for and find means of eking out his wasting substances. Among the high mountains grew many trees, which, stripped of their outer bark and scraped, yielded a snappy pulp and sweet fiber—hard of digestion, it is true, but none the less grateful to his meat-sated appetite. Most valued for this kind of food and easy of access with his rude instruments was the yellow pine, thousands of the trunks of which were annually whitened on the southern sides by the scrapers of the ancient Zuñis. Oftentimes only the pulp thus obtained was eaten raw, and the stringy, stringent fiber was wrapped into bundles—huge skeins—and carried home for cooking. Some of it was boiled with bony joints of dried meat. Thus were brought into use the huge, closely-plaited basket vessels mentioned at the outset; for, filled with



water, into which the joints and well-pounded bark strings were thrown, these vessels were then set out in front of the huts near the fires and made to boil violently with numbers of the reddened stones, hot as flowing iron, which were dextrously transferred by means of flat pokers and cedar-bark holders from fire to basket, from broth to fireplace again, and so on, until the cooking was complete.

Deep down in the sand which bordered, and for a time almost choked, the starved streams issuing from the mountains, were dug the juicy roots of certain rushes which, sweet and earthy in taste, although scarcely more nutritious than the bark-pulp, were like the latter grateful for the variety they afforded. They were eaten raw, or else slightly toasted in the ashes, dipped in salted water, and used as relishes for roasts of jerked meat. Another root which every child sought and grubbed for with avidity was the *kwi'-mia'-tchi-kwa*, or "sweet-root," a kind of wild licorice which, nevertheless, differed so far from the product with which we are acquainted that an

unwholesome amount of bitter was mingled with its sweet. Yet extremely popular was it with these denizens of the night of history, as it has continued to be late into the noonday of the present Zuñis. Doubtless, too, the ancient Zuñi, like the modern, dried the root to serve as an ingredient for other foods. With the advance of the season the rush stems grew tough, the licorice more bitter than ever, and they were replaced with great quantities of watercress (*pi'-k'ai-a*), like in taste and appearance, though smaller, the celery we all prize. It grew abundantly in every spring and living streamlet, was boiled and eaten with other food, the residue each day being made into flat, compact cakes, and dried with salt into greenish-black, very stemmy, and indurate bricks, which were packed away for second cookings.

Another far more nutritious food, but one requiring masterly care in its preparation, was a diminutive wild potato (*k'ia-pia mo'-we*), which grew in all bottomlands favored to any extent with moisture. These potatoes were poisonous in the raw

state or whole, but were rendered harmless by the removal of the skin. As they were never larger than nutmegs, this had to be accomplished by a preliminary boiling with ashes. Afterward the potatoes were again stewed and eaten with the water they had been boiled in, usually with the addition of wild onions as a relish. A very important addition, too, were these onions, which grow in springtime under many of the ranges of cliffs throughout the Southwest, and although true onions, resemble in size and appearance the Eastern garlic. They were invariably eaten raw, in which condition they were almost strong enough to temporarily benumb the organs of taste, flood the eyes, and annihilate all sense of everything in the region of smell save themselves. Peeled and dried for preservation, they resembled diminutive hickory-nuts, which may have suggested, with the foregoing, their Zuñi name, *mo'-kwi tet-tchi*; from *mo*, nut or fruit, *kwi'-mon-ne*, a root, and *tet'-tchi*, to stink—"stinking root-nuts."

Apace with the season more and more



plants furnished food material. Everywhere that rain had fallen on the lower plains grew in fitful and brief luxuriance a small variety of milkweed which bore in abundance little seed-vesicles resembling those of the common mustard, although a trifle more corpulent. These were called *thla'-pi-a-we*, meaning "hanging pods." Divested of their skins, they were eaten raw, or boiled with other foods, or, again, toasted in hot ashes and soaked in the all-important brine-sauce with mashed onions.

A kind of wild, hard-shelled squash, from which doubtless were derived varieties of the true garden plant cultivated by the Zuñis today, grew abundantly in moist arroyos, the fruit of which, while still green, was cooked in various ways. Principally, however, it was boiled to paste, mixed liberally with rancid suet, and fried on hot stone slabs. As such it resembled egg-plant fried in butter, the far-gone smell and flavor of the suet being, curiously enough, only to a limited extent recognizable in it.

A great luxury was a kind of puff-ball, or

fungus, produced in warm seasons in spontaneous liberality by the rains. These were peeled, toasted, and eaten with a sauce of brine and ground onions, flavored with the aromatic seeds of certain caraway plants native to the country.

During early summer the unripe seedy pods of the yucca (Spanish bayonet, or palmita), a quart or two of which may sometimes be gathered from a single stalk or spike, were much sought after by the ancient Zuñis. They were boiled excessively either in water or in water and ashes. When afterward cleansed they had much the appearance of gherkins, which indeed they prove similar to in taste when pickled in vinegar. They were eaten either plain or with a liberal allowance of the flavored brine-sauce (*k'ia'thl-k'o-se*). Like them, gummy, with a flavor of cauliflowers, were the hearts of a species of the century plant (agave), which were prepared in the same way. Later on the large green fruit of the soapweed, or datila (pl. x, f), a plant similar in appearance to both of the above mentioned, either roasted thoroughly in

the ashes or else boiled, were esteemed quite as much as the yucca pods. Both forms of food are still prepared, in their seasons, the century plants, however, more rarely, because not native to the present habitat of the Zuñis. So important were the two former sources of food considered, that they were credited with having possessed, in the mystic days, conscious existence and extremely jealous dispositions. Doubtless their jealousy and virulence were attributed from the observed fact that either was equal to the other as food, and both were poisonous if eaten raw. As illustrative of this belief, you will not infrequently hear some old member of the Zuñi household tell the youngsters stories like the following, which, although absurd, are curious and ridiculous enough to cause universal laughter and clapping of tiny hands. The old worthy mentioned, very likely with his mouth full of the boiled fruits, will champ a little faster and exclaim:

“Oh yes, little ones, by the way! Did you ever know that in ancient times, when plants and animals talked, some *na'-pi-an-*



*we* [palmitas] and *su'-pi-an'-we* [datilas] dwelt on two opposite mesas and grew extremely quarrelsome with one another?

“Well, it was this way: You see, as the pods grew big on the Palmitas and the fruit swelled out on the Datilas, they kept looking across at one another until the biggest and oldest Datila bent over in the breeze and sang out:

“ ‘*Au Na'-pi-an-we', Na'-pi-an-we'!*  
*Sho-to a'-kwi! Sho-to a'-kwi!* ”

“ ‘O, Palmita-pods, Palmita-pods!  
Your ribs are split! Your ribs are split!’ ”

“ ‘Listen, father; listen,’ said the young Palmitas. ‘The Datilas over there are scolding us, and calling us “Split-ribs.” ’

“ ‘Wait a bit,’ said the old Palmita, ‘and I’ll give them back as good as they send.’ Whereupon he stretched himself up and retorted:

“ ‘*Su-pi-an'-we, Su-pi-an'-we,*  
*Ha-k'i tsu'-kwi! Ha-k'i tsu'-kwi!* ’ ”

“ ‘Datila, Datila,  
Your forehead is blood-stained! Your forehead  
is bloodstained!’ ”

“That’s the way the plants of the Beloved scolded one another in the days beyond guessing, but all the same the *na’-pi-an-we* keep splitting down the belly, and the *su’-pi-an’-we* grow very red at the ends of their noses where the sun strikes them, even to this day.”

With the close of summer, during the middle part of which and the latter, rare but copious rains have fallen, behold the deserts of the Southwest! Weeds, grasses, and shrubbery are spread out abundantly, albeit brokenly, all over the vast sand plains, vying even more richly with the dark woodlands on the elevated, wide mesas. In the cañons and down the mountain slopes grow with an evanescent aspiration to forest grandeur, yet in tangled dwarfishness, the wild fruit trees and nut-oaks. The dust-shrouded world has suddenly turned “blue with the mist-laden breaths from Summerland!” so say the Zuñis of this verdure. Everywhere the “fields of the Beloved” are ripening their harvests. I may not then, longer follow ancient Zuñi in the order of his gathering.

I have thought well, therefore, of telling rather in the order of their simplicity as food, first how he availed himself of the natural fruits and nuts of the forests and valleys, then how he collected and manipulated the sterner stuffs and seeds which required the exercise of his crude genius and industrial art to their fullest, to render them fit food for his palate, however indiscriminating this may have been judged in the preceding recipes of dish-shifts.

First to ripen, first, too, in importance among the fruits, was the datila, called *tsu'-pi-a-we* (see pl. x, *f*) instead of *su'-pi-a-we*, on account of its blushing color when ripe. Few who have not visited the Southwest in autumn imagine that, dry and sterile though it be throughout most of the year, a fruit rivaling in its size, shape, color, and exceeding sweetness the banana, grows there in abundance on the warmer plains. Yellow and red, this long, pulpy fruit hangs in clusters so heavy that they bend or sometimes break the stalks that bear them. Yet, however delicious, these, like the fruit I have compared them with, may not be



eaten raw in large quantity with impunity, for their effects on the digestion are, though opposite, equally summary. Tempted by their rare sweetness, ancient Zuñi must have early discovered how to remedy this defect, by pleasing his taste—as predatory school-boys do with green apples—in chewing but not swallowing the datilas, for we find that exactly this process is the initiatory step toward rendering the pulp harmless, equally delicious, and even more nutritious than it is in a state of nature.

After great stores of the fruit had been gathered in little, square burden-baskets by the men and heaped in shady, cool places, it was peeled by the women and thoroughly masticated. By this means not only were the seeds separated from the pulp, but the latter was thus made ready to be set away in water-tight basket-bowls for fermentation. By fermentation an agreeable pungent taste was added and the saliva acting on the glutinous or mucilaginous ingredients heightened the sweetness. The process was stopped by excessive boiling, which reduced the pulp to homo-

geneous paste, which on cooling was kneaded into little, flat cakes. The latter, when partially dried were pounded together and rolled into large cylinders. In the course of time these cylinders grow quite solid and gummy, and semi-transparent like the gelatin ink rollers used by printers. In taste the food resembles black licorice. A little slice being hacked off was immersed in two or three quarts of water. When thoroughly soaked, it was stirred, churned, squeezed, and strained, until a dark-red, pasty fluid was formed, than which hardly any delicacy known to the ancient Zuñis ranked more highly or commanded such extravagant bargains in barter with the surrounding tribes.

The possible rival of *tsu'-pi-a-we* was made from the hearts of the mescal plant or the mature agave. When large quantities of these cabbage-like hearts had been gathered, great pits were dug in gravelly knolls. Within and around the pits, fires were built, which were kept burning whole days or nights. When the ground had been thoroughly heated, the mescal hearts

were thrown in on a layer of coarser leaves of the same plant, with which they were also covered. They were then buried deep in the hot gravel. Huge fires were kept burning over the mounds thus formed until the mescals were considered done.

Meanwhile crowds gathered, dances of a semi-sacred, though not very refined nature, were celebrated, and the pits were opened amid universal rejoicing. The time was divided between riotous feasting and serious mastication of the baked, already very sweet leaves, to separate them from the fiber. The pulp or paste thus formed was spread out thinly over large mats (pl. x, *i*), and when dried could be conveniently rolled up for transportation. Another and more wholesome method was pursued, if the quantity furnished by the pit proved too much for the maxillary powers of the party. This was to pound the leaves, and, if necessary, moisten them slightly to give them a pulpy consistency, and thus spread and dry them on the plaited mats. Although much less valued by the Indians, this kind of food was toothsome and more



nutritious, perhaps, than any other ancient preparation.<sup>23</sup>

In dry season or wet, there was one class of fruit that rarely failed, hence we find modern ceremonial and ancient folklore teeming with allusions to it—the cactus. Of the many varieties of this plant growing in the Southwest, three were especially fruitful, bearing juicy, plump berries of an acid-sweet taste peculiarly agreeable during the hot dry season in which they ripened. Of these the *kâ-shi*, or formidable club cactus, bore the largest and perhaps sweetest fruit (*tui'-a-we*), of a brilliant although dark scarlet color, and in shape and size not unlike gumbo. The *shu'-ne-po* and *me'-wi* (pl. x, g), two varieties of the low-lying chain cactus, bore red and yellow fruit which, though smaller, was more luxuriant and less spiny, hence preferred.

On account of the barbed spines which arm the cactus and its product, and which had the unpleasant quality of sinking deeper and deeper into the flesh once fixed in it, special apparatus had to be employed for gathering the berries or pods. A picker

was made of flexible wood, slitted as are the bark-peelers used by willow weavers, and forming long tweezers with which the fruit was grasped (pl. x, *j*). The baskets used were closely woven, quadrangular, although somewhat flat, to fit the back, and gradually tapering from the large opening toward the bottom. They were supported by a band or strap which passed around the forehead or over the shoulders (pl. x, *a*). Leaves or grasses were thrown in to prevent the spines from piercing through the meshes.

When a basketful had been gathered it was carried home and emptied upon a bed of clean sand. With two flat sticks the fruit was then stirred about in the sand until divested of its spines, after which it was eaten raw, dried, or roasted slightly in the ashes as an additional security against the spines. Large quantities were gathered for preservation by drying, but as the fruit thus prepared was liable to injury by worms, it was usually ground on a mealing-slab (pl. x, *d*), and either stored away in skin bags, to be used in connection with other material for bread-making later on,

or formed into huge cakes by the addition of water which rendered it adhesive so as to be easily molded in baskets.

Undoubtedly, many generations later these fruits of the cactus played a leading part in the food economy of the Zuñis, and apparently commemorative of this is a highly picturesque dance usually celebrated by the modern Zuñis in early spring and called the "Beings of Old." In this dance, besides other characters, are represented an ancient woman with a narrow, hollow-cheeked, remarkably long and prominent-chinned mask, gray frizzled hair, a tattered cloak, and short worn skirt, which although made of cloth, evidently represents the prehistoric costume of the tribe. Her feet (with the exception of makeshift moccasins representing sandals) and arms are bare, although painted like the mask, pink. Strapped to her back is a *hu'-tche-pon*, or one of the quadrangular burden-baskets previously described, and in her right hand she carries one of the forked wooden cactus-tweezers, while she grasps with her left hand, as if for support, a long,



wooden staff like a shepherd's crook. This character is called *Ya-a-na tui'-ash-na O'-k'ïät-si-ki*, or the "Ancient moon-woman cactus-picker." During the performance of the ceremonial, she wanders about, industriously striving to overtake an equally grotesque character who as ceaselessly eludes her pursuit. This latter is a man whose face and head are covered with a cylindrical rawhide mask painted green, the eyes being represented by diminutive, elongated, square holes, while a huge black beak well serrated and toothed represents his nose and mouth. The crown of his mask is entirely covered with leaves and branches of the green cactus, on which are seen, temptingly red among the spines, the *tui'-a-we*, or ripe fruit. As the cactus, on account of its warlike spines, is assigned, by the mythology of the Zuñis, a place in the martial priesthood of plants, this man, clothed in the ceremonial garments of the sacred Zuñi dance (which are of cotton beautifully embroidered), bears in his left hand the insignia of war—a bow and several arrows, and in his right a rattle with

which he teases his pursuer. Two other figures among the *dramatis personae* of this dance claim our attention because related to the pair described. They are, one of the corn beings masked and bearing in either hand an ear of corn, and a man, dancing ever near, whose face is covered with a smiling, conical, pink mask, whose hair is bound with a fillet of yucca fiber, whose costume is a many-colored blanket cape and embroidered cotton kilt, and who carries, as emblematic of his office, a little wooden hoe of the ancient style (see the initial). While the "Old Moon Woman" and the "Cactus Being" ceaselessly pursue and elude each other, the "Corn Being" and the "Cultivator of Corn" dance with the other characters in sublime indifference. All this is wonderfully poetic and significant, if, as it seems, it represents the personified conflict between the wild fruits of the nomadic Zuñis and the cultivated harvests of their sedentary descendants; and that this significance is as it seems is indicated surely by the wild, triumphant song-notes of the "Corn Being" and its

follower, and the querulous cries of the baffled cactus-picker.<sup>24</sup>

Among the sandy defiles of the upper plains, mesas, and mountains, grow abundant low bushes bearing very juicy little yellow berries called *k'ia'-po-ti mo'-we*, or the "juice-filled fruitage." These berries were in high favor with the ancient Zuñis as food. They were collected in great quantities and boiled or stewed, forming a sweet but acrid sauce which, although not quite so acid, resembled otherwise the cranberry.

Another favorite berry was the small and equally acrid fruit of the wild currant, called in Zuñi *ke-la shi'-u-ni*, or the "first to leaf out," which grew along the edges of malpais mesas in verdant luxuriance rare to be seen in the Southwest. Like the two latter, the chokecherry or "bitter hanging-fruit" formed the ingredient of frequent sauces. The wild plum, or *si'-lu-e-la mo'-we*, was used not only in the raw and stewed state, but was also dried and preserved for after use.

A much more abundant fruit, very sweet



and aromatic in flavor, was the *ta'-kwi mo'-we*, or cedar-berries. They were collected in large quantities, boiled, roasted, or dried and ground to form the meal with which were made several varieties of cake, and which will be mentioned with other preparations farther on.

In late autumn enormous quantities of sweet, diminutive acorns were gathered from the dwarf oaks which everywhere grew in the mountains of the Southwest, and still more plentiful stores of the *he'-sho k'u'-we*, or piñon-nuts, which were borne in prodigal plenitude on the low piñon trees of almost every mesa or mountain plateau. These nuts, together with the *o'-ma-tsa-pa k'u'-we*, or wild sunflower seed, were treated similarly in preparation for food and will be briefly referred to in future paragraphs, as will also the following list of seeds, upon which, more than on all else, depended the ancient Zuñi for his vegetable food supply. I therefore beg that my reader will kindly bear in mind the names by which these seeds are distinguished from one another.

First among them was the *k'u-shu-tsi*, a kind of purslane or portulaca, not unlike the garden pests of the same genus in the East. This plant bore plentifully a small, black, very starchy and white-kerneled seed. It was gathered by pulling the plants just before the seed had ripened, then drying and threshing them either by agitation or by pounding them over mats or screens. A method of gathering such seeds as had advanced too far toward maturity was to sweep up the surface, usually sandy, of the ground on which they grew, dust and all, and afterward to carefully winnow the seeds from the soil.

An equally important seed, though less abundant, was borne by the *suthl'-to-k'ia*, a certain round-topped weed resembling in its grain stalks and foliage the common pigweed or goosefoot of the East, but more bushy, yet undoubtedly belonging to the *Chenopodium* genus. Quite a different method was pursued in harvesting the grains of this plant. As the bushes grew somewhat above the surface of the ground, the seeds were threshed and collected at

once by placing a closely-woven, large, shallow tray near each promising bush and energetically slapping the latter with a wicker fan or scoop. Hardly excepting the piñon-nut and sunflower-seed, this grain is probably the richest and most delicious ever known either to the ancient or modern Zuñi, and its disuse as a source of food must undoubtedly be attributed rather to the difficulty attending its production than to any lack of quality.

Another plant, blue-leaved, but otherwise resembling the last described, probably not, however, of the same genus, furnished seeds which although less rich and oily were, if we may trust tradition and their taste, more meritorious, and, in fact, as nearly like corn as any of the wild varieties of grain used by primitive Zuñis. Hence the archaic name by which it was distinguished, *mi'-ta-li-k'o*, signifies as nearly as may be determined by its etymology, "father-in-law of corn." These seeds were gathered as were those of the *suthl'-to-k'ia*.

Two grasses, among several varieties which might be mentioned as sources of



supply to the ancient Zuñi, one the *te'-shu-ko-na* ("that searched for"), or a kind of wild rice, and the other *pish'-shu-li-a* ("sweep rush"), or a feathery grass, both of which grew on the wet lands of the Southwest, furnished rich grains. The height to which these plants grew enabled the women to sweep the seeds into the large conical panniers (pl. x, *b*) without unswinging the latter from their backs.

Last of this long list, and perhaps most important, as the actual predecessor of the modern bean, although very rarely made into bread, was the *no-k'ia-mo-li-a*, or wild pea, more properly bean than pea, although shaped, it must be confessed, like the latter.

These various nuts and seeds were quite similarly prepared for food, and several varieties of them were not infrequently compounded to form a single kind of bread or cake. For this reason I have not dealt with them separately, as with the bark, root, and fruit products, but have deemed it better to make, as it were, a brief chapter of the cookery of which they formed the material basis.

## CHAPTER VII

NA'-NA-KWE A-WEN I'-TÂ-WE, OR THE "FOOD  
OF THE GRANDFATHERS"

LET us suppose that the lines of the last chapter extend far over these; for as the age of a father lingers on into the early manhood of his son, so did many of the arts and industries of the hunter Zuñi (see fig. 3) survive, and commingle with those fostered by the horticulture of his farmer descendants. The line which divides one era of culture from another is as vague as a twilight shadow: as well try to define the boundary between daylight and darkness in an evening sky. As indefinitely separated, then, though different their names, these chapters.

So long continued and often interrupted was the labor of collecting the various nuts and seeds described in the last chapter, that

they were dried, almost as fast as gathered, by toasting. The means whereby this toasting, or more properly parching, was effected, were ingenious, but the method

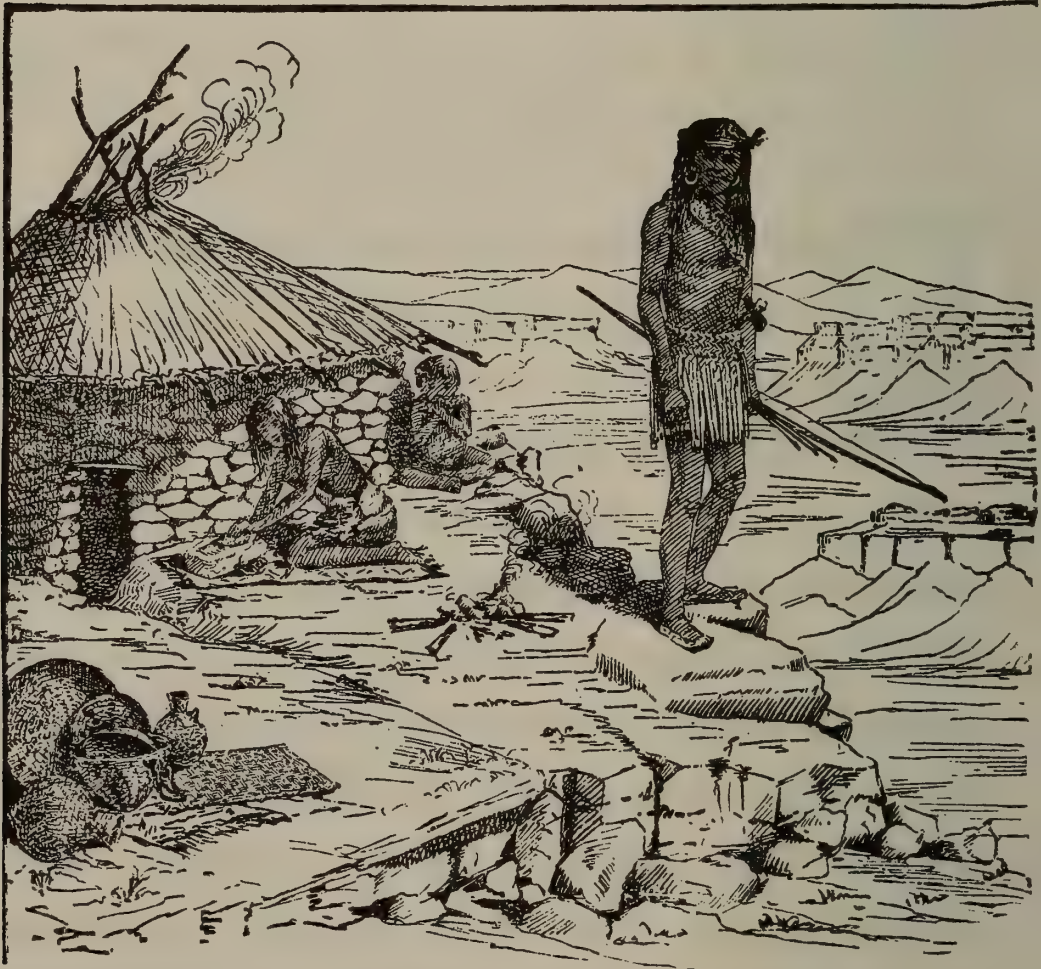


FIG. 3.—The Zuñi hunter

most laborious. Into one of the shallow trays, which the reader will remember were plastered with clay freely tempered by the addition of grit to keep it from cracking (pl. x, *h*), a quantity of glowing wood coals



was placed, together with two or three quarts of the seeds or nuts. The operator, quickly squatting, grasped the tray at opposite edges, and with a rapid, spiral-wise motion of the basket, kept the grain and coals dancing separately round and round, yet almost touching one another, meanwhile puffing the embers with every breath to keep them alive and free from ashes. So dextrously was all this done that the grains were evenly browned, yet none of them scorched; and the frail basket, protected by the thin coating of clay grown hard by long use, was never burned by the fiercest heat of the moving coals. If thus the seeds were rendered more palatable, less liable, when long kept, to germinate, readily tractable on the mealing stone, how much more owed the later Zuñis to this early industry. For with the separation from its osier matrix of the thin clay lining, baked hard enough in some instances to form a vessel by itself—lo! is born the *potter's art*.<sup>25</sup> And probably from this crude beginning, by easy, yet lingering steps, all the marvelous beauty and per-

fection of Pueblo fictile productions were matured. Most probably did I say? Most certainly I may now say; for the spirally built cooking-pot of the older Southwestern ruins (pl. XI, *b*) was but the reproduction in clay—rough surface, zig-zag ornamentation, and all—of the spirally woven basket-bottle (*a*), the name of which earlier object lingered on to distinguish the “basket in clay” as but the offshoot of the basket in osiers. In no other way can the angular and other extremely conventional features of the ancient Pueblo ceramic decorations be explained than by referring them to the imitation of basketry patterns, themselves the mere outgrowth of discolored splint lines. Moreover, by a similar train of reasoning it is seen that the Pueblos owed, too, the art and patterns of weaving—embroidery and all—to basketry, proof almost positive of which exists today in the etymology of the names, of stitches and designs.

Does the reader then, realize with me, how far-reaching has been the influence of our breadstuff?

Such portions of the parched seeds and nuts as were required for immediate use were stored in bags about the edges of the lodge, which bags were of varying colors or materials to distinguish their contents, and were used by day as seats, by night as pillows. The remainder of the grain was carried away to the granaries. These were formed by stopping up the crevices and plastering with mud the interiors of any suitable holes in the cliffs that happened to be protected by overhanging rocks, which, when filled, were closed with rude masonry, of such ingeniously selected materials that the completed depositories were almost indistinguishable from formations around them. Before the mud-plastering with which these half-natural bins were cemented was dried, the owner stamped into it with the tips of his fingers, not only figures indicating the varieties of the contents, but sometimes special marks of ownership, or totems, which latter were as faithfully respected as is the seal among ourselves. Thus at once the grains were disposed of, or protected from moisture and the inroads



of seed-devouring animals, hidden from the enemy and recorded in kind, as property. From this latter practice it is probable that the system of pictography or symbolism was developed, which was so far elaborated in latter ages as to become expressive mnemonically even of mythic conception, and to which there came to be attributed supernatural origin and magic efficacy. The explorer of the Southwest, sometimes miles away from the ancient sites to which they pertained, discovers now and then these diminutive granaries of the cliffs; and often they are found to contain perfectly preserved, if spared by granivorous creatures, examples not only of the seeds heretofore described, but of others which it has been deemed unnecessary to mention.

The piñon-nuts and acorns were rarely used alone for bread-making but, like the sunflower-seeds and *suthl'-to-k'ia* grain, which were extremely rich in oil, were added to the meal of the more starchy varieties as seasoning or "shortening." The nuts and sunflower-seeds were shucked by being reheated in the roasting-tray,

and, while still hot, rolled lightly under the muller, or *molina*, on a coarse slab of lava. The brittle shells were broken by this slight pressure, while the oily meats, rendered soft by the warmth, came out clean and perfect. In this shape they were usually eaten. If designed for thickening soups or stews, which purpose they served admirably, or for use as shortening, they were carefully parched yet again until friable, then slightly ground on a fine-grained stone. So rich were the sunflower and *suthl'-to-k'ia* seeds that no amount of drying made it possible to reduce them to meal except in the condition of paste. As such, however, they were formed with the fingers into little patti-cakes which, laid on leaves, or hardened by roasting deep buried in the ashes, were eaten with other food in the place of meat, supplying the lack of the latter, at least to the taste, most admirably. The dryer, more starchy seeds, such as the *mi'-tä-li-k'o k'u'-shu-tsi*, or purslane, wild rice, and various grass-grains, were of course readily ground and were susceptible of being made into

a great variety of mushes, breads, and cakes.

For mush, the meal was left coarse and added to boiling water until a thick, sticky mass was formed, to stir which was no longer possible. Whatever of this half-cooked mush happened to be left over, was rolled into balls, flattened out and dried, or baked on the embers in which measure of economy arose, no doubt, the earliest suggestion of bread. Bread of other kinds soon followed as a few selected recipes might well show; but let us first consider some kindred culinary inventions.

It will be borne in mind that these ancients had to effect the boiling of foods with hot stones. Doubtless surviving many efforts to thoroughly cook mush in this way without either filling it with grit or wasting it, were two methods deserving of attention. Some coarse meal was moistened with hot water sufficiently to render it adhesive. This was thoroughly kneaded and rolled into little, elongate balls or cylinders. These cylinders were then encased in leaves and thrown into the boiling



basket—together with the heating stones—until sufficiently cooked, when they were dipped up with a wicker scoop. After the stones had been fished out, the fluid remaining, now thick, like gruel or gravy, was allowed to settle, when all of it was poured off except the sandy dregs, and served with the lumps of mush or dumplings. Occasionally little slices or fragments of jerked meat were incased in the meal cylinders to give variety; or, not infrequently meal of juniper berries was kneaded in to impart its sweet taste and aromatic flavor. Both of the former varieties of boiled bread were sometimes seasoned with sprigs of cedar by throwing the latter into the water as the boiling progressed.

Griddle cakes were made by cooking as much as possible, fine and coarse meal equally blended, with scalding water. The resulting paste or batter was poured over hot, well-polished slabs of sandstone.

“Stone-cakes” were made in the same way, except that as a preliminary to the baking, huge sandwiches composed of alternating layers of hot sandstone slabs

and batter (pl. XI, c) were built up, carefully inclosed in a casing of larger slabs cemented with mud, and buried in a hot pit over which a fire was built. These cakes were made sweet, very like "Indian pudding," although more solid, by the addition to the paste of wild honey, or by the mastication and fermentation of a portion of it previously to the baking.

Sometimes for the baking of separate loaves, these little pits were lined with flat stones set up edgewise around the sides. A rock of lava, if possible, was provided for the lid, and thus was completed the earliest style of oven known to the primitive Zuñis. By far their most perfect oven, however, was the smaller of their granaries. These natural cavities which art had but completed as receptacles, were seldom used for baking, save when great feasts or long journeys made requisite large quantities of bread. This bread was mixed like mush with the addition of sour dough or stone-cake to make it rise. It was kneaded into little lumps not exceeding ordinary cookies in size, but much thicker. Meanwhile a

fire was kept burning in the oven (or granary) until the surrounding rock was thoroughly heated, when the brands and coals were withdrawn, the cavity swept out with wisps of cedar-brush, and the little lumps of dough, now swollen, laid in, row after row, with long, spatula-shaped staves. The opening was closed with a sandstone slab, every crevice perfectly cemented with mud, and the whole thing left to itself while the sun traveled one long "step" through the sky. At the end of this time the "closing stone" was broken down and the loaves taken out—dark-blue or brownish-gray in color, but thoroughly done and as palatable as any bread since devised by even the most modern Zuñis.

The last described class of seeds and breadstuffs held with these ancients the place filled today by corn; yet long after the introduction of the latter grain they continued in use. Even now, when a rainy season has made them especially abundant, the Zuñis collect large quantities particularly of the *k'u'-shu-tsi*, which they store away for use in the sense that



“a little leaveneth the whole mass” of their corn-foods. They affirm that by thus nourishing themselves with how little soever of the food of their forefathers, they partake of the hardihood, courage, wisdom, and possibly some of the supernatural qualities with which they fail not to endow their remote ancestors. How long the ancient Zuñis lived, as here described, on the products of nature and the chase alone, we know not, nor may we ever know; but of this we may be certain, that the scenes and generations of their life shifted many times during that lengthened period, and that contemporaneously with their organization into true clans or tribes, or at any rate early in their history as such, they became to a certain extent horticulturists. Evidence there is that with their first coming to the desert country, they had to displace, or at least to guard against, the incursions of a ruder people, hence the remains of their older villages are perched among the most isolated and grim lava mesas, far out of reach, and often near caves or over tremendous fissures. When, in the course of time,

peace ensued and it became possible for them to leave the malpais wastes and descend into the fertile valleys, they adopted and cultivated corn, beans, the squash, and possibly one or two other plants. It was during this middle period, as we may call it, that, no longer fearful of any enemy, they divided into little clans or large totemic families, following whithersoever moisture of soil, presence of water, or other requisites for their limited cultivation, led them. Hence everywhere we find, broadly scattered within the region claimed by tradition as at one time or another their habitat, the ruins of single houses, little or large.

It is interesting to note in this connection the evidence of language. The Zuñi name for a Navaho lodge, which is a sort of beehive-shaped structure built of sticks and earth, is "*leaf-lodge*" or "*brush-roof*." We may infer from this that the earliest form of hut among the Zuñis was shaped like the Navaho *hogan*, but roofed with leaves, bark, or brushes. The most ancient name for a house, now restricted to the sense of

a wall, was *he'-sho-ta*, from *he'-sho*, wax, and *sho'-tai-e*, leaned together circularly. This points to the lava regions, the rocks of which resembled wax, and were doubtless the first used for building. The modern name for a house is *k'ia'-kwin-ne*, from *k'ia'-we*, water, and *kwin*, the place of, which indicates that the first regular houses were single and distributed according to the occurrence of water in any way. Again, the name of an upper story or room is *osh'-te-nu-thlan*, from *o'shte*, a rock-shelter or shallow cave, and *u'-thla-nai-e*, surrounding or built around. This evidences exactly what the ruins of the scattered houses do, namely, that at the beginning of the peace of the middle period these houses were one-storied. As time went on and the cultivation which characterized this period was developed, distant, more savage tribes—the Bedouin element of Desert America—tempted by the rich plunder offered by the little isolated farm-houses, descended upon them, driving the inhabitants to seek shelter, not in the lava regions where their all-important corn



could not be raised, but among the cliffs as near their farms as possible. Here, on shelves or under shallow grottoes, which everywhere characterize the sandstone cañons of the Southwest, they built like swallow nests the first "cliff-houses," the necessity of finding shelter for the whole clan leading to the construction of second and even third stories against the rock wall of the cliff. Naturally this portion of the dwelling took the name most characteristic of it—as the portion "built around the cave roof." We have only to suppose that when, in an interval of peace, the cliff fugitives descended to rebuild their farm-houses, the idea of the second story was carried with them, and that its first name, slightly modified, remained, as it has even to this day. Conformable to all this is the testimony furnished by the later house-ruins of the middle period, which are sometimes two and even three stories in height.

Finally, when (as will be shown in a future page) the necessity for mutual protection compelled these scattered clans of house-builders to confederate into tribe-

communities and become village-builders, or Pueblos, they named each huge, huddled structure, *thlu'-ellon-ne*, which derivatively signifies, "many standing together."

I have ventured these details because they bear very directly on all that relates to even the daily lives of those whom they concern. The introduction of horticulture, for instance, enabled the Zuñis to build and live permanently, which fostered the cultivation of arts and industries, customs, etc., before limited or unknown. The rude, half-spherical cooking vessels, first made of spirally woven grasses and osiers, then of spirally built ropes of clay, assumed now more regular and ornate forms. The necessity of frequent change of location no longer existing, this pottery was not subjected to the frequent breakage of journeys, hence gradually replaced the canteen, water-bottle, boiling-vessel and roasting-trays of wicker. The mealing-stone, formerly propped up over a mat or skin (see pl. x, e), was now permanently built into a stone bin out in front of or inside the huts; the dome-shaped oven, sometimes of



gigantic proportions, though rarely, replaced the hole in the ground and the recess in the rocks, as the fire for stone-heating was replaced by the sunken, flueless hearth

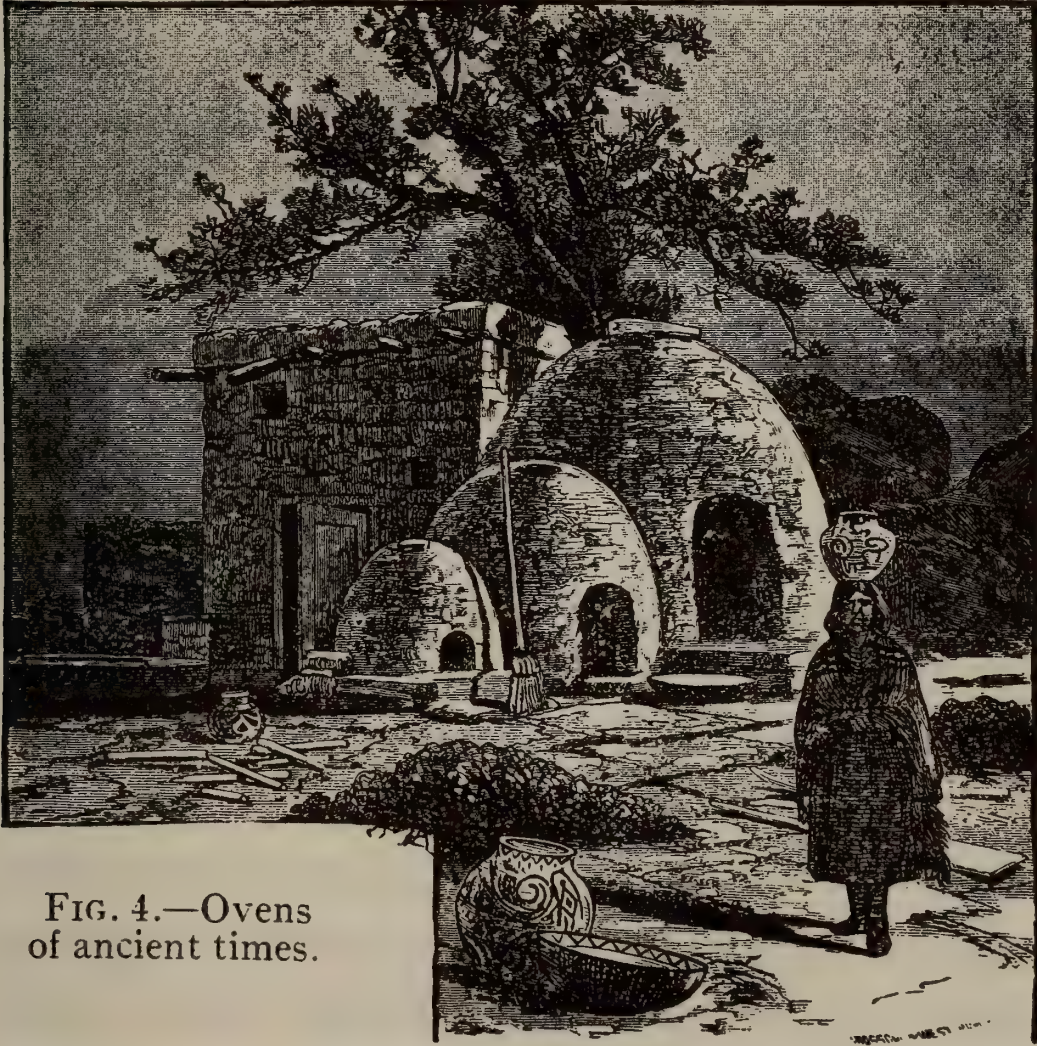


FIG. 4.—Ovens of ancient times.

in a corner of the dwelling room. Within the little recesses of this room, or in separate smaller apartments, was stored the grain, both wild and cultivated, and with these improvements, slight howsoever they



may seem, the medieval Zuñi had already advanced far toward his ultimate barbaric status of culture.

Although he continued to gather and prepare wild fruits, nuts, and grains, one added source of supply—*corn*—outweighed them all; for was it not the author of his improvements, the object of his affection, care and devotion, the sure promise of his mastery of the desert?

We may now turn to the foods he made of it. Most easily rendered suitable among these were the green-corn preparations. As with ourselves, the ears were roasted on the coals (or, as he had it, “ripened”), or boiled in his little narrow-necked pots of clay. The delicacy of the year was the far-famed succotash, made by scraping the milky kernels from the ears, mingling them with little round beans, which had now come to be domesticated, and with bits of fresh meat, the whole being seasoned with salt, thickened with sunflower-seeds, *suthl'-to-k'ia*, or piñon-nut meal, and boiled until reduced to an almost homogeneous stew. A little dish, then and long after

common to the Zuñis, still a favorite with their distant, primitive neighbors, the Havasupai, than which no green-corn cookery of civilization can boast anything more delicious, was made by scraping the kernels off in great quantity, grinding them excessively in their own milk with sunflower seeds and green squash. Sprinkled with salt, this paste was boiled until evaporation left it thick and gelatinous like curdled milk, although more adhesive when warm, more solid when cold.

Of course the baked corn—not baked in underground ovens, but in the abandoned granaries of a former period or in the dome ovens [see pl. XIV, XV] nearer at hand—was well known.

After the corn was ripened, two modes of making it eatable were extremely simple. Still on the ear it was toasted, or, in the kernel, parched. In several ways this parching was accomplished. Crudest of all these was burial and constant stirring in hot ashes; but the favorite process was to half fill a *thle'-mon-ne*, or black, shallow roasting pot or pan (pl. XI, *d*), with clean, dry

sand. The pot was then set over the fire until the sand became thoroughly heated, when the corn was poured in and constantly stirred with a bundle of hard-wood sprigs (*e*) so loosely tied at the middle that they could be spread apart in order that the sand and corn might readily pass between them. When well browned and swollen, a judicious shaking of the toasting vessel brought all the kernels to the top, whence they were easily separated from the sand. Of the corn thus parched, a highly concentrated and nutritious substance was made, the grains first being cracked, re-toasted, and then ground to fine flour. A little of this flour stirred into cold water made a gruel which required no cooking and was capable alone of sustaining life throughout extended journeys, where lightness of burden and ease of preparation were prime requisites. Mixed with water and sweetened by a means heretofore described, or happily by the addition of ground licorice-root, fermented and slightly boiled, it made a thin syrup or sweet gruel (*tsa'-shi-we*), ever the favorite at the Zuñi evening feast.



When the corn was designed for consumption without further preparation than by the parching, salt, if abundant enough, was used in place of the sand, imparting to the kernels roasted in it a delicate seasoning unattainable by the cruder methods first described.

Simplest of cereal foods, as it was, one variety or another of this parched corn formed one of the chief articles of diet with not only the people here described, but among all the more advanced tribes of ancient America; in proof of which one need not search far into the chronicles of our early explorers and pioneers to find repeated mention of it. Nor are the monuments of prehistoric times scant in their testimonials of its universality. Among the forest middens of central New York, in the ashes of excavated mounds along the Mississippi valley, frequently in the granaries, cliff-ruins, and caves of the great Southwest, and even in the collections from the *huacas* of ancient Peru, I have found these toasted grains carbonized by age, yet preserved unbroken long after the

very bones of the hands that poised the pot they were parched in have crumbled to lime.

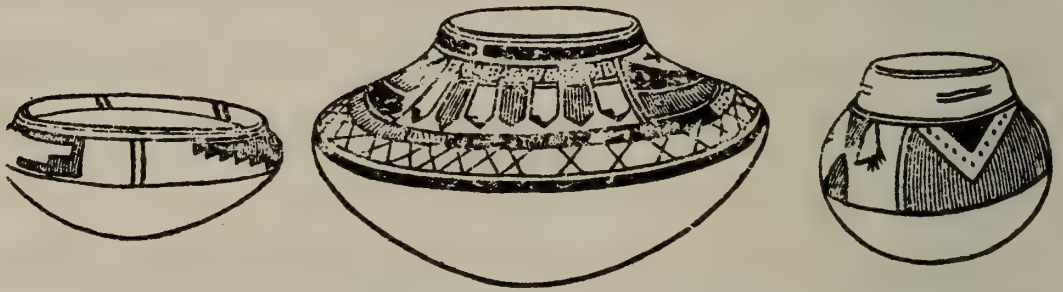
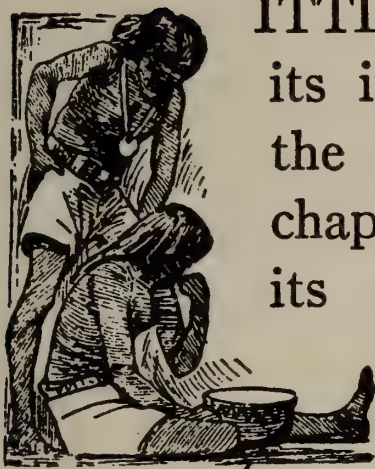


FIG 5.—Decorated pottery vessels of ancient Zuñi.

## CHAPTER VIII

### “THE YOUNG MEN WHO WERE FOND OF PARCHED CORN AND SWEET GRUEL, OR THE FOUR AWKWARD SUITORS”



LITTLE wonder—if we consider its importance as indicated by the closing lines of the last chapter—that parched corn and its chief productions should have entered into the mystic folklore and legendary fancies of the

people who most prized it. So in winter time, when the corn grains, sputtering petulantly over the embers, remind the sitters by the Zuñi fireside that they may soon crack the kernels for which their mouths never fail to water at such times, some old fellow who is debarred from the coming feast by lack of teeth consoles himself by telling a tale like the following,



which the Zuñis call "The Young Men Who Were Fond of Parched Corn and Sweet Gruel, or The Four Awkward Suitors."

In ancient times, though not very many men's ages ago, there stood in the valley of the Great Flowing Waters (El Rio Grande del Norte, of eastern New Mexico) four towns. One of them was where San Felipe now stands, another over the mountains to the eastward where people now gather turquoises, the third away to the northward, and toward the southward the fourth. Who can tell the names of all these towns? I cannot, for they were not the homes of our ancestors. But anybody who will look where they were will see their ruins, and many others between, on the bluffs and in the mountains along the valley of the Great Flowing Waters.

Well, in those days there lived in *We'-thlu-ella-kwin* (that was the name of Old San Felipe, you know) an aged and rich cacique who had an only daughter. This maiden was thought the prettiest of her tribe. She was proud, and when she went down to the river of an evening to get

water, she spoke to none of the young men who waited to see her along the way. She always carried the handsomest jar, and wore the whitest moccasins, and the finest dresses and blankets in the pueblo. This it was that made her so haughty, and hence no young man in the town where she lived dared ask her to look upon him with the light of favor in her eyes.

In the northern pueblo lived at that time a young man who was a good hunter and had blankets and shell beads of his own. He was very timid and bashful, this young man. Yet once he had seen in the dance at Old San Felipe the cacique's daughter. He was never contented after that. One autumn morning he made up a bundle of deer-skins and necklaces. Then he said to his old ones:

"Oh, my fathers and mothers, I have seen the maiden of We'-thlu-ella-kwin. She is beautiful, and I think of her all days."

The old ones were surprised, but said, "Son, be it well."

He took the bundle and started south that day. It was a long way, but at sunset

he neared the cornfields that surrounded Old San Felipe, and a little after dark stole into the plaza which fronted the house of the cacique. The house was large and the old cacique had relatives, among them many young men—nearly all married—but who were fond of sitting in his house autumn and winter evenings and smoking, as they told stories in the light of the fire, for the old man was merry and hospitable.

Well, the young man looked at the windows of the house. The red light was shining brilliantly through them. "Ha!" said he in his heart, "The house is full of visitors, else why do the fires burn so brightly. What shall I say when I go in? Oh yes; I will say, 'My fathers and mothers, my sisters, friends, and brothers, how are you these many days?'" This he kept repeating to himself, as a novice does prayers before his initiation. Meanwhile he peered in at the windows. They were very small and high, and he could see only the feet of the sitters. "Possibly I know some of them," thought he. "If I should, that would make it easier for me to go in,



I'll just climb the ladder and peep down the sky-hole." He hastily slipped the burden-strap from his forehead and slung the bundle over his shoulder, then cautiously clambered to the roof and crept over to the sky-hole. Placing one hand on one side and the other on the other, he gently let himself down until he could see the shins of the visitors. He stretched down a little farther and could now see their knees and the chins of some of the short ones. "Only a little farther," thought he, when suddenly the bundle, giving way, knocked him on the head, his hands slipped, and, poor fellow! down he tumbled, end over end, into the room below. He jumped up—he did not know what to say. Then he bethought himself and cried out, "Oh yes; I—I mean, my—my fathers and mothers, my sisters and brothers, how are you these many days?" Everybody was surprised, but they now began to laugh so hard that the bashful boy, losing heart, fled headlong up the ladder. That was the last they saw of him, for he ran home and never had courage to try again.

Now, a young man who lived in the pueblo on the Turquoise mountain happened to hear the cacique's relatives telling the story of the bashful northern fellow. "Ha-ha, wa-ha!" he laughed with the rest; but he thought, "What a stupid fool! If I had been in his place, I should have walked right in. What's the use of being bashful like a little boy or a young girl?" He thought so much of this that he decided at last himself to make a trial, and told his parents. The old ones were well pleased. So the young man made a bundle with many turquoise beads and other precious things in it. One day he too started, and when he came in front of the cacique's house that night, the light, sure enough, was shining as brightly as before. "But," thought the young man, "what care I?" He bravely climbed the ladder, did not even stop to say, "Are ye in?" but slid down the step-log, marched into the middle of the room where the light shone on him (and his bundle), and said:

"My fathers and mothers, my sisters and brothers, how are you these many days?"

“Happy! happy!” cried the people. “Sit down, sit down;” while the old man looked up and said:

“Whence come you, my lad?”

“From the Turquoise mountains,” answered the young man with great confidence.

“Daughter,” said the old man; “come, the young man is a stranger and must be hungry. It is the daughter’s place to spread food before the hungry stranger.”

The daughter arose and went to the mill trough. There she had placed a fresh tray of parched corn. Now this young man was particularly fond of parched corn, and, moreover, he was very hungry after his long journey. Yet he knew he could eat but little, for he feared giving the impression that he was a heavy feeder—as all young men do when they go out courting!<sup>26</sup>

The maiden placed the tray of corn before him, and said with a smile, “Eat.”

“It is well, thank you,” replied the young man. He stretched out his hand, taking a kernel or two, and after he had thus eaten very deliberately for a little while, he said, “Thanks.” Yet all the



while he had been thinking to himself, "If I could only eat all I wanted of this parched corn! How can I eat all I want? Never mind, I will watch and see where she puts it;" so he only said, "Thanks."

"Eat more and be satisfied," said the maiden and the old mother.

"Oh, thank you!" he replied, "I have eaten to satisfaction."

So the girl took the tray away, and placed it near the trough. The young man watched her closely, and the old man looked over toward the old woman and raised his eyebrows, as much as to say, "See how he watches our daughter! Very well, he has many turquoises, and I hope that will satisfy our proud daughter."

The young men who had been smoking with the cacique before the stranger came in, pretended to be sleepy.

"Look here," cried one; "it must be late!" He went over to the sky-light and glanced up. "Why, sure enough!" he exclaimed. "The stars are in the middle of the sky!" With that they all arose, and, throwing on their blankets, said

“Good-night,” and went to the “various homes of their relatives-in-law.” It was not late, you know, but they knew what the young man had come for.

After they had gone, the old man turned to the youth and said, “Have a cigarette and smoke with me.”

As the young man filled the cigarette the old one continued, “It cannot be thinking of nothing that you come so far to the house of a stranger!”

“Quite true,” said the young man, as he lit the cigarette; and he seemed to be thinking of something, indeed, for he turned absently toward the mealing-trough.

“And what may it be that you came thinking of?” said the old man.

“Well, ’hem, well,” said the young man, “I am—that is—I came with thoughts of your daughter.”

“Daughter,” said the cacique, looking toward the maiden, “Daughter, listen; you have heard; what think you?”

“As my old ones think, so think I,” said the girl, quite meekly—for a few days

before they had spoken to her about being too proud toward the young men.

“Be it well, my son,” said the old man; “you hear what the daughter has said.” For a long time the young man was silent, and the old cacique thought he was bashful. “Pass the night with us,” said he, at last; and turning to his old wife, who was napping against the wall, he added, “Old girl, is it not about time to stretch out?”

The sleepy old woman roused herself and spread a buffalo-skin and some blankets on the floor in the far corner, and there the old people lay down and soon were rasping away through their noses—*thle-lo-lo*, *thle-lo-lo-k'ea*—as soundly asleep as though no stranger had entered the house. Then the girl spread a robe at the end of the room nearest the fire (which of course was close by the mealing-trough), placed a blanket on the robe and another by the side of it. You see, the young man was so abstracted she pitied him and thought he must be bashful! So she said, “Come over here and sit down by my side.” The young man joyfully obeyed, but presently became



as silent as before. "What can be the matter with him?" she thought. "The brother did not act so when he came to see sister." So she sat nearer to him and tried to cheer him. "Why is mine-to-be so thoughtful?" said she. The young man started and said, "O! I am tired." "Would you like to sleep?" asked the girl. "Oh, no," replied the youth; you see he was thinking. "How *can* I get some more of that parched corn?" and thus became silent again.

"Here, take my hand; perhaps you fear me. Why should you fear me?" said the girl, and she laid her hand on his arm, for she thought, "Poor young fellow, he is bashful!" And she waited and waited, but the young man made no further move than to sigh; so the girl, who like most women could not keep awake doing nothing, fell asleep.

"Ah!" thought the young man, "now is my chance! If she only stays asleep, what a fine feast I shall have." The girl still slept. The fire died down until it was quite dark. Then the young man listened

a moment, and little by little took the girl's hand off his arm. Then he moved her a trifle and presently felt for the tray of parched corn. He found it. Cautiously he took a kernel out and put it between his teeth, but when he attempted to bite it, it cracked! He started and ceased, to listen again. "How can I stop that noise?" thought he. "I have it! That's it!" he said to himself. He pulled some wool out of the buffalo-robe and stuffed his ears full of it. Then he reached over and took out two or three kernels. He cracked first one, then the others altogether, but heard never a sound. "*Tchu-kwe!*" said he to himself. "That's the way; now I can eat all I want!" But the fire had gone down and he felt chilly, now that he was thinking no longer how to get at the corn. So he took up the tray and guardedly crawled over to the hearth. He sat down on the floor with the basket between his knees and began to eat. What with the enjoyment of the parched corn and the warmth of the embers, so great was his satisfaction that he closed his eyes and fell to eating more slowly to pro-

tract the pleasure, but with mouthful after mouthful he made so much noise that the old woman woke up. She listened a moment, then punched the old man. "Old one, old one," she whispered.

"What do you want?" growled the old man. "What do you want *now*?"

"The dogs must be on the roof eating our venison. Don't you hear them cracking the bones?"

"Oh, you always think you are hearing something. Go to sleep, old girl."

"But listen," persisted the old woman. He raised his head. "Quite true!" He heard the dogs, so he thought, gnawing the bones. "Wait and I'll drive them away," said he; and rising slowly, for his joints were stiff, he went over to the hearth and laid some cedar-bark on the coals. Still the young man sat there, his eyes closed, eating parched corn. He was too sleepy to see, and too deaf to hear, for his ears were stuffed with the buffalo-hair. The old man blew the fire until the cedar-bark suddenly blazed up so that it lighted the whole room.



There sat the young man, his back to the fire.

“Why, my poor young man!” exclaimed the old cacique. “Why didn’t you say you were hungry?” Still the young man sat there. “What can be the matter with him? He wasn’t deaf, neither was he blind, when I talked with him this evening.”

“Young man! Young man!” called the old cacique. “Son! son!” he cried. Still no answer. The old man stepped over and slapped the youth on the back.

The young man started. He dropped the parched corn, looked around, and fled up the ladder as precipitately as had the one who had tumbled in—leaving blanket, bundle, and everything else; nor did he ever come back to get them.

“Ha, ha!” laughed a young man in the pueblo to the south, when he heard the story. “Think of a young fellow liking popcorn better than a pretty maiden! Anybody’s sister can parch corn, but caciques’ daughters are not everybody’s sisters!” But as he too had seen the proud maiden, he was seized with a passion for

her, and the more he thought, the bolder he grew. "After all," said he in his heart, "she as good as accepted the Turquoise fellow, if he hadn't been—like a crow—so fond of corn that he forgot everything else." The upshot of it all was, *he* tried, too. He was quite as brave when he arrived at the girl's house as the other had been, even a trifle more attentive, but when the girl, mindful of her former experience, placed sweet-gruel before him, he was seized with as great a longing as the other had experienced to get his fill, for he had never tasted better in his life. So he watched the girl as she put the new shining bowl of the delicious syrup away opposite him in a niche in the wall. And when she spread a robe down almost under it and invited him to sit there with her, his joy knew no bounds; but being more crafty than his predecessor, he talked to the girl gently, and when she drew her mantle off because the fire was so warm, took it and fanned her with it, singing the while, until she nodded and presently fell asleep. That was just what he wanted. He softly laid

the mantle down and reached up to the bowl. He dipped one finger over the edge, and, withdrawing it, licked off the gruel. Then he put in two fingers at a time, and finally began to dip the fluid up in the palm of his hand. Every time he withdrew his hand, the fluid streamed down his wrist, so that he had to wipe it off with his other hand until both were wet all over. Finally he grew impatient. Reaching up, he took the bowl down and rested it on the palms of both hands, while he squared himself back against the wall for a good drink. He slowly raised the edge of the vessel to his lips. But alas! in tilting it the bowl slipped through his wet hands, and, *tsu-lu-u!* the sweet-gruel poured down all over the young man's chin, neck, and front. He made a clutch for the bowl, but it slipped from his hands again and crashed on the floor. The young man jumped up. He grabbed the girl's mantle and wiped the gruel off his clothes; then seeing the shattered bowl on the floor, and thinking he heard them rousing up, he stole out on tip-toe, and ran away as the others had.



Next morning the girl awoke where she had been sitting. She looked around for the young man, and seeing his blanket, thought to herself:

“Well, he’s gone out hunting. *He* is a *man!* I will grind some meal and cook his breakfast.” Thus thinking, she reached for her mantle. It all came up at once! “What’s the matter?” thought the girl. She rubbed the mantle, but it was stiff with the sweet-gruel which had dried on it. She smelled it. “Mother of men!” she exclaimed, “it is sweet-gruel.” Then when she saw the broken bowl, she understood. “Never,” said she, awakening the old ones, “will I have anything more to do with them. One courts me for my popcorn, another for my sweet-gruel. We would have fared finely with such or such a glutton for a son-in-law!”

Now when the corn and melons had all been gathered in, the people began to have feasts and dances. One cold night before the day of a festival, a young man of the town where the girl lived, who had long watched her with longing heart, determined

to go and ask her to let him marry her. He went around to her house, but his heart misgave him, so he looked in at the window. The girl was kneeling before the fire kneading bread for the feast, and there were no visitors save an old aunt. "I wish she'd go away," thought the young man. He waited and waited until he grew cold. "Will she never go away?" thought he, as he looked in at the window again. "Well, I can wait as long as she can," said he, and he began to look about for a nook in which to get shelter from the wind. He espied a big oven by the corner of the house. "Ha!" said he. "Just the thing!" and he crawled in and curled up in the back part with his blanket muffled about his head, until he was as warm as if he had been in the house. "How lucky!" thought he; but gradually he grew sleepy, and soon fell asleep in good earnest. There he slept all night long, dreaming that the girl's aunt had not gone yet. Before daylight the next morning an old granny from the house above came to the sky-hole and called the girl. The girl was already up.

“Do you hear?” screeched the old woman.

“Yes; what is it?” answered the girl.

“Is your bread ready?”

“No,” said the girl.

“Well, may I use your folks’ oven a little while?”

“Oh, yes,” said the girl; “I shall not bake till after sun-out.”

The old woman limped away and gathered some cedar-bark and splinters. These she piled up in the mouth of the oven, and tucking some coals under, blew until the splinters blazed and crackled and smoked round and round in the oven. Then she went away to get some more wood. Presently the young man began to cough and strangle. Then he woke up and remembered where he was. Muffling the blanket around his head, he dashed out through the fire and ran away. But, alas! he had not covered the top of his head, so that the hair burnt off the crown and frizzled up all around as tightly as the beard of a buffalo. The poor boy’s hair never straightened out, and the girl, taking pity on him, married



him after all. They lived together with but one vexation to mar their happiness: their children were all kinky-haired! People say that is the reason why so many old men in San Felipe have bald heads and curly hair.

## CHAPTER IX

TÂ'-A I'-TÂ-WE, OR THE "FOOD OF THE  
SEED OF SEEDS"

ERE we need no longer follow by the uncertain light of tradition, or by the scarcely more satisfactory guidance of comparative study, the ways of the ancient Zuñi bread-maker. We may now go to the house of her modern descendants and watch, if we will but accept their hospitality (not always easy this!), their every process in the preparation of bread-stuff.

First, however, let us consider the changes that brought together in pueblos—some of which astounded the Spanish explorers with their regularity and extent—the scattered denizens of the cliff and valley houses described in a former chapter.

The incursions of predatory bands of savages from the border regions of the desert areas wherein the house-builders found their homes and lands, increased with the prosperity, population, and growth of the dominion of the latter and the tribes which, subjugated by them or encouraged by their example, imitated their industry, until almost all were driven well-nigh permanently to the cliffs of fertile cañons. Here, regular villages instead of single houses were built wherever foothold could be found for them out of the reach of assault (pl. XII). What though hundreds of the enemy came! These houses, which, to all intent suspended midway between earth and air, overlooked the crops, were to the inhabitants accessible with ladders which they drew up after them, to the stranger scaleless. And now the sunflower, cultivated along with corn, assumed greater importance, for tradition says that the cliff-dwellers, often beleaguered at a distance, were debarred from the privilege of the hunt and hence compelled to subsist long periods at a time on the products of



their plantings alone. Yet, although by their lengthened and desperate struggle for life these people became small of physique, they were hardy, and increased to such an extent that they were gradually forced to abandon their hanging villages as too limited, and ascend to the tops of the cliffs and mesas—first near at hand, then farther and farther away, building their great, clustered, terraced towns, until the dwellings of the cliffs became only the occasional resort of planters and harvesters, the towns on the mesas the permanent habitation of many congregated clans or tribes. These looked for security, to their numbers. Their common dangers developed in them a kind of communal brotherhood, a parental priesthood which gave rise to a democratic yet almost absolute government, bound firmly and controlled by an elaborately ceremonial and ritualistic worship. Such, all too scantily described, was the pre-Columbian Pueblo, whose type found its most perfect realization, its highest development, in the Zuñi of fifteen or twenty generations ago. The food of

these older Pueblos, less in variety it is true, and differing in some few of the methods and materials of its composition, was nevertheless so like the latter, indeed even that of today, that the following descriptions, save where otherwise specified, must be regarded as embracing the cookery of both periods.

The green corn, boiled, roasted, and baked, stewed and fried; the ripe corn, toasted and parched, have been already mentioned; yet there remain one or two other descriptions of eatables formed without the service of the mealing-stone, or metate.

Almost as simple as the parched corn was the *mi'-li-a-we*, which was no other than baked corn boiled on the ear. A variety of food very like this was called *tchu'-li-a-we*, ordinary corn on the ear being roasted or browned over the coals, then shelled and boiled in water, either with or without meat. A more elaborate food was called "skinned corn," which was similar in many respects to the hulled corn of the Northern states. The corn being first excessively

boiled in wood-ashes and water, was then thoroughly washed and again boiled, either for consumption in the simple condition in which it left the cooking-pot or by combination in various ways to form the basis of bread, dumplings, griddle-cakes, or the like.

In order that the preparation of the more elaborate kinds of corn food, in which the metate and molina bore a conspicuous part, may be the better referred to and understood, I must risk a little repetition by giving below the Zuñi classification of their materials as introductory to some following more descriptive paragraphs.

As the reader is already aware, the generic term for corn in Zuñi is *tâ'-a*, or *a'-tâ-a*, the approximate English of which is "the seed of seeds," yet which applies not only to the grain itself in the abstract, but also to the green plants which produce it. Corn on the ear is termed *mi'-we*, in the grain *tchu'-we*. When the corn grains have been simply cracked on the coarse grinding-stones, they are called *tchu'-thlä-tsa-we*. When skinned through the agency of ashes and water, as above described, or by boiling



in water alone, and careful rubbing on the mealing-stone, it is termed *tchu'-tsi-kwah-na-we*. Broken under the muller into very coarse meal or samp, it is called *sa'-k'o-we*; reduced to meal, *o'-we*; and when ground to exceedingly fine flour, *o'-lu-tsi-na*.

Passing over the various dishes which answer to our hasty-pudding, mushes, and the like, which were all well known, we may be interested to find out how the settled, semi-civilized, pueblo Zuñi improved on the baked things of his farming or cliffdwelling predecessor. His most notable advance was perhaps the introduction of ashes, or of very finely ground lime, called *a'-lu-we*, mingled with salt into fermented mush-yeast to overcome its acidity. The most prized leaven of his time, however, was chewed *sa'-ko-we* mixed with moderately fine meal and warm water and placed in little narrow-necked pots over or near the hearth until fermentation took place, when lime flour and a little salt were added. Thus a yeast, in nowise inferior to some of our own, was compounded. In addition to its leavening qualities, this yeast had the

remarkable property, when added to the meal of blue corn or black, to change the color during cookery to a beautiful green hue, or, mingled with yellow-corn flour, to render it light blue.

The greater variety and nicety of cookery which this yeast made possible to the pueblo Zuñi required also vastly improved culinary methods and appliances, giving origin undoubtedly to a special apartment for cookery which we may without exaggeration term the kitchen. I will be pardoned for pausing to describe one of these rooms, using those I am familiar with in modern Zuñi, at least, as my model. Behind the "sitting-place," as it was called (or the dining-room and living-room combined), entered by a narrow doorway, and unilluminated save by the gray light which struggled down its broad chimney or eddied forth from the flicker of its almost constant fires, was the diminutive cookery of these ancient days. In the dim twilight of this place the uninitiated would have stumbled almost at every step upon its furnishings; for scattered over the floor,

dependent from the rafters—which the shortest could almost reach by stretching—and hanging against the walls, were the rude appliances which we may dignify by this title—sieves made of coarsely woven yucca (pl. XIII, *f*), meal trays (*e*), bread plaques (*c*), enormous cooking-pots, some with prong-like, irregular legs (*b*), pigmy water boilers (*a*) with their round stone covers, polished baking stones blackened by a thousand heatings, bread-bowls (*d*), carved pudding sticks, numerous hardwood pokers charred to all degrees of shortness, and, finally, bundles of greasewood or fagots of finely splintered piñon-wood suspended in the chimney for drying—were some of the objects which would meet the eye as it grew accustomed to the place.

A more specific description must be given to the fireplace. This extended entirely across the end of the room, down from the ceiling of which, like one side of an elongated hopper, descended the flange or flue made of staves slantingly set side by side upon a pole—either end of which was



inserted in either wall—and smoothly plastered with mud.<sup>27</sup> Below this pole, exactly on a line with it, was a row of thick stones set on edge to divide the hearth from the floor of the room. In one corner of this commodious hearth a baking stone, large and thick, rested upon four rough pillars of mud masonry. In the middle, sunken deep down into the ground, was a square stone cist, not unlike the excavated ovens described on a former page; and in the corner opposite to the baking stone one might see four or five rudely hollow columns or upright cylinders of masonry, open in front and behind for draft, on at least one or two of which rested, as though permanently placed there, cooking-pots of more than ordinary size and thickness. Within this dark retiring place the women concocted many strange dishes, but a mortal fear of becoming wearisome with detail causes me to make a selection of but few of their many recipes.

Doubtless survivals of a former effort, alluded to once before, to thoroughly effect the cooking of mushes, gruels, etc., by the

immersion of heated stones, was a series of boiled breads or dumplings of which the simplest were the *mu'-k'ïä-li-we* and *mu'-k'ïä-pa-we*. The first of these was made by mixing fine meal or flour with an equal quantity of coarse meal of *sa'-k'o-we*, salting, and by the addition of cold water and the intervention of excessive kneading to form a stiff dough. This was divided into little pieces which were rolled into hard balls between the hands. A pot of water was set over one of the columnar receptacles and, as soon as this was made to boil violently, the little balls were poured in. Instead of disintegrating, they became harder and harder with the progress of the cooking, yet enough of their substance mingled with the water to cause it to become pasty, no sooner than which the pot was lifted from the fire, and the balls, fluid, and all were poured into a large eating trencher or bowl of pottery. While still hot these "water balls," as they were called, were eaten with brine sauce. *Mu'-k'ïä-pa-we* differed from these only in having a less proportion of coarse meal added

and of different color from the fine, in being more thoroughly salted, seasoned with lime yeast, and mixed before cooking, with hot water instead of cold. The dough was pressed between the hands to form flat cakes, and by the boiling, this food, affected by the lime, was rendered light blue. A better kind of dumpling was made in the form of little pellets of blue cornmeal, finely ground, mixed with a considerable quantity of lime-batter or yeast, kneaded into stiff dough, and wrapped tightly in corn-shucks. During the boiling these dumplings became not only extremely blue but considerably swollen through the agency of the yeast.

More remarkable than any of these, however, was a kind of stewed dumpling called *k'ia-mu-k'ia-li-we*. Considerable care was required in the manufacture of these. Fine flour was boiled in water until paste had been formed. Into this paste enough meal was mixed to make a stiff dough, and of this dough little balls or pellets were rolled out and spread evenly over a yucca sieve or screen of sticks con-



nected at the ends. A large pot half-filled with water was set over the fire, inside of which a smaller vessel, partially filled with water and weighted with pebbles to keep it steady, was placed. Upon this smaller pot was laid the sieve or screen holding the balls of dough, the larger pot then being covered with a slab of stone and kept boiling until the dumplings were thoroughly cooked by steaming.

Perhaps belonging to this same class of food, although counted among the delicacies of the Zuñis, was the *ä'-tea-mu-we*, a kind of sweet pudding. It was made of yellow cornmeal, a portion of the batter of which was sweetened either by previous mastication and fermentation or by the admixture of dried flowers. This batter was most dextrously enwrapped in green corn-leaves preserved for the purpose by drying and rendered flexible as occasion required by immersion in hot water. Of necessity these little masses of paste or dough took the form of crescents. They were usually boiled, rarely baked, but in either case were perhaps the sweetest

cooked food known to the Zuñis, which heightened sweetness doubtless owed not a little to the succulent corn-leaves.

Perhaps more complex than any of the hitherto described products of the ancient Zuñi kitchen were the *tchu'-tsi-kwah-namu'-we*. These were made by hulling corn, then grinding it with water, precisely as colors are ground by artists with oil. This batter, fine and sticky, well seasoned with lime-yeast, was wrapped in broad shucks carefully folded over and tied at the ends, then boiled. The batter was solidified by the boiling and when done resembled to a great extent well-cooked gristle or tough gelatin. Great quantities of these rubber-like dumplings were made at a time, as the process of their manufacture was tedious and laborious. When cold they were freshened by roasting on the embers or by baking in the little hearth-cists of the kitchen.

A crude kind of batter-cake, yet much of an improvement on the variety before described, the forerunner, doubtless, of the most important breadstuff known to the

Zuñis today, was made from fine corn flour. This and lime-yeast were mixed together in liberal quantities, hot water enough being added to make a stiff batter, which was boiled until adhesive and pasted or spread over the well-greased, polished baking-stone in the corner of the hearth. Differing from these in being raised with yeast before baking, therefore thicker, and circular in shape, were the *k'os-he'-pä-tchi-we*, or salt tortillas. The dough of which these were formed was invariably made of very finely ground white corn, so stiff that balls of it might be flattened out on a smooth stone. These round, thin masses of dough, first indented on one side with the tips of the fingers, were laid roughened surface downward on an extremely hot baking-stone, meanwhile the other surface being similarly indented. They were then constantly turned until thoroughly done and browned. This same dough, minus the yeast, and thinner, like batter, was used to make "johnny-cakes" or "corn-dodgers," which were baked on little flat stones at first well heated, then placed very near a hot fire.



The rudest forms of true *bread* were made by placing in a bowl fine flour, into which enough cold water was poured to make of it dough, and sufficient lime-yeast to leaven it. This was then kneaded and molded into thick cakes, which were set away a short time to rise, after which they were cooked on hot coals by frequent turning, in which form they were called *mui'-ä-ti-we* (fire loaves); or baked, buried deep under hot ashes. In this shape they were known as *lu-pan-mu'-lo-ko-na*, or ash-bread, which differed as much from the former as though made from entirely foreign materials. It is needless to say that this bread was also frequently baked, especially for feasts, when it assumed, under the artistic treatment of the Zuñi women, most extraordinary shapes (see the initial illustration), in the large dome-shaped ovens [pl. XIV, XV] or in the little fire-boxes on the tops of the houses.

We now come to the greatest delicacy in the way of bread known either to the older or the recent Zuñis. In its simplest form it was known as *k'os-he-pa-lo-kia*, or "salty

buried-bread.” It was made by the mixture of *sa-ko k'o'-ha-na*, or the samp of white corn in water to which enough fine flour of the same corn was added to render the batter very sticky. Broad husks, made pliable with hot water, were then laid on a flat stone; the paste spread over them to the thickness of about an inch, covered with more husks folded at the edges to keep the batter in place, covered over with another stone, and so on until a sandwich like that described for “stone-cakes” was built up (pl. XI, *c*). Instead of being inclosed in a casing of thicker stones, this was buried in the hearth-cist—which had been previously heated almost to redness—then sealed up with mud, and baked by a night-long fire. Leaving salt out of this recipe and adding to it dried flowers, licorice-root, wild honey, or, more frequently than any of these, masticated and fermented meal, this buried bread was made sweet like our own Indian pudding, which it exactly resembled in taste. The latter variety was baked, however, even more slowly, and quite as often cooked in a small

mush-pot of earthenware, well lined with husks to keep the batter from adhering to its sides, as between flat stones.

Perhaps one of the most curious delicacies, for such it was considered, ever known to the Zuñis, was made not by baking, but by freezing. This was called *thlem-mäthl-to-we* ("slab-bread"). The plain variety was simply thin mush reduced to paste by boiling, then placed between two stones which were laid in cold places and left until thoroughly frozen. The unbaked batter of the *tchik-k'we'-pa-lo-kia*, or "sweet buried-bread," excessively boiled, then treated in this manner, made what we might call an exceedingly coarse ice-cream and certainly prized as highly by these ancients, to say the least, as is the latter delicacy among ourselves.

Before describing the all-important *he'-we*, or paper-bread of later days, and some of the really delicate foods it gave rise to, it will be necessary for the reader to be made acquainted with several branches of Zuñi industry which, apparently not connected with our subject, in reality have the closest



relationship to it. I will pause, then, to relate some fragments of an olden story, and tell of an art which within the present generation will wholly or mostly cease to be—visiting the while with my readers, the quarries and workshops of an age of stone.

Miles to the westward of where the eleven towns of the older Zuñis used to stand, is a beautiful volcanic hill or mountain, sacred in the oral annals of this most venerable tribe, the home, it is said, of the myriad gods and heroes of the *Kâ-kâ*, or the Dance of Worship; for it rears its steep sides and brown, rounded brow, seemingly out of the very depths of the dark Lake of the Dead. Here, many generations ago, came a beautiful Goddess of the Ocean, the “Woman of the White Shells,” younger sister of the Moon. Not less kind than the Moon Mother herself, most lovely of all beings, this goddess was the especial patroness of beauty and grace; who loved to number among her disciples the daughters of men, and like Hathor and Isis of the ancient Egyptians, imparted an attractiveness almost equaling her own, to those into whose

hearts she deigned to breathe. That she might not be defiled, she dwelt in a cave before the portal of which the Zuñi pilgrim removes his head-band and reverently bows as he passes, and whence the unknown deeps of which the gods caused a ceaseless breath of wind to issue, in order that no lighted torch might reveal the path of entrance to shameless mortals. To this day blows forth the cold wind from the cavern!

“Once, when some maidens were passing near the mountain, suddenly the beautiful goddess appeared to them, sitting high up among the rocks, arrayed in snowy white garments of cotton. With her hand she beckoned to the maidens, and as they neared, half fearing, banished with her smile their timidity and wonder.

“‘Sit ye down by my side,’ said she to them, ‘and I will teach ye the arts of women.’ Then with a sharp-edged fragment of jasper she shaped by chipping and hewing, a mealing stone of lava, hollow from end to end, yet flat from side to side. Another stone of finer material, long enough

to reach entirely across the metate, she hewed and flattened and beveled. Then taking from her girdle white shells and white kernels of corn, she ground them to fine powder between the stones she had fashioned, teaching with each motion a grace of movement before unknown to the women of men. Now, leaning ever so lightly on her molina, and glancing slyly under her waving side-locks, she talked to the watching maidens, teaching them how to tease their lovers; then dashing the hair from her eyes, she turned to the metate, and with gentle and swerving yet rapid movements of her arms and body, plied the rubbing stone with her left hand, with her right scattered under it the shining grains, singing meanwhile, in time to her labors, the songs that ever since young women have loved to sing, young men loved yet more to listen to. She ceased and plucked from the mountain slope some long stems of grass which she delicately bound together at the middle, then returning, swept into the corner of her mantle with the brush thus made and many



a turn of her wrist and arm, the flour she had been mealing. Of this she apportioned to each of the maidens an equal measure. 'Take it,' she said, 'and remember how I have made it that ye may be blessed with children and make more for them and they for theirs. With it men and women shall cast their prayers to the Beloved, and maidens shall beautify their persons;' saying which, she placed a little of the flour between her palms and applied it lightly to her face and bosom, when lo! her countenance appeared almost as white as her mantle, and as smooth as dressed doeskin.

"And ever since that time women have won the most lingering of lovers with the wiles of the meal-stone." And from the mountain where those wiles are said to have been first taught, they bring, let me add, aided by their now reluctant victims, the favorite stones of the mill-trough.

It is related that at another time the same goddess taught how the bright patterns on the many stranded bread-trays were woven to represent the flowers and butterflies of Summerland. Hardly can it

be claimed, however, that she told of the most beautiful art known and practised by the Pueblo women; for in this all graces are lost, as laughter, song, and converse must be rigidly refrained from during every stage of its progress. Perhaps, in explaining why this is, it would be well to describe in full the potter's art; for curious enough it is to have long ago merited attention; only, that it was not until the later cliff-dwellings and mesa villages were built that it reached its highest productiveness and perfection.

The clay which served for their wares was seldom taken from the native quarries without prayers and propitiatory offerings. Dependently upon the kind of vessel to be made, it was the subject of careful choice. It was brought from the distant sources of supply in the form of dry lumps, which, as needed, were pulverized on the metates, and mixed with crushed quartz, sand, or potsherds, then moistened and kneaded until in condition to be easily dented with the tip of the tongue.

For cooking-vessels red clay was selected

and tempered with a larger allowance of sand or grit than was used for the finer wares. This not only kept the clay from cracking as it dried, but rendered the ware tougher and better able to withstand the effects of fire. Either a semicircular bowl or basket was used as a mold for the bottoms of the vessels, the clay being pressed evenly into the inside and drawn up half an inch above the margin of this impromptu form. Around on the raised border, then around and around on itself, shortened here to form the contraction of the neck, there lengthened to flare the rim, a little strip or flattened rope of clay was spirally wound and cemented, smoothed down outside and in with scoop-shaped trowels of gourd-rind or old pottery, and the vessel was shaped; after which it was set away in a shady place to partially dry, thereby contracting so much that it could easily be removed from the mold at the bottom. It was then additionally smoothed outside with pieces of sandstone and again set away in a safe nook until thoroughly dry, when it was taken out and placed in a



little underground kiln or else surrounded top and sides, above ground, with a dome of turf and greaseweed or other light fuel. Just before the summit of this dome was completed the woman, muttering a short prayer, threw inside a few crumbs or bits of dried bread or dough, which ceremonial was pronounced the "Feeding." The whole mass was then fired, and blankets held up to intercept drafts. Within a few minutes all was aglow with heat. As soon as the turf or wood had been reduced to cinders, the red-hot vessel was removed with a long poker and gently laid on hot ashes hastily drawn to one side of the fire for the purpose. Here it was thoroughly coated inside and out with the mucilaginous juice of crushed cactus leaves, piñon gum being liberally applied in addition, to the interior. Another dome, this time of coarser fuel, was quickly erected the vessel placed inside and again fired. The effect of the cactus juice and piñon gum under the second burning, was to close all pores in the pot and cover the inside with a shining, hard, black glaze. So

perfectly fire-proof and compact were these vessels thus rendered that they might be placed over a bed of embers empty, heated almost to redness, and cold water dashed into them without causing breakage or even cracking. I have often with fear and vain remonstrance seen this done, yet never witnessed an accident as the result therefrom. The women make in the same way, only with the addition of a larger proportion of sand, the crucibles with which the native jewelers melt their silver.

In some details the process of manufacturing water-jars, eating-bowls and other receptacles was different. It is true they were built up in much the same way, and when nearly dry, scoured smooth with sandstone; but the clay of which they were made was either of a blue variety, or a kind of carbonaceous shale or marl. When the wares had been smoothed, they were coated with a thin wash of whatever argillaceous earth was found to produce the desired body-color—white, yellow, red, or pink—and highly polished with little water-worn pebbles. The paints were usually

ochers and jasper for red and yellow; hematite with a sizing of prairiedog urine or the syrup of the datila fruit, for black; the simple iron-ore ground with water for brown; kaolin for white, or various combinations of these pigments for intermediate hues. The designs were laid on with little brushes made by chewing the ends of sections cut from fibrous yucca-leaves, split beforehand to the desired degree of coarseness or fineness. As I have said before, throughout all of these operations attendant upon the finishing and decorating of these vessels, no laughing, music, whistling, or any other unnecessary noises were indulged in, and conversation was carried on in faint whispers or by signs; for it was feared that the "voice" would enter into the vessels, and that when the latter were fired, would escape with a loud noise and such violence as to shiver the ware into shreds. That this should not in any event happen, the voice-spirit in the vessels—especially those designed for water and food, was fed during the burning. Thus not only was it propitiated, but also ren-



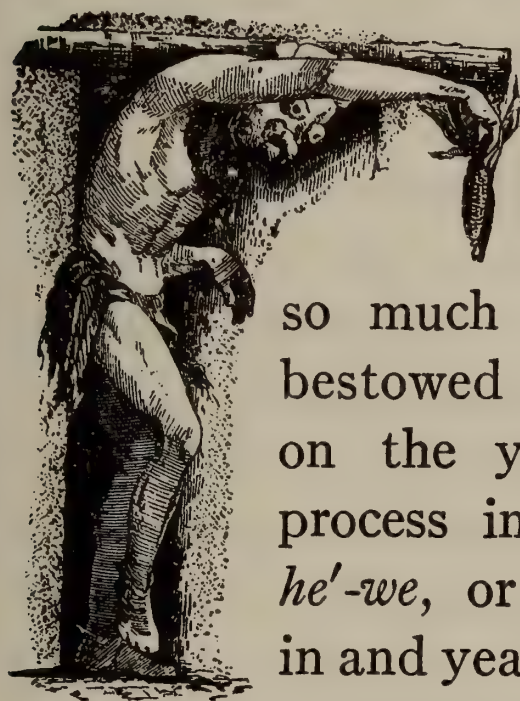
dered beneficent; for (evidencing the strange way in which mankind's superstitions have their origin), curiously enough, unable to explain the almost human resonance in earthenware, the absence of this characteristic from cracked pottery or the violence of the sound which signified the ruin of their dishes when broken by heat, these savages supposed each vessel to be the birthplace at the time of firing, the habitation afterward, of a conscious or at least controllable existence, which they came to regard as the source of life and which, if properly feasted and addressed, would communicate its health and life-giving properties or influences to any food or drink placed within its fragile domain. As further testimonial of this curious belief, we may find by examining any extensive collection, that on nearly all the earthenware receptacles of the Southwest, the painted zones of ornamentation near the rims—*inside* the food vessels, *outside* the water-jars, were left unconnected at one point or another, and the space thus open, we will be told by the native artist, is the

“exit trail” (*o-na-yäthl kwai'-na*). If these lines were closed, not only would the subtle source of life be debarred from escape with food or water, but the woman who “knowingly” connected them (that is with her eyes open) would either be prematurely smitten with blindness, or have in herself the coveted source of life forever closed and hence become as barren as the most chaste of maidens. Hence, whenever it became necessary to paint over these spaces, the decorator turned her eyes away, and the same custom was observed in cementing the aperture at the apex of any conical vessel, like the native canteen.

A more intelligent explanation of all this would involve a long discourse more properly the subject of a scientific disquisition than of an article on breadstuff, but I have labored enough, I hope, to show the reader that the Zuñi did not consider the nutritive qualities of food and drink entirely due to his bread and water, but in some degree related to the vessels wherein they were contained.

## CHAPTER X

## HE'-WE I'-TÂ-WE, or THE WAFER FOODS



OR no art or industry within the range of the domestic duties of Zuñi, is so much care and instruction bestowed by the old women on the young, as for every process in the making of the *he'-we*, or wafer breads. Year in and year out, too, while these lessons are being plied, it is told how the famed and beloved Goddess of the White Shells taught not a few of her graces—and some secrets—in connection with the daily occupation which forms their theme. Of these secrets a chosen few old women of the tribe are the keepers. With many a mysterious rite and severe penance, they quarry and manufacture the enormous



baking-stones on which the flaky, toothsome *he'-we* is made. Garrulous enough, mercy knows, are these old crones on most other subjects; but they guard with sphinx-like jealousy such of their methods and observances as add prestige to experience in their occasional calling. Indeed, it was only in the lead of an accident—so curious that it must be related—that I came to a knowledge of these things: not full, it is true, but instructive.

There is a mesa, which you will find figured among my articles in the *Century*, called "Thunder Mountain."<sup>28</sup> This grand and solitary, tree-covered rock stands three miles eastward of Zuñi. Over some part of its enormous length rises the sun every day in the year to the dwellers in the plain below. Guarding them as it does with its morning shadows and red evening reflections—telling by these signs the season as the sun tells the time—and echoing to their reverent ears the first storm-voices of the valley, no wonder these sun- and thunder-worshipping people make it the principal pedestal of their finest poetic fancies, their

profoundest notions, and their most sacred shrines. Up this mountain, one hot day in autumn, I climbed with an Eastern friend and an officer of the Army who were visiting me at Zuñi, and who wished to see the altar of *A'-hai-iu-ta*, the War-god, as also the toppling gray ruins—gray and toppling these two hundred years—on the southern brink of the mesa. Sated with their sight-seeing, weary enough with their winding climb, and thirstier than they liked to confess, my two companions followed me to the eastern edge, steeply down from whence led the “trail of the bend.” Below, far toward the west, stretched the basin of Zuñi, like a map, framed in north and south by unbroken table-lands and hills. But it was not the dun, smoky dot that marked Zuñi, nor yet the corn patches—green specks on an ocean of sand—which arrested my gaze. Straight down a thousand feet from our perch, hidden amidst a maze of foothills—some bulbous with accessory knolls, others serrated and tortuous with their spines of uplifted rocks—burned several little fires, as evidenced by

as many skeins and knots of smoke which mounted and surged above the cedars wherewith those lesser heights were speckled.

“Halloa!” I exclaimed. “They are clearing peach orchards down there. Shall we go down by the nearest trail?”

“By all means,” assented my thirsty friends.

Midway down, but all too late, they repented. The sweat—of the cool kind—gathered on their foreheads as they gazed on the twisting and frightfully descending line of rock-niches by which they must travel to the tops of the foundation-hills. With palpitating feet, faint hearts—or stomachs—and seasick heads, they cast themselves down on the uppermost of these hilltops as soon as we reached it; while I, light-shod with moccasins, and unencumbered by the buckskin shorts of Zuñi fashion, ran forward to find the tenders of the smoky fires. My way led out of an amphitheater,—if a half-circle of rugged, vertical cliffs eight hundred feet in height may be called such,—and as I went along, wishing to give warning to the supposed



planters, I yelled with all the strength of my recovered wind, a Zuñi song, until the rocks seemed fairly voluminous with an artillery of voices—so easily answer the echoes in that inland cove. Yet only self-answered were mine, and at this I wondered as I scaled a ridge of shingle, when behold! before me was a hill-bounded hollow, on the level, spacious bottom of which burned a broken circle of fires. In and out among these hovered half a dozen old squaws, like a double trio of the Witches of Forres. Propped over each fire were huge flat objects, black with soot, yet reeking, hissing, and steaming with the pitch, which ever and anon one or another of the sweltering old women applied, by means of improvised, long sapling-tongs, to their scorching surfaces.

Presently one of these weird beings issued from the smudge which had until now half-hidden her, and I recognized, by her white hair, my Zuñi grandmother, "Old Ten."

"*Ha-hua!*" I shouted, as I made a bolt for the bottom of the hill. "My mothers

and grandmothers, be ye happy! A thirsty trail it is, up one side and down the other of Thunder Mountain, to all except sparrow hawks and other wingsters—and my American friends are neither; no, they are dying back there; and where Zuñi mothers are, there are canteens in plenty, so——” But I suddenly stopped as I neared the fires. Each member of the party, including an old priest whom I had not seen before, was glaring at me with compressed lips. Dismay was depicted on the countenances of all. Some were fairly dancing, as well as their stiffly-hinged joints would admit, with the excitement they tried hard to suppress; others were frantically waving me off; but my old grandmother, knowing me better, laid one set of sooty fingers over her lips, while with the other she beckoned me nearer. As I approached her, she lowered the admonitory set of fingers, but their prints, clearly defined in soot across her mouth, continued to warn me from speaking. What could I do? I threw my head back, closed my eyes simperingly as though ravished with the delight of slaking thirst,

and gurgled—inaudibly, but as visibly as possible with my throat—at the same time holding up two fingers and pointing with them back toward the hill. Forthwith, as if to practically illustrate my meaning, appeared the two heads of my American companions, who had grown impatient and followed me. Anything like the discomfiture of an American is a joke in Zuñi. The rage in the faces of the old women and the priest vanished, and they began to grin. “Old Ten” seized the fringe of my shirt, dragged me outside of a certain imaginary boundary line, and began hastily whispering to me (furtively glancing from side to side, meanwhile) in the following strain:

“Look here, my beloved fool of a child! What have you not accomplished of misfortune to us this day? We are finishing *hel'-äsh-na-k'ia* stones! Do you hear? Your dreadful voice should have stopped when you saw our signal-smokes; but no! You are crazy; you sadly lack aged bearing; you look no more where you go than a crust-eyed turtle; not content with rousing



every echo-god in *Tâ-ai-yäl'-lon-ne*, you bounced down with your jabbering clatter into our very 'silence tract!' Oh, the moon! Away with you! Run along, now, with your dry-skinned American friends. Fill them up with the water (you will find plenty of it in a hole around the corner of that hill), or they'll begin to mouth."

"I know," said I, "but why——"

"Never mind why—run along, and I'll tell you some other time. Go now, *go*, or every stone in our fire-beds will be ruined!"

"You should have told me this before, and then I shouldn't have——"

"Well, I *will* tell you! Run *along*, they're *coming!*"

So, supplementing as far as possible the hasty inventory I had taken of the place while all this was transpiring, I led the way, with a whispered word of explanation, to the watering place below the hill.

It was evening when we reached home. Later on the old woman, evidently impressed by what I had said to her at the scene of their curious operations, came to me. There was a look in her face of won-

derful wisdom, strangely blended with vexation or disappointment, as she said:

“Hear me, child. I knew your heedlessness would cause great trouble and loss to us! You have broken two of our best baking-stones with your giving of much mouth to your voice at the foot of Thunder Mountain today.”

It at once occurred to me that superstitions similar to those connected with the manufacture of pottery must pertain with equal force to the finishing of *he'-we* stones. So I said in a conciliatory tone:

“I am sorry that I did not know that the stones were as touchy [*a'-ya-vi*] as baking-clay. Never mind, old mother, I will make presents for them. But how was I to know? As I said up there, ‘Why—?’ ”

“‘Why?’ indeed!” she repeated. “Am I not telling you why?” Whereupon she continued in the same strain, as if her grotesque reasoning were the most obviously natural in the world.

From all she said—it was not a little, for I led her on by simulating stupidity—and

from the little I had seen at the quarries, I gathered what in part follows:

I had seen that while some of the old women were busy as I have described, applying piñon-gum and rubbing crushed cactus leaves over the hot, blackened objects—which proved to be baking-stones—others occasionally placed more fuel on the fires and cast into them little green sprigs of cedar, which latter, besides augmenting the signal-banners of smoke, had, it was supposed, some potent effect on the stones.

Out to one side of the little glade where all this was going on, were still two others, working in a sort of quarry. There, stones were lying in all stages of preparation, from the freshly-mined blocks, roughly chipped into shape, to those awaiting only the burning process by which all must be tempered before use. These stones were composed of a massive, very light-gray sandstone. Such as had been fully worked were four inches thick and nearly as many feet long, by two and a half in breadth. The surfaces designed to be lowermost



were very roughly leveled by a pecking process, while the upper faces were beautifully finished. They were not only as even as though planed, but ground to the last degree of smoothness (short of polish) by means of various flat, rudely rounded blocks of sandstone. Even the chipped, less uniform edges partook to some extent of this attritional finish. Thus far manipulated, the stones were left, the old woman told me, an indefinite length of time to cure; and on occasions like that which (happily for me) I had intruded upon, they were carried, with great labor, to the neighborhood of the fires, there to be thoroughly dried and warmed before being brought into actual contact with the flames and embers.

The usual number of old women making up a party of "stone finishers" is four or eight, rarely more. Four days previously to the tempering of the stones they retire to an estufa [kiva] or lone room, there to fast and engage in certain ceremonies, in which crooning traditional chants and repeating rituals play an important part. During

these four days they never come forth unless at rare intervals and for a very short time (and then under the protecting influence of warning head-plumes), that they may not be touched by the uninitiated. Yet, during the intermissions of their religious observances, they prepare great cakes of piñon gum, carefully wrapping them in strips of cedar-bark, and in other ways make ready for the work at hand. On the morning of the day succeeding the last night of their vigil, they repair in single file, headed by a particular clan-priest (usually a "Badger," who on no account touches one of them), to the quarry. Before lifting the stones, before even quarrying any of them, they recite long, propitiatory prayers, casting abundant medicine-meal to the "flesh of the rock." With other but shorter prayers the fire is kindled by the old priest, who uses as his match a stick of hard-wood with which he drills vigorously into a piece of dry, soft root, until the friction ignites the dust of its own making, and to the new flames thus generated, offerings of dry food are made. The stones are then brought,

and when warm enough, placed over the fires; being so constantly anointed with the pitch and cactus juice, which they greedily absorb, that they at last seem solid masses of carbonized substance rather than gritty rock. From the beginning to the end of this tempering process never a word is spoken aloud nor the least excitement or sprightly action indulged in. Sounds uttered would penetrate the grain of the rock and, expelled by heat or conflicting with the new "being" (function) of the stone, split, scale, or shiver it with a loud noise. So also the evil influence of undue passion or hasty action would alike be communicated to it, with blighting future effect.

At certain times the stones are temporarily withdrawn, and being coated with grease, assiduously rubbed with hard, smoothly water-worn cobble-stones. After several reburnings and repetitions of this treatment, they assume a fine black luster amounting practically to a glaze on their upper sides. They are now considered finished, bundled up in old blankets and



rags, and mounted on the sturdy backs of attendant—or stray—burros; all at least except one, the smallest of the lot, which, in memory of former times, it may be supposed, is snailed home on the unlucky shoulders of the accompanying priest. This latter, by the way, although an important functionary, leading, as we have seen, in certain of the rites, is made, either through good nature or custom, a general utility man. The one I saw had at least that appearance. He was always pottering about—without accomplishing the slightest good—but stepped aside most deferentially when any of the ancient matrons came near, and wore that bilious look which men so naturally assume when representing the minority at, for instance, a tea-drinking. From all this I argued that his office was a survival of ancient days when his protecting presence was a necessity in times of war. Perhaps the bow and quiver which he carried, for no discoverable purpose other than in conformity to a traditional whim, helped me to this inference.

The stones, when arrived at the pueblo,

are distributed, for they by no means belong always to the families of those who fashioned them. While not, in the completed condition, articles of commerce, still several in the lot have been made, as it were, by subscription, and are, in the end, well paid for. The setting of them up in the kitchen fireplace is a matter quite ranking with our own old "hanging of the crane," though in nature a very different ceremonial.

When all has been made ready in the household for which one of them was designed, it is solemnly ushered in by one or a couple of the ancient dames who hewed and tempered it. By the latter it is leaned, face to the east, against the wall, and "made acquainted" with selected ears of corn which are placed on either side of it. It, or something about it, is then exorcised with rituals, and abundantly "invested" with prayer-meal, and drinking-water presented by sprinkling. Finally, it is taken to its bed or "sitting place" in the kitchen (four strongly built columns of mud masonry in the corner of the wide hearth),

laid out, and a fire of splintered cedar built under it. As it gradually heats—so that it would hiss if moistened with the mouth through the messengership of the fingers—a pot of thin paste, composed of hot water and fine flour of all the six varieties of corn, is set to cook, while a bread-bowl is nearly filled with a similar though thicker paste or batter made in cold water, and placed near the left end of the stone. The latter is now “tried for heat,” as above suggested, and if found right, is scoured with salt, greased, and well rubbed with an old rag. A small bowl of the sticky, well stewed paste is set also near the left end of the stone (some drops from each dish being dashed into the fire underneath as a sacrifice), and the first baking begins. The anxiety which attends this trial is by no means trivial when viewed, as it is by the assembled women, in the light of an oracle. One of the “chosen” ancients officiates. She squats on her heels in front of the baking-stone, dips her closed fingers first into the hot, then into the cold paste, scooping up just the requisite quantity of



each, and then with a graceful, skimming sweep of the hand along the surface of the stone, applies thinly and evenly to it the fluid batter. Instantly a cloud of steam rises, hovers a moment over all, then joins the smoke of the fire in its upward flight. No sooner this, than the edges of the large sheet of paste now slightly toasted, begin to roll up; then they are grasped at one side, slightly pulled and lifted, when, lo! the whole huge, almost transparent wafer is triumphantly laid on a square, plaited mat near by. Sad would be the occasion if this first effort should fail—which it rarely does—for it would signify that the stone was inimical to some of the six kinds of corn-food to be cooked on it by and by—or they to it!

Leaving out all ceremonial except the little sacrifice to the fire, yet adding much coquetry and grace to all motions accompanying this frequent occupation—especially among the younger women during preparations for feasts—the above description will apply in all cases. Since the successful *he'-we*, or wafer-bread, maker may

aspire to almost any match outside of her own clan, no matter how high; since also, she is esteemed of the greatest importance in her household to the very last of her working days, no wonder this apparently simple art is practised by young maidens more assiduously than any other. Blankets may be purchased, embroideries for the sacred dance paid for, pottery-making in any quantity and quality hired, but the inferior *he'-we* baker dooms her family to tough, uneven, ill-cooked shreds and bundles in place of crisp sheets and lightsome rolls, is herself doomed to the stinging ridicule of her more fortunate sisters, and unending envy of their ability. I know whereof I speak, critical reader, for full often have I despaired and sought the firesides of more distant kin, when the younger of my adopted Zuñi sisters chanced to ply paste over the bake-stone of our inner kitchen. Very rare indeed is it for a young girl to become one of these favored experts. The patience which, in lieu of the immense experience required for this is, as a rule, but inadequately encouraged by the

prospects of ultimate success, however assured and bright these be. She must learn not only to apply the paste to the hissing hot stone with a steady hand (a painfully acquired experience this), but also to mix it in proper proportion, and to combine the hot kind and cold with unerring judgment as she hastily dips from either with the tips of her fingers. If, for example, she lays on too large a proportion of the *cooked* paste, her *he'-we* will be too tough—"too much like chewing-gum," some old cross-patch will say. If, on the other hand, she mixes in an undue quantity of the *cold* batter, it will be "brittle as thin ice," or "like sand, chill the bones of him who eats it." If, despite all this, she wins the day, what a blessed day it is for her! How poor soever she be, she is universally in demand. At the houses of the wealthy on the eve of great feasts; at the clanship house-buildings, where more than one lusty fellow, mindful of his future, is enticed by her presence to the detested work, at all these and many other places—petted, pampered and well dressed to profusion—



she may be unfailingly seen. Like her drudging, rather more common sister of the milling-trough, she is a flirt. Like her, too, she is a votaress of that wicked, fabled Goddess of the White Shells, at least so goes the story. But never mind the story! Goddess, or no goddess, it is just the same with every tribe on earth.

Six varieties of the *he'-we* are in common use: the yellow, the blue or green, the red, the white, the brindle or all-color, and the black. They are the *bread* of the Zuñis. No meal, however sumptuous, is ever eaten without one or another of them. Most of the colors result from the hues of the corn-grains used. If, for instance, yellow *he'-we* be desired, yellow corn exclusively is used for its manufacture. The blue is deepened by the addition of lime-yeast to the meal of blue corn. Green is produced by the equal mixture of blue meal and yellow, and the addition of lime-yeast and ashes. It and the blue are the most constantly used of all varieties. White is made whiter with a little kaolin; black, or rather a sable purple, with certain

charred and powdered leaves. The all-color *he'-we* is more difficult of production. Six dishes of paste are supplied, each as if prepared for one of the above-named colors. Three of these are cooked (those containing lime or ashes), while the others are left cold. For each sheet of the *he'-we* a tiny dip into first one then another of the dishes is made, each dip being dashed upon the stone. A mottled or brindled sheet is the result. The appearance of this, being so far superior to its more substantial qualities that it forms almost its only recommendation, makes it rather unpopular except on stated occasions.

Of each variety of *he'-we* except the last described, several kinds or grades are made. The thick, *he-yä'-ho-ni*, usually eaten warm, is formed of several layers; that is, three or four applications are made coëxtensive with the surface of the stone before the sheet is withdrawn. It is then turned, quickly replaced, and neatly folded while still comparatively moist.

The salty, *k'os'-he'-we*, is perhaps the most wholesome of all the plain breadstuffs

of the Zuñis. Salt and lime-yeast are added to the pastes, and a liberal quantity of suet, also salted, rubbed over the stone before baking. When not designed for immediate consumption, this salty *he'-we* is rolled into neat little sticks or cylinders corresponding in length to the width of the stone. No bread is lighter or more tempting than these *he'-po-lo-lo-we* piled one above the other on the bright wicker-trays in which they are served. Another very grateful kind of wafer-bread is the *kwi'-k'ia-he'-we*, or milk *he'we*. In the mixture of the pastes of which this is formed, milk instead of water is used, a food richer to the palate than "cream biscuits" being the result.

Such of the wafer-bread as is designed for daily use is baked at once in great quantity. The piles of sheets laid one above another are often so high that they look like huge bales of fine wrapping-paper. Partially doubled or folded into masses, which we may call quires, or even reams, they are packed away in permanent half-buried jars provided with close-fitting lids.



Thus the moisture is preserved which keeps the *he'-we* from crumbling in the fingers as it is eaten, and gives it the peculiar feel and flavor in the mouth which distinguishes it as the most perfect of all known corn-foods. Notwithstanding the care used in storing it, this thin food will, if kept beyond a certain time, become dry and far more flaky than the most delicate pastries. The flakes are carefully preserved together with the crumbs of feasts and the residue from the bread-trays of each meal. When a sufficient quantity has accumulated, it is further dried by exposure to heat, then quite finely pulverized with the hands. One of the several dishes made from this chipped *he'-we* is wafer toast (*he'-la-kwi-we*). The chips, together with salt and untried suet or scraps, are thrown into a *thle-mon*, or earthen toasting-pan, and stirred until well browned. This, ground on the metate to the condition of coarse meal, forms one of the staple articles of food for long journeys. Chief among these latter preparations, however, is the same meal of toasted *he'-we* chips, ground finer, cooked in part

as is the plain cornmeal batter, in other part stirred into cold water and a second time baked on the stone. In this condition it is called double-done *he'-we*, and no longer tastes like the food from which it is thus made over, but rather like the most delicate pie-crust.

A sweet *he'-we* (*he'-tchi-kwa*), of a bright-red color, and in taste resembling "London sugar wafers," is made from the fine meal of red corn. The cooked portion of the ingredient paste being well boiled in a decoction of red corn-leaves and shoots (plucked earlier in the season and carefully dried for this express purpose), imparts the color and taste which distinguish this from all other kinds of *he'-we* heretofore described. Yet another *he'-tchi-kwa* is made by the chewing and fermenting process so often alluded to on former pages. This, while neither very sweet nor bright-colored, possesses a peculiar flavor which is highly regarded by the natives, making it extremely popular on the mornings of feast days. The material of which it is made, quite otherwise baked, is called "buried-

bread broad *he'-we*" (*he'-k'ia-pa he'-pa-lo-k'ia*). Several smooth, thin baking-stones are heated and placed within easy reach. Meanwhile the paste is thickly applied to the regular *he'-we* stone, each sheet being taken off as soon as it is done enough to hold together, and placed between a couple of the hot baking-slabs. Thus a pile of alternating stones and thick *he'-we* sheets is built up to the height of a foot or two, and allowed to stand until the steam, which at first pours out in volumes, begins to disappear. The well-baked and pressed cakes (if we may call them such) which result from this, are quite brittle, although by no means tough when eaten in fresh condition. In the course of time, however, they become very hard, and in common with the dried bits of the ordinary buried-bread, are reduced to fine flour for the use of traveling or hunting parties.

Sometimes the meal of sweet corn is treated in this or other ways, making a most delicious flour; of which a very little goes a long way toward satisfying hunger. Of all substances known to the Zuñis,



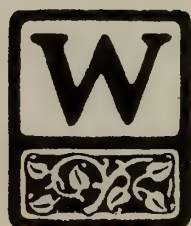
however, none approach in nutritive quality the *tchu'-k'i-na*, or "moistening flour." White or yellow corn is boiled with cob-ashes until the hull may be removed. It is then dried a day or two and well toasted in the parching pot, ground to coarse samp, toasted again, ground to very fine flour, and once more toasted, then carefully sifted. Thus manipulated, what with waste and excessive reduction, a bushel of corn makes but a few quarts of flour. A single teaspoonful of this powder when stirred into a pint of water, will make a tolerably thick batter of it; in which condition it is drank, a few sips sufficing to satisfy the most hungry appetite. When combined with meat-meal, or jerked venison toasted and well ground up with red pepper and salt, it embraces all the elements necessary for man's sustenance. Very rarely, all this too is made the basis of a kind of *he'-we*; but as, in the former condition, it may be preserved year in and out, is ever ready for consumption without the intervention of fire, and may be transported in small compass yet in

sufficient quantity for a long campaign—it rarely gets further than its first stages.

Many a time have I subsisted alone on this meal and the game I shot, nor did I ever long for other foods the while. Tracts of barren country otherwise impassable, are made, by this food, the easiest routes of traders; and in times of war when a fire, however slight, might doom the party who kindled its flames, it becomes absolutely indispensable.

## CHAPTER XI

## KHIA' I'-TÂ-WE, OR WHEAT FOOD

THE INTRODUCTION, CULTIVATION, AND USE  
OF WHEAT AMONG THE ZUÑIS

HENCE and how came the wheat wherewith were sown the first fields of that golden grain in the desert vales of Zuñi? Long indeed were the two-fold answer to this double query—so long, that I venture to give only in meager outline the romantic history which it involves.

Three hundred and fifty-five years ago there lived and ruled in a province of Mexico, with high-handed prodigality—and iron-handed withal—a Spanish grandee and president of New Spain, named Nuño de Guzman. Among his many Indian slaves was one named Tejos, who had been captured from the valley of Oxitipar. This



Indian told his master of a great province lying beyond vast sage-covered deserts far to the north, wherein stood seven cities, some of which, he affirmed, were greater than Mexico itself. These cities he had visited in company with his father, who being a merchant, was accustomed to go thither to trade the brilliant feathers of Mexican birds for turquoises and golden treasures, which the natives of that country, he said, possessed unstinted measure of. Inflamed with a memory of the brilliant conquest of the Aztecs, but a decade previously accomplished; anxious, moreover, to rival his political enemy the great Cortés, Nuño de Guzman set forth for the Seven Cities with an army of some hundred Spaniards and more than 2,000 Indians. Arrived among the mountains of northern Mexico, he was met by unexpected hardships, and tribes of fierce savages daily attacked his starving ranks, until he was compelled to turn back. He laid waste the countries he had discovered, enslaved thousands of the inhabitants, and named the whole vast region El Nuevo Reyno de

Galicia—the New Kingdom of Gaul—over which, on his return, he was appointed governor and captain-general.

Three years previously, or, to be precise, in 1527, the fated Pamphilo de Narvaez had left the shores of Spain with his fleet and army for the conquest of the Floridas, then an unexplored region including a kingdom in its extent. Shipwreck after shipwreck, mutiny, malaria, starvation, and barbarous wars, soon reduced this expedition of six hundred souls to a mere handful of men cast ashore and held captive among the Indians of what is now Louisiana. Of these, only one officer—Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, and three men, Andrés Dorantes, Alonso Castillo, and Estevanico—a Barbary negro—survived and escaped. During nine years of incredible suffering, first as slaves, afterward as unclad, half-famished fugitives, these four men wandered from tribe to tribe as far north as the Tennessee river, westward to the Mississippi, which they were the first to discover and cross, then southwestward through Texas, New Mexico, and the

northern states of Mexico to the coast of the Gulf of California, where they fell in with a band of Guzman's slave-hunting soldiery, and, thus rescued, ultimately reached the City of Mexico.<sup>29</sup> Cabeza de Vaca, noble by birth and only surviving officer of the lost army of Florida, was received and entertained by the Lord Don Antonio de Mendoza at his court and palace. His almost miraculous appearance with three companions, coming forth from an unknown wilderness naked and wild as if risen from the dead, excited the profoundest interest in his wonderful tale of vast countries, tribes, populous provinces, and cities builded of stone. Again the simple story of the poor Indian slave, Tejos—long since dead or murdered—was believed. Meanwhile, Guzman declining in favor, was thrown into prison, his enslaved subjects set free by thousands, and a gallant noble, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, named as his successor.

Excited by these novel reports, the Viceroy Mendoza determined, as had Nuño de Guzman, to humble the pride, or at least



to emulate the discoveries, of the insolent Cortés who had just been created, as a reward for his splendid conquests, Marquis del Valle, and accorded almost princely honors and station. In pursuance of this move, he dispatched on a journey of exploration toward the now famous Seven Cities, Fray Marcos de Niça with a companion priest named Honoratus, and the negro, Estevanico, as guide. In the month of March, 1539, this fearless and zealous friar, forced to leave his companion lying ill at the town of Petatlan, set forth alone with the negro and some Indian allies, from the northernmost towns of Mexico into the boundless wilds and deserts. For many days he traveled parallel with the coast, but at last, more by mistake than intention, struck off inland and arrived at a "towne of reasonable bignesse," called Vacupa, near the present site of Tucson, in Arizona. Here the friar determined to rest and reconnoiter. He sent Indians westward to find the sea, and the negro Estevanico he instructed to proceed north, and—should he find in that direction news

of any great province, he should send back word and a cross proportionate in size to the importance of his information. Within four days an Indian runner returned bearing a cross as big as himself with a message from Estevanico, that he had learned of a great province, distant a month's journey, in which stood seven cities, the first of which was called Cibola, and urging the friar to make all haste in following. Resuming his journey, Fray Marcos was met by other messengers from Estevanico with another equally large cross, and thus hastened, he passed village after village in one of which Estevanico had set up a great cross and left word that he would wait at the end of the first desert beyond. Always hearing glorious reports of Cibola, always venerated as a supernatural being, entertained and assisted on his way by the Indians, he traveled through a desert and into a valley well inhabited, finely cultivated and filled with large towns. In one of the latter he found a man born in Cibola, who claimed to have escaped from the "Governor or Lieutenant" of that place.

He was "a white man of good complexion, somewhat well in yeeres, and of a farre greater capacitie then the inhabitants of this valley." He gave minute information of the place of his nativity, and begged Fray Marcos to take him back and intercede with the "Lord of the Province" in his favor. Guided by this, and many other Indians who had visited Cibola to trade and labor for turquoises and the "dressed hides of kine," he left the fertile valley behind and entered another desert, only to find that the negro had again preceded him.

What with his anxiety to see the renowned Province of Cibola and to overtake Estevanico, he now made greater haste than ever—little dreaming of the tidings which were even then preparing for him. It appears that the negro, eager to be the first to see, as he had been the first to hear of, the new country, never paused until he came within a day's distance of the reputed city of Cibola. When crossing the continent, he had often, in common with Cabeza de Vaca and his companions, owed



the preservation of life to a certain "great mace made of a gourd" which had been given them in return for medical services by some southern tribe, and which (being a sacred rattle, no doubt) had been greatly venerated by the peoples they had encountered. This mace, trimmed with hawk-bells and red and white feathers, he had brought from Mexico. He now gave it into the hands of an Indian embassy with instructions that it should be delivered to the chief cacique of the city, to whom he sent a message demanding hospitality and homage, and threatening that if aught of evil were done the baton, himself, or his companions, vengeance would be visited upon the people of Cibola by many others of his nation who were following. "And when they came to Cenola [Cibola] before the Magistrate, which the Lord of the citie had placed there for his Lieutenant, they delivered him the sayde great gourd, who tooke the same in his hands, and after he had spied the belles, in a great rage and fury hee cast it to the ground and willed the messengers to get packing with speed,

for hee knew well ynough what people they were, and that they should will them in no case to enter into the citie, for if they did hee would put them all to death.”<sup>30</sup>

When the Indians returned and told Estevanico of this, he made light of it and pushed on to the town where, carrying a high hand, he was forthwith confined and stripped of his possessions. Trying with some of his Indians to escape next day, he was pursued and slain as well as many of his company. Some of the latter fled, and among them a young Indian, who, covered with sweat and in horrible fright, met the unconscious Friar when but three days remained of his journey, and informed the chiefs accompanying him, of the fate of the negro and his party. The Indians set up a great howl of grief and indignation, and Fray Marcos, fearing for his life, tried to calm them by distributing nearly all the property he had brought for “truck and barter.” Finding it impossible to persuade them to accompany him farther, he nevertheless pluckily determined “to see Cinola whatsoeuer came of it.” Accompanied by

his own Indians and but two of the others, he says, "I followed my way, till I came within sight of Cinola, which is situate on a plaine at the foote of a round hill, and maketh shew to bee a faire citie, and is better seated then any I haue seene in these partes. The houses are builded in order, according as the Indians told me, all made of stone with diuers stories and flatte roofes, as farre as I could discerne from a mountaine whither I ascended to viewe the citie." Very many details the good father gives in his quaint narrative, of this and of other cities and provinces—Ahacus, Acus, Marata, and Totonteac—affirming information of abundant gold, silver, and precious stones throughout; but let it suffice that with the assistance of his Indians, he raised a great heap of stones, setting thereon a slender cross, and took possession of all, in the name of the "Lord Don Antonio de Mendoça . . . for the Emperour our Lord," and "thought good to name that country 'El Nuevo Reyno de San Francisco' "—The New Kingdom of St. Francis. After this he



“returned with much more feare than victuals,” and traveling over the route which he had come by with all possible speed to the city of Compostela, in Mexico, thence wrote to Mendoza a full account of his explorations.

The Viceroy immediately completed the organization of a grand army. So high ran the hopes of the day, that knights and nobles of high degree scorned not to offer their services as common soldiers in the enterprise. Coronado was appointed captain-general, with the title of governor over all the provinces he should conquer. Mendoza himself accompanied the army far on its way and dispatched it amply provisioned with live-stock and munitions. What though guided by Fray Marcos de Niza, this army lost its way, was baffled by unnumbered hardships and delays, but ultimately reached a river near the Province of Cibola, which they named El Rio del Lino, now the Colorado Chiquito of Arizona. On the borders of this river they met some of the Indians of Cibola with whom they tried in vain to treat. Al-

though two or three of them seemed not unfriendly, others, farther away, made signal-fires on the tops of mountains, which being answered and repeated from afar, soon warned the dwellers in the Seven Cities to prepare for war. When, therefore, Coronado and his army presented themselves before the principal city, they were welcomed by a shower of sticks, stones, and flint-pointed arrows. Protected by their good mail, dauntless as were always the Spanish cavaliers of the olden time, these starving soldiers, although scarcely able to stand, assaulted the stony walls, and after a fierce conflict scaled and took them. The inhabitants fled by the hundred to "holdes" whither they had taken their wives and children, their aged and most of their property; but within the town remained great quantities of provisions, corn and meal, on which it need not be doubted the army feasted to satisfaction. Nothing can be more interesting than the soldierly, yet excellent account, which Coronado made due haste to write to the Viceroy Mendoza, and which, gath-

ered from several of his letters, I quote below at discretion:

“The Father prouinciall . . . sayd the trueth in nothing that he reported . . . saving onely the names of the cities, and great houses of stone: . . . very excellent good houses of three or foure or five lofts high, wherein are good lodgings and faire chambers with lathers in stead of staires, and certaine cellars under the ground very good and paved, which are made for winter, they are in maner like stooves: and the lathers which they have for their houses are all in a maner mooveable and portable, which are taken away and set downe when they please, and they are made of two pieces of wood with their steepes, as ours be. The seven cities are seven small townes, all made with these kinde of houses that I speake of: and they stand all within foure leagues together, and they are all called the kingdome of Cibola, and every one of them have their particular name: and none of them is called Cibola, but altogether they are called Cibola. . . . In this towne where I nowe remaine, there may bee some two hundred houses, all compassed with walles, and I thinke that with the rest of the houses which are not so walled, they may be together five hundred. There is another towne neere this, which is one of the seven, & it is somewhat bigger then this, and another of the same bignesse that this is of, and the other foure are somewhat lesse. . . . The people of this towne seeme unto me of a reasonable stature, and wittie, yet they seeme



not to bee such as they should bee, of that judgement and wit to builde these houses in such sort as they are. . . . They haue painted mantles. . . . They have no cotton wooll growing, because the countrey is colde, yet they weare mantels thereof, . . . and true it is that there was found in their houses certaine yarne made of cotton wooll. They weare their haire on their heades like those of Mexico, and they are all well nurtured and condicioned: And they have Turqueses I thinke good quantitie, which with the rest of the goods which they had, except their corne, they had conveyed away before I came thither: for I found no women there, nor no youth under fifteene yeeres olde, nor no olde folkes above sixtie, saving two or three olde folkes, who stayed behinde to governe all the rest of the youth and men of warre. . . . Wee found heere Guinie cockes, but fewe. The Indians tell mee in all these seven cities, that they eate them not, but that they keepe them onely for their feathers. I beleeeve them not, for they are excellent good, and greater then those of Mexico. The season which is in this countrey, and the temperature of the ayre is like that of Mexico: for sometime it is hotte, and sometime it raineth: but hitherto I never sawe it raine, but once there fell a little showre with winde, as they are woont to fall in Spaine.

“The snow and cold are woont to be great, for so say the inhabitants of the Countrey: and it is likely so to bee, both in respect to the maner of the Countrey, and by the fashion of their houses, and their furies and other things

which this people have to defend them from colde. There is no kind of fruite nor trees of fruite. The Countrey is all plaine, and is on no side mountainous: albeit there are some hillie and bad passages. There are small store of Foules: the cause whereof is the colde, and because the mountaines are not neere. Here is no great store of wood, because they haue wood for their fuell sufficient foure leagues off from a wood of small Cedars. There is most excellent grasse within a quarter of a league hence, for our horses as well as to feede them in pasture, as to mowe and make hay, whereof wee stoode in great neede, because our horses came hither so weake and feeble. "The victuals which the people of this countrey have, is Maiz, whereof they have great store, and also smalle white Pease: and Venison, which by all likelyhood they feede upon, (though they say no) for wee found many skinnes of Deere, of Hares, and Conies. They eat the best cakes that ever I sawe, and every body generally eateth of them. They have the finest order and way to grinde that wee ever sawe in any place. And one Indian woman of this countrey will grinde as much as foure women of Mexico. They have most excellent salte in kernell, which they fetch from a certaine lake a dayes iourney from hence. . . . Here are many sorts of beasts, as Beares, Tigers, Lions, Porkes-picks, and certaine Sheep as bigge as an horse, with uery great hornes and little tailes, I have seene their hornes so bigge, that it is a wonder to behold their greatnesse. Here are also wilde goates whose heads likewise I have seene, and



the pawes of Beares, and the skins of wilde Bores. There is game of Deere, Ounces, and very great Stagges: . . . They travell eight dayes iourney unto certaine plaines lying toward the North Sea. In this countrey there are certaine skinnes well dressed, and they dresse them and paint them where they kill their Oxen, for so they say themselves."

Speaking further of these people, Coronado says:

"I commaunded them that they should paint mee out a cloth of all the beastes which they knowe in their countrey: And such badde painters as they are, foorthwith they painted mee two clothes, one of their beastes, another of their birdes and fishes. . . . as I have sayde, the pictures bee very rudely done, because the painter spent but one day in drawing of the same. I have seene other pictures on the walles of the houses of this citie with farre better proportion, and better made. . . .

"That which these Indians worship as farre as hitherto wee can learne, is the water: for they say it causeth their corne to growe, and maintaineth their life; and that they know none other reason, but that their ancesters did so. . . .

"I would have sent your lordshippe with this dispatch many musters of things which are in this countrey: but the way is so long and rough, that it is hard for me to doe so: nevertheless I send you twelve small mantles, such as the people of the countrey are woont to



weare, and a certaine garment also, which seemeth unto me to bee well made: I kept the same, because it seemed to mee to bee excellent well wrought, because I beleeeve that no man ever sawe any needle worke in these Indies, except it were since the Spaniards inhabited the same. I send your honour one Oxe-hide, certaine Turqueses, and two earerings of the same, and fifteen combes of the Indians, and certaine tablets set with these Turqueses, and two small baskets made of wicker, whereof the Indians have great store. I send your lordship also two rolles which the women in these parts are woont to weare on their heads when they fetch water from their welles, as wee use to doe in Spaine. And one of these Indian women with one of these rolles on her head, will carrie a pitcher of water without touching the same with her hande up a lather. I send you also a muster of the weapons wherewith these people are woont to fight, a buckler, a mace, a bowe, and certaine arrowes, among which are two with points of bones, the like whereof, these conquerours say, have never beene seene. I can say nothing to your lordship touching the apparell of their women. For the Indians keepe them so carefully from us, that hitherto I have not seene any of them, saving onely two olde women, and these had two long robes downe to the foote open before, and girded to them, and they are buttoned with certaine cordons of cotton. I requested the Indians to give me one of these robes, which they ware, to send your honour the same, seeing they would

not shewe mee their women, . . . which the Indians have made themselves.”

On a former page I have told the names of the ancient cities of Cibola, as written by the Spanish conquerors and as told me by the Zuñi Indians. Did there remain any doubt of the identity of the words Cibola (pronounced at first Shi'-vo-la) and Shi'wona (the Zuñi name for their country), surely this detailed account from the pen of Coronado would answer the question which has been so often asked, “Where were the ‘Seven Cities of Cibola?’ ” It is far from my province to follow the journeyings of the Captain-general and his heroic band up the Rio Grande, across to Pecos, out over the plains of the north as far even as the Arkansas river, or back to Mexico and their homes—many of them to reap as the reward for their service (as did the noble Coronado) only the prison-bar and death! But the pathway they broke was soon followed by others—Antonio de Espejo, Gaspar Castaño de Sosa, and the Franciscan Friars, who forgot not, in sowing the seeds of their Holy Faith, to plant

also the germs of temporal food, and desert sandy wastes though the lands of Zuñi be, yet were they far more productive than the heathen hearts of the natives; for, while the latter still cling to the worship of the sun and water, the former grew yearly, abundant harvests of the *wheat of Castile*.

When you ask the gentle heathen descendants of the ancient warriors of Cibola, the question with which this chapter opens, they reply:

“Generations ago came the Indians of the Land of Everlasting Summer with long bows and cane arrows; and the Black Mexicans who brought them, with thundering sticks which spit fire, and coats of iron. And our ancients of K’iä’kime—bad-tempered fools!—greased their warclubs with the brains of the first one they saw. Then the curled moustachers [Spaniards] growing angry, appeared in fear-making bands and grasped the life-trails of our forefathers until they became like dogs after a drubbing; there also came certain gray-robed water-daddies [Franciscan friars] who brought as provision, spray-drop



seeds [wheat], some of which they planted in the stream-drinking valleys and taught us the growth of."

After this manner, only far more copiously, runs the old and now but half-believed legend of the introduction of wheat.

Believed or not believed, the Zuñis have reared and harvested the grain of which it is told, for more than two centuries; and as their methods in this—although an adopted branch of agriculture—are as different from those of our own as they are like those of the ancient Egyptians, I have thought well of according brief notice to the subject.

I have before alluded to the farming towns of *Tâi'-ya* or Las Nutrias, Ojo del Pescado, and Los Ojos Calientes. The first named of these pueblos and springs, now, alas! somewhat infamously famous in newspaper controversy,<sup>31</sup> is situated at the foot of the Zuñi mountains, some twenty-five miles by trail northeast of Zuñi; and in a magnificent valley of its own. Forth from the heart of the mountains, through a cañon scarce twenty feet

across yet hundreds deep, burst into the light of day, a clear, impetuous little stream; fed ever and set forth like the truant that it is, by the combined efforts of six or eight small-sized springs, to feed in its turn the crops and mingle with the sweat of men. Twisting this way and that through a mountain-girt plain, and rushing at last into the narrow portal of a perpendicular wall of strangely eroded red-sandstone strata, it disappears under a dense bed of rushes and cane-grass. When again looked for half a mile below, there is nothing to remind you of it but a feeble brook, lazily sliding along past the base of the worn, ancient town of Tâi'-ya, or "Place of Planting." Up among these rushes one may soon discover why the life of the stream has departed. No sooner does it rush into the open gateway than it is imprisoned by the strong arms of an Indian dam and driven, slave to the will of its savage masters, directly over its own deep-worn trails of former ages, in viaducts made of enormous hollow logs. These conduct it—as it now thinks to escape—

through straight ditches two miles in length into certain numerous earth-walled pens, where, trying to stretch itself for a leap, it instantly disappears and gets stuck in the loose loam which has been laid for it, only to be rescued by catching at the straws of sundry green-growing wheat-stems which forthwith adopt it as sap. You should see these earth-pens, laid out for irrigation (I am speaking plainly now), from the top-most house in Tâi'-ya just at the close of an April day. Although the sun is setting, his rays are reflected by the mountain-ridge close to your left and the red rock-wall behind you; so that there is a subdued glimmer of spectacular light over everything. Far enough south to make them artistic in tone, lie the earth-pens. Side by side, end to end, there they lie, ridged like waffle-irons and regular as a checker-board. Down through the middle of each set runs the straight ditch, the water in every bit as bright at this time of day as the sun himself, and far more gorgeous. A few Indians, rather undersized in the distance, but perfectly distinct, linger to



water the wheat they have been planting. As they slowly stride along the sides of the ditches, chopping the clods with their sand-burnished hoes, they seem to be flinging the sunlight out of the water.

Each of these square inclosures is ten by twelve feet, rarely larger. Fifteen or twenty of them make up the patch of a poor man, those of the wealthy who can afford feasts for many laborers being several times larger. The soil within them is like that of a garden, and the wheat is planted in rows, crosswise so that it may be easily watered and hoed in mid-summer. The cultivated area extends a mile and a half up and down the valley, and is nearly as wide as it is long. Within it forty families raise their wheat for the winter. So limited is the supply of water during the dry months, that every householder keeps an account-stick hanging somewhere near the sky-hole. Every time he waters a set of his "earth-bins," he has to cut a notch in this account-stick; and as the latter is liable to inspection by the sub-chiefs any morning, he dares not, or rather does not,

use more than his proper allowance of the water. As summer wanes and the wheat, grown tall and heavy with grain under so much kind treatment, begins to ripen, the villagers, who have mostly departed several weeks ago, return in full force. The harvesting is accomplished by means of knives, short, crude sickles. If a man be fortunate enough to get hold of an American sickle, he forthwith breaks off one-half of the blade and makes two of it. The wheat is cut off near the head. Huge blanket-bags full of the ears are transported to one of the several threshing-floors of the village. These are simply cleared circular spaces on argillaceous soil well beaten down, sprinkled, beaten again until level, and baked in the sun until as hard as brick. There is usually a post in the center; more rarely an enarching palisade. The wheat ears are tumbled pretty evenly over the extent of one of these floors, and a motley throng of urchins, horses, and donkeys let in upon it. The horses go in against their will; the burros for business—part of which is eating (but illegitimate); the urchins go to

goad all the other beasts. There is plenty of shouting and cursing among the elders of the party, a deal of laughter and romping among the younger—as is always apt to be the case when both sexes are represented. During temporary lulls in the activity of the beasts, the women rush in, clear off the straw, gather up the chaff and grain at the bottom, and carry it in blankets to the other clear spaces where they winnow it in the wind, which considerately fans nearly every afternoon in late summer or early autumn.

After being cleaned, the grain is packed in bags and either dragged home by cattle in lumber-wagons and lumbering carts, or else stacked on burros and thus taken through. Burros being plentiful, the latter is the popular method—except with themselves. You should see a family *en voyage* at the end of harvest! Leading the van, is the sub-youth of the household. He is discontented because his eldest brother has gone to the Pescado races; but on the whole, takes it out quite silently—on the shanks and other visible parts of the two grain-



submerged burros he is driving. A rod or two rearward follows the matron—astride. A baby, eloquent with the mystery and milk-famine of the occasion, is tightly muffled to her back in a blanket, whence the ample folds of which, its unarticulated protestations but faintly issue. Clinging behind are the little boy and girl, bearing, with compressed lips and heroic half-gasps, the pain of their unaccustomed sitting place—for they are “the little man and woman of the family” you know! In her left hand this lady carries an old parasol; in her right, a well-sharpened prod of hard-wood with which she nickingly touches up a sore place on the burro’s right shoulder. Her feet are tied into the straps of the saddle—the stirrups being too long—and with her heavy, buckskin-bandaged shanks (which show short and are so), she fearlessly thumps the sides of the burro until he groans and staggers, but patiently keeps his accustomed pace. Next the old man! His burro is loaded with household paraphernalia. Among these, a cat, sewn up skin-tight in a cotton bag, head protrud-

ing, ears laid and eye-whites active, yowls and hisses as she swings along, balancing the family eagle on the other side. This gentleman, like the cat, is "done up" and resentful. He continually pecks and snaps his beak at his own reflection in the brass kettle overhead, transferring these attentions to the old man when the latter approaches to maul the burro, or varying them with nipping his animate but thick-skinned conveyance. The old man is the liveliest member of the party. Listen to him for a moment:

"*Tsuk-tsuk suk-suk*" (that means "get along lively"). "*Sha a a*" ("mind now"). "Stop eating, will you? No? Very well, then." Whack! "*Suk suk* — what are you about *now*? O yes; very well!" Whack-bang—"There now! What, at it again? *Wa na NI*!" ("just wait"). Whack-bang, whack—"aha! hum!" The old man, still jogging along, breathes himself, having whack-banged with all his muscle. Of this lull the burro takes advantage, which shortly reanimates the old boy. "So-ho!" he exclaims, "*You* cause of cogitation!"

Whack—"You slave of fagots"—whack—"You anger of the gods"—bang,—“Insect—long-eared turtle,—take *that!*”—whack-ity-whack—"and that." Bang. The last blow, hitting the gambol joint of the jack, causes him to twist out of the trail with his hind feet and progress sidewise. "Here now!" shouts his persecutor, as he skips around—quite nimbly for his age—toward the head of the brute, "Get in there, you one-eyed, worm-paced breeder of vermin; get in, I say!"—and cuffity-cuff goes the stick down on the long, flopping ears of the donkey. And thus things go on to the end of the twenty-five miles.

The story is told of one old fellow who, in administering condign(?) punishment to his burro, missed his aim and knocked out the brains of his favorite eagle. He then and there made a clean sweep of the business. In his excitement he killed the cat, broke a couple of water-jars, and ended up by murdering the donkey.

In big stone bins, or boxes made by setting thin sandstone slabs into and across one end of a small store-room and then



cementing them with mud, the wheat is placed. But a small hole through the top of the box is left unsealed. Previously to a feast-day, basketful after basketful of the wheat is brought forth and washed in the

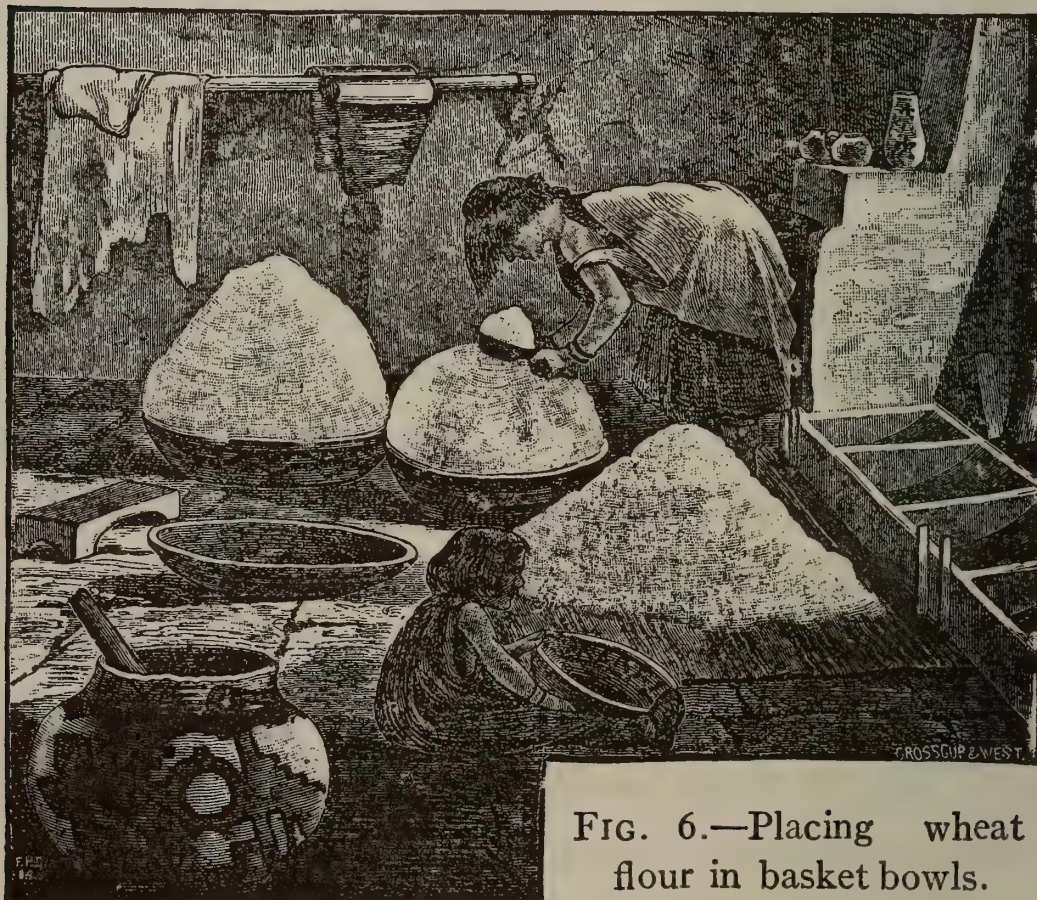


FIG. 6.—Placing wheat flour in basket bowls.

river. It is then soaked in lukewarm water, and hulled, as soon as it is partially dry, on a coarse metate. When quite dry, it is winnowed over a blanket at the doorway, and the grains are then ground over a full set of the metates, by as many girls

as can be mustered. When the flour leaves the last stone, it is quite fine. After the girls have "eaten and scattered out," you may see the matron of the house packing and piling the flour in snowy mountains far above the rims of the meal-baskets (fig. 6). When one of these is "full," that is, heaped up five or six times its own height, the woman unconcernedly picks it off the floor, sets it on her head, and trips away toward the place where it is to be mixed—usually near the fireplace, so that she may work the dough after dark. Hither she brings the bread-bowl—a hemispherical tub, it were better called—and with water, hot and cold, sour yeast (minus the lime), and salt, makes up the *mo'-tse*, or, as we would name it, "sponge." This is allowed to stand near the fireplace until morning. While the oven is heating outside, the most buxom young woman of the family, spreading a blanket on the floor and laying near it a large square of white cloth and a round, well-polished bread-stone, kneels down and prepares for kneading. Into the *mo'-tse* she first pours a quantity of hot



tallow, then quickly adding enough fresh flour to stiffen the mass, kneads it excessively by pushing one hand down through



FIG. 7—Kneading wheat bread

the center of the dough, to the bottom of the bowl, while with the other she pulls or stretches up a quantity from the outer



edge, jamming it in turn down the center as she draws the first hand out; and so on alternately (fig. 7), until it all becomes perfectly homogeneous and cohesive. Taking out a little lump of this dough, she wets it, sprinkles it with flour, kneads it on the bread-stone over and over again, rolls it up into a ball, pats it out flat, turns it over upon itself, greases it well all over, lays it on the white cloth, and pricks it full of holes with a grass straw. Thus is formed the ordinary Zuñi loaf. On grand occasions (such as belong properly to the concluding chapter), these forms are fancifully varied. You may see men and women, deer, antelopes, and rabbits, birds, butterflies, sunflowers, and perforated rosettes in effigy, quite artistically modeled, although rather inclined to fatten out of detail by rising. The dough loaves are laid on flat stones or boards, and taken to the oven which has been cleared meanwhile of its fire, swept out and scented with cedar leaves, and passed in by means of a long-handled shovel of pine, usually quite handsomely carved (pl. XI, *f*). As soon as the

oven is full, the vent-hole at the top is plugged, the doorway closed with a heavy stone and plastered, and the bread left baking for the space of from twenty minutes to half an hour, or under certain circumstances a longer time. Then the stone is taken down and the loaves shoveled out. They are crisp, brown, and very light, having almost doubled in size during the baking. The bread is hearty and nutritious, although inclined to be slightly sour if overleavened.

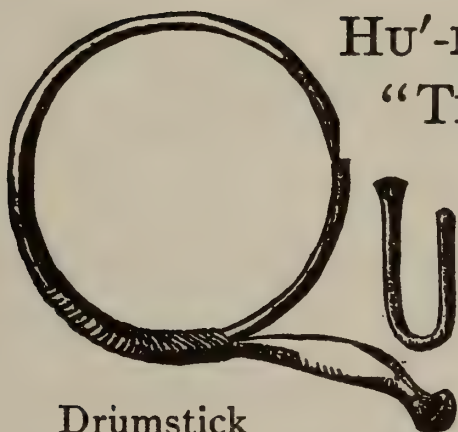
Some of the dough used for a bread-making is always reserved and made up into flat cakes like those of corn flour described in an earlier chapter as *he-'pa-tchi-we*, or tortillas. By the addition of milk and shortening, a sort of unsweetened cake, very grateful and rich, is made in the same way.

A most excellent fried cake called *mu'-tsi-k'o-we*, or "contorted cakes," and the only impromptu wheat-food known to the Zuñis, is made of simple flour, water, and salt, worked into stiff dough, flattened and stretched into thin, round patties, and im-

mersed a minute or two in boiling suet. Brown as pie-crust and crisp as *he'-we*, these twisted and shriveled little cakes formed my favorite luxury during that extended period throughout which I was required to "change my flesh, that I might indeed, become of the *blood of Zuñi*."



## CHAPTER XII



Drumstick

HU'-MU-A K'IA-NA-KWE, OR  
"THE CROONER BANDS"

QUIETLY engaged one winter's day in my little room in Zuñi, suddenly I heard the toom-toom and clang-clang of a great drum and a lot of rattles and bells. Old Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa and I were as usual together.

"What's that?" said I, rising and catching up my note-book and pencil.

"Be dignified, crazy; put down that paper-fold and mind your own matters; it's nothing but a lot of *hu'-mu-a k'ia-na-kwe*."

"Who are they, dancers?" said I.

"Crooners, I said, crooners! Do you hear?"

"What *are* 'crooners' then?"

"A parcel of young fools, grown-up boys and girls who get together to work,

make much noise and little else. Now be *dignified!*”

The next remark I made, after due and patient waiting, elicited nothing more than “Shut up!”

So I despaired of further enlightenment. All day long sounded the distant boom-boom, and away into the night; but the old man, gloating over my constraint, kept his eye on me, and with one excuse or another cleverly intercepted any attempt I made to sneak away.

Many days passed, and one nipping morning, fairly before sunlight, the old fellow banged into my room, threw a lot of wood on the fire with as much fuss as possible, began to sing at the top of his voice, picked up a cudgel and laid it about the edges of my bedding until I winced with apprehension of a miss, and snarled out:

“What in the name of idiocy do you want?” for I was wretchedly sleepy.

“You!” said he, “get up quick—something’s coming—hurry!” he added, prodding me with the stick by no means gently. “Hurry, or you’ll be too late!”

“Let it come, and let it go to the abode of corpses, for aught I care,” said I, turning over.

“Old woman,” yelled the persistent chief, “‘his sister,’ come quick—bring some water—let it be cold—younger brother is too hot—he wants a drink.”

The frightened *K'iau*, not knowing what was up, came breathlessly to the door, bearing a gourd brimming over with icy water.

“Here,” said she, “what’s the matter?”

“Give it me, quick——”

“*A-wi-thlui-yan shi-k'ia-na-aia*,” sang the old wretch.

“*Thli-tâ*”—splash came a full pint all over my head and shoulders—“*i a a ha é he-élu a-a-a*”—splash again, whereupon, unable to endure longer, I bounced out—never so much as looked at the grinning old heathen, but put on my things and slammed about in a way that tickled him almost to distraction.

“*Ha-ha ha-a-a!* Never saw you more sprightly and bright-eyed in my life, younger brother. Come and get some



breakfast—you need it. I can see that in your disposition. No? Have I bothered my little brother?” said he, suddenly pretending wonderful gentleness and coming toward me with outstretched hand. “Well, well,” he added, patting my head with that horny member in a way that made the teeth chatter; then smoothing my hair the wrong way until it seemed as though my scalp were on fire.

“Get out!” said I; but I couldn’t help smiling, for the old man staggered as though struck with a warclub, laid one hand over his eye, groped toward me with the other, shaking the fingers as though frightened, then straightening up grasped the fringe of my coat and pulled me toward the door. Considerably mollified, I followed. There was everything arranged for breakfast: the bread-tray, salt and pepper dishes, all laid out on the floor in fine order.

“Here, quick—bring some hot stuff—look at him—see how rough his fur is; he’s been hibernating, you see.”

So they brought a steaming stew red with chile, warmed *tchu tsi-kwah-na-mue*, and

he bade me "lay in provisions for the coming events."

After breakfast was over, the old man asked me for some tobacco; then as he rolled his own cigarette, invited me to do the same, and deliberately settled himself with all the show of leisure possible.

By this time my humor was better, but I was nettled anew at this display.

"Well," said I, "what is it?"

"What?" said he, looking around blankly.

"What's coming?"

"Oh!" said he, "nothing just yet. By and by the *hu-mu-a k'ia-na-kwe* are coming."

"Here?"

"Why, yes, here; where else?"

"What were you in such a hurry about this morning?"

"Oh, nothing, merely nothing," said he, "but I didn't know but you would like to paint up and pet your wearing gear a little, for there'll be a regular council of fine young girls—sleek and smooth—girls that laugh as softly as water in springtime," said he, pretending to get wonderfully sentimental, "and I knew you would

cuddle, like the American you are, until the drum made you dream of thunder, if I didn't touch up your pulse a little, for I am your elder brother, you know."

By this time the house was filling with bustle. The brother-in-law—"Greasy" we called him sometimes, when he wasn't there—was straining away at a buffalo-hide which he had tied to an enormous drum jar, until his temper seemed, so the Governor said, like inflammation, and his eyes like bubbles. Others were bringing in corn and wheat, which old women, who now began assembling, immediately set about shelling and toasting. The metates were thoroughly cleaned, everything fixed up, all the best blankets in the house imposingly displayed on the poles, and two or three sheep dissected and thrown into seething pots scarce smaller than the drum. The women of our house retired, and reappeared arrayed in their best. Presently a young girl entered, then another, and another, until sixteen or eighteen were chattering and laughing together as they laid aside their blue-black shawls, loosened their



belts, shook out their dresses and smoothed them, then sat down to an ample breakfast. No sooner was the meal over than in filed about a dozen young men elaborately dressed and painted. Beyond saying, "How are ye these many days?" and replying "Indeed" to our responses of "Happy, happy," they ventured little, but rolled cigarettes industriously, smoked, and sat very upright, clearing their throats, opposite the bevy of giggling girls. Soon eight of the girls, pretending to quarrel about their places, stepped over behind the milling trough, knelt down and grasped the molinas, or flat mealing slabs. The one on the right quickly crushed a quantity of the toasted kernels which one of the old women handed her in a tray, passed the coarse meal to the next, who reduced it still more, until, growing finer under each successive stone, it came out at the other end as fine as pollen. The supply thus being started was kept up from first to last. No sooner were all at work than an old grandmother sat down in front of the girls, began to pat her hands and sing a song celebrating the

adventures of the Corn Goddesses. Then the young men drew up, placed the drum in their midst, crowded around it, and awaited a signal from their leader. This was a rather elderly man with whom the matter was evidently less of a frolic than to the rest of them. He sat a little to one side on a well-cushioned stool. In his hand was a plumed wand something like a shepherd's crook, decorated with bells and little rattles of deer-hoofs. This wand he held vertically, lifted it four times into the air, then brought it violently against the floor, whereupon the drummer, another important functionary, struck four times, with might and main, a mystic figure he had been tracing in meal on the head of the drum, and amid the thunder thus raised the song almost unexpectedly began, and the eight maidens began to sway their bodies in time to its admirable periods. A little later, one of the young men, placing a bowl of sacred water near the ladder, covered it over with a priest's embroidered robe, and taking a long, beautifully painted flute of cane, trimmed with a bell-shaped

gourd ornament and feathers at the lower end, stood up and commenced playing it in three notes, by blowing across the upper end, meanwhile holding the gourd over the bowl so that the water in the resonous vessel responded to every breath with a



FIG. 8—Musical instruments used at the  
“crooning” feasts

melodious ripple and ring. Sounding drum, shrieking flute, clanging rattles, and the wailing, weird measures of the chant, nothing missed time by the fraction of a second, and although the din raised was perfectly deafening, the melody was by no



means bad, the pitch excellent, and effect really inspiriting. It seemed to endow the girls at the meal trough with new life, making them absolutely one in every motion. Not only did they move their molinas up and down in exact time, but at certain periods in the song—shifting the stone from one hand to the other—passed the meal from trough to trough in perfect unison. Even the women stirred the parching pots, and those who were idle patted the floor with their feet and nodded their heads in accord with the drum-strokes. Finally, as if to break into all this admirable monotony, the girls yet unoccupied at the mill, each grasped in either hand an ear of corn; all fell into line along the middle of the room, and danced up and down, swaying and gracefully extending their bare, olive arms from side to side, thus adding beauty to the scene, yet diminishing in no way its cadence.

I do not wonder that the old Spanish explorers of more than three centuries ago, one and all admired these semifestive gatherings, for then as now—I gather from

their old writings—the milling bees, or croonings, were of frequent occurrence in autumn and winter.

Mention evidently of but a small affair of the kind may be found in the journal of



FIG. 9.—Zuñi maiden dancing at the “crooning”

Castañeda, one of the soldiers of Coronado’s army, where he says of a neighboring province:

“The soil is so fertile that it does not need to be worked when they sow; the

snow falls and covers the seed, and the maize springs underneath. The harvest of one year suffices for seven. When they begin to sow, the fields are covered with maize which they had not been able to gather. . . .

“Their villages are very neat. The houses are very well distributed and very tidy. One room is designed for the kitchen and another to grind the grain in; this last is apart and contains a furnace and three stones made fast in masonry. Three women sit down before the stones; the first crushes the grain, the second brazes it, and the third reduces it entirely to powder. Before entering, they take off their shoes, tie their hair, cover their heads, and shake their clothes. While they are at work a man seated at the doorway plays on the bagpipe, so that they work keeping time; they sing in three voices.

“They make a great deal of flour at once; to make bread they mix this with warm water, and make a dough which resembles the cakes called *oblis*. They collect a great quantity of herbs, and when they are



quite dry they use them all the year in cooking their food.”<sup>32</sup>

The crooning with its dancing, singing, and grinding, at our house continued, as it usually does in the well-to-do families of Zuñi, until late into the night. When the grand feast was over and the girls, old women, and musicians had gone away, the old chief came into my little room whither I had retired, and said quite simply:

“Well, younger brother, do you know what *hu'-mu-a k'ia-na-kwe* are now?”

The amount of meal turned out at one of these croonings is prodigious. So greatly does this method of providing ready-made bread material relieve the women of the household, that I doubt not the wealthy, who could well afford to celebrate the necessary clanship feasts as often as desirable, would resort to them more often than they do, could they secure their meal and flour from mice. There is in Zuñi a certain kind of domesticated, rather short-tailed, field mouse. While the Indians are able to quite effectually exclude them from the corn rooms, by the care with which they

construct the latter, they cannot so readily deny them entrance to the more open rooms in which it is generally necessary to store the flour. What makes the matter of keeping this flour still more difficult is that it has to be packed away in bags. If the mice so much as get into one of these for a single night, the contents are ruined by the very noticeable taint they leave.

Many a story has this perplexity given rise to. The most complete one of these I ever heard was told to my little Indian nephews and nieces one very stormy night, not long after the crooning I above describe. Had I but known then that there would be a *millstone* for all of my breadstuff, I would have bent a more attentive ear to the tale. As it was, never a note did I make, and my interest was but indifferent; yet, so clear are most of the details of the recital that I venture them below.

If I remember aright, the evening meal had been cleared away, the knots of piñon were blazing and sputtering in the great hearth, the women, at least the old ones, were fitfully dozing along the wall, and the

men were just rolling their cigarette husks and making ready for the usual talk, when that burly, sinister-looking, dark-skinned half-brother of my adopted sister came in. He sat down near the fire, warmed his hands, and was about proposing a grand hunt for the next day, should it snow that night, when his voice was drowned in a volley of shrill yowls from the throat of the infant girl of the family.

Having, as usual, eaten too much, she had bivouacked on the stone floor and been suddenly wakened by a stitch in her bloated stomach. In vain the women started up from their semi-vertical slumbers to soothe the suffering little gourmand, more vainly still the men shouted, "Shut up, there's an owl in the chimney; hear him howl!"

Nothing sufficed until a mouse, evidently frightened by the uproar, darted out from behind a bag of meal in an opposite corner, and scampered under the meal trough.

"*Is-ste sshi'!*" exclaimed some of the people—"a mouse!"

"No," said Lotchi, "it was *Opon-k'ia-*



*kwe-ko-na!* Yes, he who lived in a bag of flour," repeated Lotchi, as the child opened her close-shut eyes and merged her screams into gasps and sobs. A bright-eyed boy, until then absorbed in lassoing and strangling his sister's doll, abandoned these customary persecutions of that badly banged effigy, and asked:

"Who was that, uncle?"

"Why, he lived long ago," said Lotchi, "and was much divorced."

"Ho-ho-*ho*, ha-ha-*ha!*" laughed the boy. "How could a mouse be divorced?"

"Shall I tell you?" said Lotchi, as he observed that the squalls had entirely given away to interrupted snuffles and sighs.

"*E'so! e'so!*" came from a dozen pairs of lips in one breath.


"Very well, then," replied he, "you must all sit up straight, for whoever bends over before my story is done will get crooked before he grows old, and whoever goes to sleep will take a nap with the Navahoes some night."<sup>33</sup>

"We'll sit straight and never blink," cried all the youngsters in the room; and

the old people—all except the women—grew grave and sat up very erect by way of example. Then Lotchi began.

## CHAPTER XIII

## THE STORY OF THE YOUNG HUNTER

ERY long long ago there lived in the Town of the Winds a big young lubber, as voracious as a buzzard and as slow of apprehension as a horned toad. What a fool that young man was, to be sure! Why, he didn't know a pumpkin from a melon; certainly not in the matter of eating, for he would cram one quite as greedily as the other. His father and mother had died when he was a mere squirmer, so that he nearly starved until tooth-time, which perhaps was what made him always so hungry afterward. Then his uncle had been killed in war, and so there he lived all alone with his sputtering old grandmother. Now, this young man was strong, like most of his like, you know, for all through his growing time he had been storing it



up—stuffing so much that how could he help getting strong? He was good enough looking too, as full feeders on the flesh of corn seed—he rarely had any other flesh—not infrequently are, sparing the fat. And good-natured was he, as is the custom of ponderous thinkers who have to wait too long for a bad word to blister, or an insult to prick. Still he was heavy-thoughted and would eat too much.

“Well, by and by, when he was finished out in years, he wanted to get married, and so told his grandmother.

“‘Ho, child!’ croaked the old woman, ‘like the age of a turtle will be the length of your wanting, and you eat not less when out courting than you do at *my* trenchers!’

“‘Why, grandmother?’

“‘Why, indeed, you sightless lout; don’t you know few women scenting the length of your lunch-pouch would dare to feed it?’

“‘How could there be such a frightfully long thing about me that women wouldn’t dare try to fill when I am so short myself?’ mused the young man, as he scratched his head and grinned at his grandmother.

‘How funny she is to talk in this way; she she must be joking.’ And thereupon he began to laugh outright.

“ ‘What are you sitting up there sneezing at *now*, you pussy, idiotic prairiedog you?’ snapped the old woman.

“ ‘Why, I was thinking, ha, ha! what a good joke you made, grandmother. How can my lunch-pouch be so long when I am so short myself?’

“ ‘Ho, you bag-hearted gawky, you; if you had bestirred yourself to kill deer like other young men, you would have learned ever since how a long snake can lie in a short house! Here, now, can you see this?’ said she, thrusting a wound-up cord at him. ‘Take that and unwind it; then you will see how your long lunch-pouch needs but a short space.’

“The young man unwound the string, straightened it out, found that it lay the whole length of the room and more too, looked at his grandmother who was stirring mush, and was mightily puzzled.

“ ‘Look here, grandmother,’ said he, getting frightened and pointing along the

length of the cord, 'is my lunch-pouch as long as that?'

" 'Ha-na' ha!' exclaimed the old woman, despairing of her grandson's ever knowing anything.

" 'Is it,' he repeated, 'and is that why you say alas?'

" 'Ho! you worm-thoughted relative! Can you not see that your gullet, like the cord, is doubled over and wound up inside of you?'

" 'Oh, ye stars!' presently broke out the youth, looking in all directions at once. Then he grew very thoughtful, and the old woman went on stirring mush. The young man slowly gathered up the cord and began to wind it upon itself until he had made a neat bundle of it. 'There!' said he. Then he sat very long looking at it, reaching for it, but suddenly drawing back like a young bear trying to pluck cactus fruit. At last he summoned courage, picked it up, and laid it alongside his fat belly.

" 'Beasts and beetles,' said he, 'it is not one-half as long. Now I know why I am always so hungry,' thought he. 'Whatever shall I do?'



“What, indeed! From that time on he forgot all about wanting a wife, and became fairly nose-submerged in grief with thinking how he would never be able to fill such an enormously long lunch-pouch that it took up more space than twice the length of his grandmother’s room. So much did he brood over this that he began to get lean, and then to lose his appetite. When he saw that his belly grew smaller day by day, and that he became less and less hungry, he plucked up courage.

“‘Ha!’ thought he, ‘it’s shortening—that’s the reason. Perhaps I shall be able to fill it after all, if I can only learn how to hunt.’

“All this made a great change in him, so much that his grandmother was a little better-natured. Now you must not think she cared nothing for him. It was her way to scold him, to talk him straight, but after all she liked him; so when he asked her for a bow, she did not say, ‘Why haven’t you learned how to make one long ago, you hoof-fingered, all-mouthed awkwardness,’ but replied, rather softly:

“ ‘Now let me see, child. Your uncle’s old bow used to hang up the ladder in the rear summer room; it was a good one, but maybe the sinew on the back of it has all turned to worms. Run and see.’

“So the young man going up, found it there and it was all right, only needed greasing a little. The hair on the quiver and the feathers on the arrows inside of it *had* turned to worms, but the young man was not vain—didn’t mind the *quiver*, took some old shells which he found in a plume-box, and paid a man who knew how to plume the arrows with eagle-feathers. When everything was ready, he bade his grandmother——

“ ‘I go!’ and set out for the southern mesa. Now, as I have said heretofore, this young man was good-natured if he *was* greedy, because he was slow of apprehension, and did not mind how much anybody called him names. So as he went along and met a ragged-skinned old Coyote who barked and yelped at him, he neither shot at it nor did he say, ‘*Huh*, how you smell, you corn-eating sage-louse,’ or anything of

the kind; but he jogged along wondering what a fellow ought to do when out hunting, for he had never learned anything, as he wouldn't take the trouble himself that would have been taken for him if the men of the house had lived.

“Well, along he trudged, through the thin snow which had lately fallen, until he came to the base of some cliffs, where he struck the trail of some rabbits. He followed the trail into a lot of thickets. There he lost it among some bigger tracks which appeared to have been just made. Thinking that this was only a sign of bigger rabbits, he abandoned the lesser trail, and, crashing through the bushes, saw a couple of dingy little coyote cubs sneak into a hole under the rocks.

“‘Ha!’ thought he, ‘I never ate any of these things, and of what use would they be to me?’ So he did not kill them, as any other man would have done, calling them corn-eating sage-bugs, and turned about, when behold! he saw the same old Coyote he had met before, trotting toward him. The Coyote came right along as though no



one was there, until he was quite near; then he sat down, stuck out the tip of his

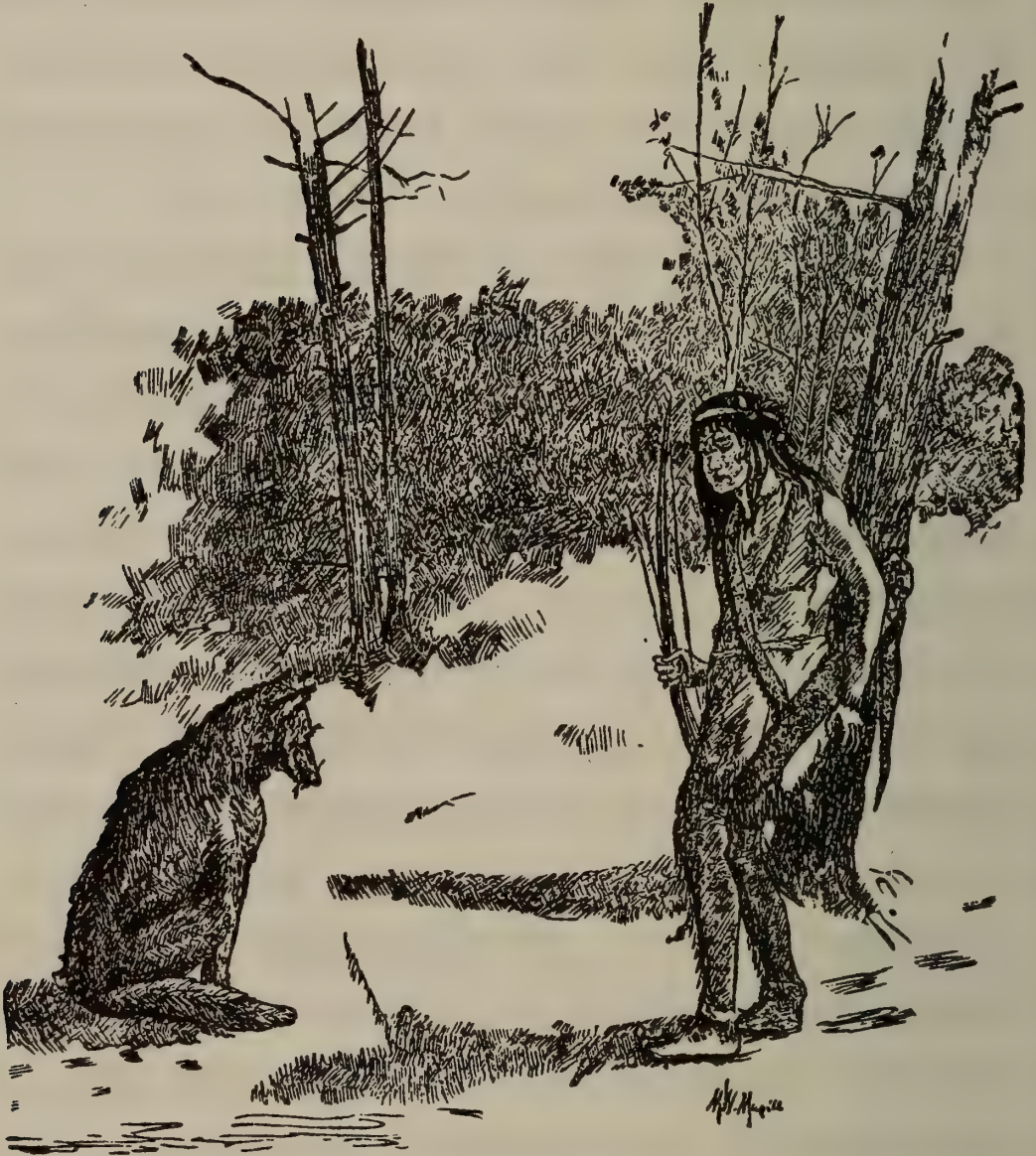


FIG. 10.—The youth and the Coyote.

tongue, ducked his head two or three times, and grinned.

“The young man stood stock still and looked at the Coyote; Coyote sat still and

looked at the young man. The latter exclaimed, 'Uh!'

" 'Quite so!' quoth the Coyote. "How is it with you, bungler?"

" 'Hey,' said the youth, 'did you speak?'

" 'Well, yes,' said the Coyote. 'Why didn't you shoot at me and call me names this morning, you coward?'

" 'I—I don't know,' stammered the youth.

" 'You might at least have killed my cubs, why didn't you?'

" 'Why should I kill them?'

" 'Why, indeed?' said the Coyote, 'only your brother beasts never stop to think of that. Do you know me?'

" 'No,' said the young man, his wits in a perfect smudge.

" 'Well, I know you very well. You're a good sort of fellow if you *are* a bungler, so come along to my house and I'll tell you something you need to know.'

" 'Well, must is what must be, I suppose,' said the young man; but he thought '*Sho-na-nai!* but this certainly is a queer thing, a Coyote talking and telling about

his house! Wonder if he has anything to eat? Yes, I'll go, thank you,' he added.

"Just then the Coyote ran back a few steps, went around a rock and reappeared with an enormous back-load of rabbits. 'Come on,' said he, and he led the way to a hole under a big stone. There sat the two little cubs. At first sight they started forth to meet their father, but seeing that big young man, they whisked into the hole in the snap-of-a-twigg time.

" 'Hold on, you silly furlings,' said the old Coyote; 'take down my load—it's light—and why are you afraid of your own uncle? If he had stuck one of those sharp sticks into your skins (and it would have served you right for prying about in daylight), you might have had reason to run, but he didn't do anything of the kind, you see.'

"When they came to the hole, the Coyote stopped, and said:

" 'Step in, my friend.'

" 'Where?' said the young man.

" 'Why, into my house; where else? Don't you see it?'



“ ‘Where? I see nothing but a hole not as big as my two legs, let alone the rest.’

“ ‘Ha, ha!’ laughed the Coyote. ‘Well, that’s my house; step in, I say.’

“ ‘But still the young man stood there. The Coyote reached up and nipped him—just a little. ‘*Kutchi*,’ squeaked the young man, as he made a jump, and plump!—into the hole slipped one of his feet.

“ ‘*Tu-nu-u!*’ rumbled the earth—and there was a great big passage with a fine door at the end. This made the young man’s eyes loose, but the Coyote laughed, and shouted:

“ ‘Hai! old woman, are ye in? Pull us down.’

“ ‘Yes, all right,’ said a soft voice from below, and the door opened. There stood a fine little mother.

“ ‘Come in,’ said she to the youth and the Coyote.

“ ‘In they stepped. There was as fine a room as any in Pi’-na-wan, Ha’-wi-k’uh, or any other town round about.

“ ‘Did luck meet you, old one?’ said the little woman.

“ ‘Such and such,’ replied the Coyote, as he stretched himself, shook himself, and gave a jump, when rip! went his skin, and there stood a fine little old man before the astonished youth.

“ ‘Well,’ said the Coyote being, ‘that’s the way we live down here; now make yourself one of us.’ Then taking up the skin he hung it to an antler with several others, and placed a sitting-block for the still staring young man.

“Then the little old man went out and brought a gourd of tobacco and some shucks, and said:

“ ‘Fill and smoke.’

“So they made cigarettes and began to puff away, while the old woman brushed up and brought in a great trencher full of stew and enough baskets of *he’-we* and bread for a council.

“ ‘Sit ye and eat,’ said she, as she coaxed the two little ones out of their hiding place, and threw down some blankets, so they all placed themselves and began eating.

“At first the young man was rather afraid, but the little old man was so merry,

the broth smelt so rich, the *he'we* looked so flaky and sweet, that he soon fell to and ate more than all the rest put together, nor did he make an end until every one else was done, even with the dinner-drink.

“ ‘Thanks, thank you,’ said he, drawing away.

“ ‘Be satisfied,’ they rejoined; then the little old woman cleared everything away and laid fresh wood on the fire.

“ ‘Now,’ said the Coyote, ‘I’ll tell you how I know you. Your uncle was a friend of mine, and he was so attentive to us prey-beings that, being poor like you, I took pity on him and taught him to hunt. That’s his bow you are carrying, for I smell the water of his sweat on it. Well, nobody ever taught you to hunt or how to gain the favor of my brothers and myself. Listen! We are the masters of prey throughout the six regions of the world of daylight. All we ask in return for helping our children among men is constant presents of war-plumes, for by them we live from age to age. Go, therefore, and prepare plumes for us all, thus and so; then



return. I'll bring you good luck, and you need it sure enough. Let them banter and bully you after their fashion; if you do as I bid, you may laugh at them yet.'

"The poor lubber listened with bent head and hanging hands. When the Coyote-man ceased, he was shedding tears, for he had heard softer words here than ever elsewhere. He breathed the hands of the little old man and his wife, took up his old furless quiver and the bow, and was turning to go, when the little old man exclaimed:

" 'Wait! Old woman, run and fetch the string.'

"The young man was wondering what next would transpire, when the little mother went out and returned with a bunch of rabbits fully as large as herself.

" 'There,' said the old man, as he cut the cord they were strung on, 'take part of them along with you; it will make your old grandmother good-humored, and she'll help you gather plumes and tell you how your uncle used to fix them. But mind, say nothing about me; tell no one.'

“Again the young man breathed their hands and set forth. As he passed the portal, *Tu-nu-u’!* thundered the earth, coming together with such force that the wind whistled about his ears, but as he turned to look back, there was nothing more than a Coyote’s hole under the rocks! As he briskly walked down through the foothills, *Tcha-tcha, tcha-tcha-tcha*, sounded the snow, and, looking, the young man saw the same ragged-skinned old Coyote sneaking along among the sages. It began to grow dark and he quickened his pace, until the lights of Pi’-na-wan shone out before him.

“When he climbed the ladder and shouted down the sky-hole, the old woman answered:

“ ‘Hai!’

“ ‘Pull me down!’ he cried.

“ ‘Ho! Two or three wood-rats, I suppose, which he is making such a fuss about;’ but coming to the ladder she saw a great bunch of rabbits.

“ ‘Well, well, child,’ said she, as she hauled in the rabbits, ‘luck *has* met you! How did it happen? But this will never do; you must learn to make plumes and

put them where the prey-beings will find them, and prayer-sticks for the game you must also make, or they will be afraid of you.'

" 'What are you talking about, granny?'

" 'What, indeed, simpleton; don't you make plumes every month for the dead? Well, that's what I mean, only they must be different—thus and so,' continued she, and she told him all about how the plumes ought to be made, and spent the evening, as she cut up and split up the rabbits, trying to teach him the old prayers of the beasts and prey-beings.

"He pretended not to know much, but he remembered everything, and the next day his old grandmother went off and borrowed a lot of plumes for him, so the whole of that day and the two following he worked away at the plumes, dyeing some red with ocher, others binding to the sticks best adapted to beasts they were made for. With prayer-meal the old grandmother made for him, the bundle of plumes and the weapons he carried before, the young man started out early the fourth morning. Not long after he met the ragged old Coyote.



“ ‘Ha! you come,’ said the latter.

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Have you what I want?’

“ ‘Yes, the best plumes I could make.’

“ ‘Well, come along, let’s see.’

“So up they climbed to the hole under the rocks. Again it opened, and they entered. The little mother was not there, but soon came in, a Coyote as much as the other, followed by her two cubs. They all shook off their turn-skins, and were as they had been before. Soon other Coyotes joined them, shied on seeing the stranger, sat down, looked at him with their noses in the air, didn’t seem to like it, and then began to howl until the young man’s ears were as full of hums as a hornet’s nest in hot weather. But the old man said ‘*Sshh*,’ then like the rest they shifted their skins, appearing no wise unlike him, only younger, and calling him father, uncle, or brother, according to their relationship.

“The young man was confused and said little; but he laid the plumes on the floor and scattered prayer-meal on the heads of all, for he began to mistrust that they

were not men, but gods. They accepted his offering with breathings of blessing and thanks, then the old men proceeded to distribute the plumes dyed with red ocher, one to each. These they fastened to their turn-skins, over the heart, and the strangers, stepping up to the young man, offered to help him, but the old man quickly said that as he had found the young man *he* would adopt him, and bade them run along to the chase. Immediately they stepped up to the antler, passed their skins in less time than 'now then' over themselves, and were Coyotes again.

" 'Hold!' said the old man, as the others disappeared; you wonder why I offered them nothing to eat? The thinner the stomach, the lighter the foot, my boy. A hungry hunter scents game against the wind—never eat in the morning. That's one.

" 'Whenever you take a beast's body, give something in return. How can a man expect much without paying something? If you do not give creatures the wherewithal of changing being, how can

you expect them to relish your arrows? So, whenever you slay a game creature, offer him and his like prayer-plumes—then they will feed you with their own flesh and clothe you with their own skins. That's two.

“ ‘Remember your fathers, the gods, the ancestors, the prey-beings, and the game creatures, offering them favor often. The first hold the trails of life; the others keep, lengthen, and sustain them. That's three.

“ ‘Being not of the initiated, beware of wizards. That's four.

“ ‘Now let's go out for a hunt.' ”



## CHAPTER XIV

## HOW HE LEARNED TO HUNT



UP over the crooked trail which led past the den of the Coyote to the summit of the southern mesas, and over these, down into the shadowy evergreen forests in the wide valleys beyond, they hastened, the Coyote leading the way. On the level bottom of the very first valley, they struck deer-trails fresh made in the melting snow.

“‘Ha ha! Now then, my bungler!’ laughed the Coyote as he bent low to examine the trail. ‘But what are you doing?’ he suddenly shouted as he happened to glance back and saw that the youth had mistaken his meaning and was getting out his plumed prayer-sticks and sacred meal. ‘Hold on! Never pay in advance! Gods and beings, like men, abhor debt. Here! It is your business now, to look at this

track. It was made by the leader. You can tell that by the way it is chipped into by the footprints of those that followed him. We will track this particular trail for a while, together. See now; the holes this leader's feet made in the snow are a little melted at the edges. That shows he has been gone some time; but by and by they will be sharper and less melted; then you must step as though you were walking on grass-stalks and wished not to break them, for the deer will perchance be listening behind some bunch of bushes or knoll in the valley. I may leave you at any time, and when I do, mind not to call out, for that would be worse than stepping noisily. You must keep cautiously following the trail until you come to where the straws are not yet straightened up in the bottom of the tracks where the snow is most melted. Then sit down and sing like this:

“ ‘Na'-a-le, na'-a-le!  
 Tom an te-a'-nan,  
 Ta-pan, ha i'-a;  
 Ha'-lo-a-ti'-nan  
 Ha thle-ai-e'-ha  
 E-ha! e-ha!

“Deer, deer!  
Thy footprints (I see),  
I following, come;  
Sacred favor (for thee)  
I bring as I run.  
Yea! yea!

“The deer will perchance be listening behind some bunch of bushes or knoll in the valley, and if he hear your music, will be charmed by it and hesitate. That will give me time, you see, to run around to the head of the valley before he gets there; for “deer going home travel in cañons as men do in pathways.” After you have followed the trail a little farther, sing again. I, meanwhile, will station myself just above where some ravine branches out from the main cañon, and there wait. When the deer sees you coming, he will be frightened and run swiftly up the valley. But there I shall be before him; there you will be coming after. So, to get away from us both, he will scud off into the side-cañon. Then you stop and sing again. I will skip around to head him off, as I did before. You sing a fourth time, and hurry after. When he sees me again, he



will turn about and lower his head to meet you. Then draw your arrow to the tip and stand ready. Just as he is about to charge past you, I will run up behind and nip his heels. He will turn sharply to see what it is, and, his side being toward you, quick! stick him hard with your arrow a little back of where you see the gray hair changes color behind his shoulder! If you strike there, he will fall; if you miss, *you* will fall, for he will see that you are a bungler—do you hear?—and run right through you as though you were not there. Should he fall, quickly go to him, throw your arms around him, put your lips close to his, breathe in his breath, and say, “Thanks, my father, this day have I drunken your sacred wind of life.” You understand it all now, do you?” added the Coyote, looking up at the young man.

“‘Yes,’ said the youth. ‘I have heard and the words of my father lodge in my heart.’

“‘Ha! Very well then; let us be off.’

“First swiftly, then more and more slowly, they followed the trail of the deer.

As they came to a spot midway up the valley, where the trail began to look fresher, the Coyote suddenly darted off to one side, and disappeared among the piñons. The youth had gone but little further when, as the Coyote had said, he found not a grass-blade erect in the foot-prints. Stealing silently along, he thought he heard a sound not far ahead, so crouching down he sang:

“‘Deer, deer!  
Thy footprints (I see)  
I following, come;  
Sacred favor (for thee)  
I—I—(Oh yes!) bring as  
I run.  
Yes! yes!—oh yes!’ ”

“The deer was not far away, and heard some of the song, whereupon he was greatly pleased, but when the youth stammered, he exclaimed, ‘Ah! Young hunters sometimes forget their payments of sacrifices as they do their songs; I must be off!’ Whereupon he whirled about, and, stamping the ground, away sped his followers, the does, fawns, and short-horns, into the shelter of a cedar grove. He then turned and ran

alone up the valley, but soon stopped to listen, for he again heard the approaching youth sing the song of promise.

“‘That’s better,’ thought he; ‘I will loiter along a little more slowly.’ Still he was dubious, and no sooner caught sight of his pursuer than he started forward at full speed. Now, not far ahead was a side-cañon, and there, behind a sage-brush, flat on his belly, lay the old Coyote, laughing as he heard him coming. Ye Beloved! how the great deer bounded into the air, turned and fled up the side ravine, as the Coyote, swift as the little end of a snapped twig, sprang up in his pathway. ‘Sing, sing!’ cried he to the frightened youth as he sped away to head off the frightened deer a second time. Loud, clear, and strong, not one word misplacing, the youth then sang the song of offering, and the deer, well pleased to rest a little, slackened his speed.

“‘Ha!’ thought he, ‘I should die contented could I know that he would make payment—but who knows?’<sup>34</sup>

“No sooner, therefore, had the youth neared him than alarmed by this doubt, he



again crashed forth, anon pausing, with head lifted high, as the notes of the song for the last time came wailing up the cañon. Before he had time to bound forward again, the Coyote sprang into sight. With a loud snort the deer turned, only to be met by the approaching youth, toward whom he lowered his antlers. Noiselessly the Coyote stole up behind, and with a short, shrill bark bit the haunch of the frightened stag. The youth too quickly let fly an arrow, which, sent with the full strength of the long, tightened bow, shivered into splinters on the antlers of the deer. Wild with excitement and fright, the young man fitted a fresh arrow to the string, sprang back to dodge the charge of the maddened buck, which with lowered horns and glaring eyes came tearing down and stopped short to turn again upon his pursuer. Scarce knowing what he did, the young man drew his arrow to the tip and let fly. So close was he that the missile, unstayed by the wink of an eye, was buried to the very feathers in the breast of the monstrous stag. With a leap, a plunge, and sidewise

motion like a thick tree in the breath of a wind-storm, the animal tottered and fell. Dazed like a baby at the sound of thunder the young man stood there, scarce seeing what he had done. Wildly the wounded stag plunged in an effort to rise. The Coyote rushed forward to tell the youth 'Shoot him again!' This suddenly reminded him that he had not embraced the fallen deer. Never stopping to think that the stag was still struggling, he sprang forward, but finding that he could not get near enough, grasped the forelegs of the prey, and kept his hold until covered with blood and the deer, growing weak, suffered him to place his face close to its own. 'Ah, my father!' he exclaimed; whereupon the struggles ceased, the deer relaxed, and the young man breathed deeply from his nostrils, repeating the prayer of thanks. Ere he finished, the stag shivered and died.

" 'Ha, my child,' joyfully called the Coyote, who, almost beside himself, had watched the slaying of the stag; 'thou art no bungler, but a lucky hunter! This day thy winning is great, for thou hast entered

a new trail of life, and the Beings of game are thy friends forever. A mighty hunter thou wilt be, for even while crazy and wild, thou hast yet remembered the way of well-doing, and hast well done it. Take thy broad flint from its sheath and rip down the belly of the deer, take hair from his forehead, wax from his ear, sacred favor from thy meal-pouch, and a turquoise from thy necklace. Moisten these with a clot of blood from the sack of the deer's heart and make a ball of them. Then bury them where the deer has lain, or where he fell, and lo! his like will walk, ere long, the valleys again!' No sooner had the youth done these things than he continued:

“ ‘Now pray thy father (thy child, the slain deer), that in his walks abroad he shall remember thy name—which tell him; shall commend thee to the creatures of game, in order that thou shalt unfailingly enjoy their favor. Plant with prayer and yearning the plumed sticks of investure, and scatter abroad thy favor of prayer-meal. Thou receivest flesh wherewith to add unto thy own flesh. For this thou



shalt always confer in return that which giveth new life to the hearts of slain creatures. Hereafter thou shalt hunt alone, carry with thee the fetich of a Prey-god, one of them cannot always be with you as I am today. Thus by our forms, made stony in the days of creation, shalt thou be minded to invest us with treasure, offer us favor, and plant for us prayer-sticks and heart-plumes. See! Thou wilt then possess the good-will of both the Prey-beings and their prey, and trebly gifted as a hunter wilt thou be.'

"Then the Coyote addressed him familiarly again and taught him how to skin and dress the deer, how to wrap it in its own hide for carrying. When the young man tried to lift it, he found it heavy, and was about to leave a part behind; but the Coyote, searching about a moment, found a sprig of dried red-top. This he brought and told the youth to breathe on it, and say, 'Dried top, through thy instinct of lightness thou fliest on the wind more swiftly than a bird or butterfly. Oh, lighten my burden!' then to lay it within the carcass. When,

after doing this, he tried again to lift the bundle, wonderful to tell, it flew up so quickly that the youth almost fell backward, and the Coyote laughed until he all but lost his turn-skin.

“Scarce troubled more with his burden than with his old coat of buckskin, the youth easily kept pace with the Coyote as the latter led the way straight toward his den below the cliffs. Once there, he bade the young man enter, calling his wife to take in the bundle.

“After he had changed his form, according to his custom, and they had feasted and smoked, the youth turned to his teacher, and said, ‘O, father! for much am I this day beholden to you, and it were right that I offer you our slain animal, my thanks, and my poor favor of prayer.’

“‘No, my child, only a small portion will I take. Carry home the deer and its skin to your grandmother. A maiden, daughter of the priest-chief of Pi’-na-wa will behold you from her house-top, and say, “Thou comest!” This she would not do were you empty-handed. She, you will

marry; yet in the days to come I fear you will suffer much. But why should I tell you more than that all will be well at last? Go now with this one warning: jealous of your many future favors, a sorcerer will assume my disguise and try to destroy you. Beware of the wizard Coyote, like me, yet unlike me. What though you slay him! His brothers will seek your life. Beware, therefore, also, of the Brother-wizards.'

"The youth bent low his head in reverent thought and gratitude. He rose up and bade farewell to the little old woman and her children, then turned toward the Coyote-man, who stretching his hands forth, laid them on the shoulders of the young man and blessed him, breathed upon him, accepted his humble thanks and return of blessing, and bade him 'Be happy!' The youth then lifted his bundle to his shoulders, and bidding them all 'Sit happy,' silently stepped through the doorway, which, as he passed it, rumbled, closed, and left him alone in the sunset shadows of the cliff, with only the entrance of a coyote hole at his feet.



“Later, as darkness was filling all hollow places, and the river alone remained bright, he neared the town of Pi'-na-wa. He was climbing the hill where stood the highest houses (the great horns of his deer almost dragging on the ground), when, looking up, he saw clear showing against the northern sky, the form of a fair maiden standing near the ladder of the chief-priest's house-top. Remembering what the Coyote-man had said, he bent his eyes bashfully to the ground and quickened his pace, but ere he could pass, the girl said in a soft voice:

“‘Comest thou?’ And he answered simply, ‘Yea, maiden,’ and walked on. He did not know that as he approached his old grandmother's home the maiden still watched him, or that from under the shadow of her house yet another who had in vain night after night in brave attire awaited her greeting, also watched, and sputtered between his chattering teeth, ‘So ho! it is you, is it? and that's where you live! Aha, I'll remember!’ No, he neither saw nor heard these things, for he was thinking, ‘How my old grandmother

will be surprised and how glad she'll be.' So musing, he climbed the ladder, drew the sprig of grass-top out from his bundle, which dropped with a big bounce and thud on the roof, making the rafters groan and bark, and the old woman, who was stirring mush below, tingle to the nose-tip with fright and exclaim, '*Aikh!* What, hurt?'

"'Say, there, grandmother, are you in?' called the young man, poking his head through the ladder-hole.

"'Ho, more rabbits, hey? (That's what he is making so much fuss about, is it?) Lout,' she cried, as she hobbled toward the ladder, 'why do you come around making more noise than a deer-stalker with your sage-brush game? Here, hand them down.' The old woman did not see plainly, for her eyes were dim and the light dimmer. Therefore she still thought, as she stretched her hands up for the bundle, that it was only a bunch of rabbits; and when the youth let go, down fell the deer, and down went the old woman, like a little ant under a big berry. '*I'll* teach you,' she groaned, reaching for the pudding-stick—as soon as

she could crawl out and get breath—‘to come tumbling down on me that way, you loose-footed bear-cub.’ And laying hold of the poker, she began to maul the carcass on both sides and all over.

“‘Hold, grandmother,’ shouted the youth from the ladder-top, ‘you’ll spoil the meat!’

“ ‘Spoil the meat, will I? It would be a good thing if I *did* spoil a little of *your* meat. Feels funny to fall on an old woman, doesn’t it? said she, thumping the bundle harder than ever, when, chancing to lift her head to get breath, she espied the youth coming down the ladder. ‘Hey, is that you; then what’s this?’ said she, dropping her poker and pointing at the bundle.

“‘It’s a deer carcass, grandmother.’

“‘*Deer!*’ quoth she. ‘Moon-mother and Ugly-monster! What have I been doing? A deer in the house and drubbed instead of talked to! Be quick, my beloved grandson, and get an ear of corn, while I hunt for the prayer-meal; and help me lay the deer out on the floor with his head to the east. Who would think it? Well—well!’ In her ex-



citement she picked up a bowl of ashes and would have scattered them all over the carcass (thinking them prayer-meal) had not a little spark burnt her fingers. And even after she had laid the corn-ear close by the breast of the deer, and found the vessel of sacred flour, she was so crazy with delight and pride, and remembrance of days when her son (the youth's uncle) had been a great hunter, that she said her prayer over twice before she thought to end it.

“‘My child,’ quoth she, smiles all over her face and water in her eyes, ‘let me breathe from your precious hands.’ Then she punched blazes out of the pine-knots, and gazed proudly at the youth, as he stood where the fire warmed him and the light fell upon him. ‘Ah, how manly he looks, with the blood all over his face and garments, and the sweat-stains on his eyebrows. Thanks, this day, beloved grandson, that thou hast entered upon a new trail of life. Thou shalt live on fat deer-stew and have new clothing, and be spoken of at every house-fire in Pi’-na-wa.’ Then she toasted

tender morsels of rib-meat over the hot coals, and placing a bowl of mush and basket of *he'-we* before him, bade him be satisfied.

“The young man still remembered that he had been advised to secrecy in regard to his wonderful teacher, so when he had finished his repast and the old woman had cleared away the dishes and remnants, he said little more to her than to tell her how and where he had slain the deer, not once referring to the Coyote-man, but relating that a curious stranger taught him how to cut up the deer and to sacrifice the plumes.

“‘He told me also,’ said he, ‘that I ought to have a *we'-ma* [idol] of a Prey-being.’

“‘Why, of course!’ exclaimed the old woman, only too glad to find that the youth intended to try again; and lighting some splinters at the fire, she disappeared through the doorway of an inner room. Presently she came out again with a little long pouch, black with blood-stains, old and worn. ‘Here,’ said she, wiping a tear from her eye with the corner of her man-

tle, 'is a Coyote *we'-ma* which your uncle always wore over his heart, and which he covered with treasure-beads and turquoise. Ah, what a precious father it was to him! May it be the same to his nephew, my grandchild.' The youth eagerly took the pouch, drew the little figure from its depths, and breathing over it long and deeply, clasped it in his hands and prayed; then replaced it and hung the pouch over his neck.

"The old grandmother, surprised with his knowledge, turned away, took the halves of the huge deer carcass, and hung them from loom-loops on the rafters. She spread the skin out on the floor—wondering at its bigness—sprinkled it with ashes, salt and water, and rolled it up. Then she told the young man how he should soak it in the river next day, denude it of hair by means of a big bone scraper (that had belonged to his uncle) and dress it. Before she began to cut up the deer, she drew the sinew cords from its back, scraped them flat, and hung them on a ladder-round to dry, telling the youth how he should sew



the skin with them into fine garments after it was dressed and whitened. Gradually, while still with the chatter of age she talked on, he grew sleepy, and stretching himself out by the hearth, fell asleep. Until late into the night, however, the old woman continued to hack the joints and cut the meat into thin strips and hang it on cords to dry, singing meanwhile the songs she had known when the boy's uncle had been a great hunter.

“Long before sunrise next morning, while the grandmother still slept, the young man stealthily arose, and slinging his quiver and bow across his shoulder, silently climbed the ladder and started off for the southern mesas. It was still early morning, and many deer had come to feed on bare places among the piñon-groves of the western slopes when he climbed the cliffs. Thence he saw, away down those slopes, three or four great-horned bucks stalk forth into an open place. Crouching down, he stole along from tree to tree until he was near the animals. Then taking out his coyote *we'-ma*, he pointed it toward the deer,

breathed on it, and promised it food if it would but that day aid him in his chase. Moving on a little farther, he began in a low tone, a chant to the deer, scattering prayer-meal toward the place where he had last seen them. To his surprise, a huge buck presently strode out of the copsewood only a little way in advance of him. For a moment he knew not what to do; then casting the rest of the sacred flour which he had in his hand toward the seemingly unterrified stag, he drew his bow, fitted an arrow, and let fly toward the deer's shoulder. Almost instantly it dropped, and the youth ran up to breathe its life-wind. Without a struggle the stag gave up his breath as the youth breathed it. Almost pityingly the young man embraced him and said the prayers that he had been taught. Then he opened the body, and drawing out his *we'-ma* laid it in the bloody cavern of the deer's heart, formed, as he had been taught, the Seed of Deer, and buried it. As he arose, took his *we'-ma* out, placed it on the trunk of a fallen tree, and scattered prayer-meal over the carcass, he saw, standing

not far away, another deer gazing steadily and motionlessly at him. Drawing a fresh arrow, he began his hunting chant, and the deer, slowly turning, walked toward an open place, when the youth let go his arrow at its side. Like the first, this deer dropped where the arrow struck him, and the young man also did to him as he had done to the other. Thereafter, wherever he turned he saw deer, old and young. He began to strike them down, finally, without pausing more than to breathe their wind of life. When the sun began to grow warmer, the remaining deer fled off to the valleys, and the youth, laying aside his bow and arrows, performed over each of the many he had laid low, the rites he had over the first two. Selecting a pair of the largest, he hastily skinned and halved them. Suspending the others from trees, he disemboweled them, casting the entrails and blood to the ground, for his best friends, the coyotes. Then he cut the haunches from one of the deer he had skinned and threw them across the bundle he had made of the other. He tried to lighten his load with the sprigs of red-



top which lay banked against the lower branches of trees, and lo! he had no sooner said the prayer taught him by the Coyote, than he lifted the burden with ease, notwithstanding its bulk. So, throwing it over his shoulders, away he sped homeward. When he descended the cliff, he turned eastward, toward the den of the Coyote. Seeing no sign of life, no track near it, he laid the haunches down near by, and scattering meal upon them, prayed his father accept them; then turned once more toward Pi'-na-wa.

“It was yet but the time when the sunlight begins to slant, that he approached the town. The people who were passing in and out stopped to look at him, as, feigning fatigue, he slowly climbed the village path. It was not often that men came thus early in the day with game, and then they were more apt to have antelope, young deer and does, than great bucks. Over the side of the grandmother's house, too, hung the great pelt he had brought home last night, and this the people had been looking at and speaking of, for when the old woman

had wakened that morning and found her grandson gone, she had herself taken the skin to the river to soak it, and had a little while before brought it home and hung it up to drain. Among those who saw the youth coming in again was the daughter of the priest-chief, and again as he passed her house she asked, 'Comest thou?' to which he replied, not as before, but said, 'Yea, maiden, I do. Be thou happy!' She smiled, then turning hastily to tell her sister to 'Look out of the light-holes!'

"Who was more pleased than his grandmother, when she heard his footsteps on the ladder-rounds outside, and the children shouting '*Is'-ta-shi! Hothl hish na'-thla-na!*' (Look, look! *what* a big deer!) She jumped up from the meal-trough, brushed the flour off her dress, smoothed her hair, wiped her face with her mantle, and hustled over to the ladder just in time to hear the grandson shout:

" '*Shé-è*, grandmother; are you in? Pull me down.'

" 'Hold on a minute, grandson—carefully, carefully. It is daylight now, child, and I

can see that it is no sage-game; and I will not drub your meat-pack—slowly, slowly,’ said she, straining every joint to lower the bundle gently down the ladder-poles.

“‘Ah, my beloved grandson, my man-child; sit thee down by the fireside,’ said she, as the young man descended. Thanks, thou prop of my weakening will. Thanks, that thou hast grasped firmly this day a new trail in life,’ continued the old woman, all of a shiver with pride, as she dragged the deer to the middle of the room and laid it out. When she had sacrificed to it, she set a steaming venison-stew before the boy, salt-sauce and fresh *he’-we*; and hungry with his morning fast and journey, he ate as he had not for many a day. Yet when he had finished, the old woman begged him to eat more—so changed do people grow with changing things!

“‘Grandmother,’ said the youth, when he had finished, ‘go summon the warrior-priest—or no, *I* will go.’

“‘What, child!’ said she, dropping the roll of *he’-we* she was munching. ‘Hast seen an enemy?’



“‘No, no, grandmother; no, no! I have overtaken a trail with many branches and turnings!’ [Met with good and varied luck.]

“Saying no more, he went up to the roof, took the skin that was hanging there, and carried it down to the river again. While he was there, the daughter of the chief-priest, having seen him go toward the river with the skin, took her best jar, threw her best head-mantle on, and followed him down to the steps where the women dipped water. Below, not far away, was the young man washing the hide, and wondering how to dress it. He did not see the maiden until, after watching him a short time, she exclaimed:

“‘Art thou here?’

“‘Hey?’ said the young man, starting up. ‘Oh!—yes, here. Happy, yes, thank you!’

“‘What are you doing?’

“‘I don’t know; trying to fix this skin.’

“‘Do you know how?’

“‘May be; my grandmother told me.’

“‘Yes; but it is washed enough. Don’t you see how white the inside is? Now you

should dress it. Run up and get the forked log that stands near your house—it has stood there long enough, *every* one knows!—then I will come after another jar of water—our people are grinding today—and—maybe I can show you or—*help* you, maybe, to dress the skin. What a fine one it is. What a lucky young man you are.’

“ ‘Do you think so?’ asked he.

“ ‘Why, yes. My brothers would be crazy if they killed a deer as big as the one that wore that skin,’ replied the girl, filling her water-jar and putting it on her head.

“ ‘Wait, maiden, wait,’ said the young man, as she turned to go. ‘Is your father at home?’

“ ‘Yes, he sits at home.’

“ ‘Will you tell him to send the two war-priests to me toward sunset?’

“ ‘The two war-priests! What’s the matter?’

“ ‘Oh, nothing much. I struck a lucky trail today, and had to leave some meat on the mesa.’

“ ‘Some *meat*! Did you kill more than *one* deer?’

“ ‘Yes, some.’

“ ‘*Some!* Did you kill more than one more?’

“ ‘Why yes, several,’ said the youth.

“ ‘*Several!* Why you must be mistaken! How could one man kill so many deer? You are sure, then, are you?’

“ ‘Why, yes.’

“ ‘How many did you kill?’

“ ‘I don’t know.’

“ ‘You don’t *know!*’ exclaimed the girl, looking at him with her eyes and mouth wide open. ‘Are you a man or a *Being?*’

“ ‘I don’t know,’ said the youth, wondering what she meant.

“ ‘Well, here,’ said the maiden, suddenly wild to tell her father and sisters; ‘take the skin home and give it to your grandmother. I shall come down here tomorrow in the warmth of the day, for water.’ With this she hurried home, and the youth, dragging the skin along, slowly followed.

“ ‘When he went in, the old grandmother, who had been moved to sweep up by his last remarks, asked him why he looked so?’

“ ‘Why, you see,’ said he, ‘a girl that was



getting water down there doesn't know what I am because I killed several deer today.'

" 'You killed several deer!' exclaimed the grandmother. 'Goodness, are you yourself or your uncle? Why didn't you tell me that before?'

" 'I don't know.'

" 'Ah, I see,' said she. 'Thou art *Na'-sa-na*.<sup>35</sup> My son, thy uncle was. Thanks this day. If thou but remember thy duties, all will be well.'

"Thus reminded, the young man thought of his plumes and sent his grandmother to find them. When she came back with them, he spread a blanket on the floor and began to assort them in order that he might, on going forth again, sacrifice to the deer he had slain.

"While yet he was thus engaged, some one called, 'Are ye in?' When they had replied, 'Yea, enter thou,' to the surprise of the old grandmother the priest-chief of the tribe came down the ladder. He was an aged and grave man, clad in rich cotton robes, with abundant necklaces of sacred

white shell and turquoise, and as he strode slowly into the center of the room, said, 'My children, be ye happy this day!'

"Then sitting on the stool-block that was proffered him, he prepared a medicine cigarette, and blew the smoke of it over the youth and to the six regions, offering, after the manner of priest-fathers today, a prayer.

"Then he said, looking kindly upon the youth, 'Thou hast summoned my mouth-pieces and chiefs, the warrior-priests Be it thanks this day, my son, that thou art *Na'-sa-na* and favored of the Beloved, [gods], therefore it is meet that myself should sit to listen; hence have I come. Speak thou.'

" 'I thank you, my father, for the light of thy favor.'

" 'Speak thou, my son, what would'st thou speak.'

" 'This day,' replied the youth, 'I have found the trail of favor. Upon the western slopes of the middle mesas are hanging the deer it has been my good fortune to see with my arrows. One I brought hither;

part of another I gave to my fathers, the Prey-beings. I would that those who care to should go forth and gather these deer, which let them take to themselves—except a share to thee—that they may be satisfied of needed food.'

" 'Wisely thou sayest, and I thank thee. Thou speakest from new knowledge; whereby I know thee to be favored of the gods and taught of them—therefore precious. Thou harmest not any creature which drinketh of flowing water, be it little or great; thence it is thou art also well to bethink thee of thy sacrifices. More I will teach thee as day follows day. Happiness is quickened within me that thou thus make my children, the people of Pi'-na-wa, presentation of much. As thou willest, mostly shall it be done, and that this may speedily be, I go. Sit ye happy!' he continued, rising; and, breathing on and from the youth's outstretched hand, he turned and went out by the ladder-way.

"Not long after, the warrior-priests, climbing to the housetops, told both the young and aged men of the town, in words



of great praise to the youth, of the abundant presentation of flesh which awaited them on the slopes of the middle mesas, and long before sunset a great band of runners, bearing burden-belts, knives, bows, arrows, and fire-sticks, set gleefully forth for the southern mesas. They were led by the chief warrior-priests, and against their return sweet-bread meal was prepared by the women, for thus the priest-chief had directed. Far more did the runners marvel when they found that the deer on the mesa exceeded by many those they had thought to find; and all night their fires blazed as they skinned and cut up the carcasses, and reveled in feasts of toasted rib-meat.

“All night, too, the baking-fires gleamed on the housetops of Pi'-na-wa—and those on the roof of the priest-chief were watched by the maiden, his daughter.

## CHAPTER XV

## HOW HE WAS DIVORCED



ALMOST with the dawn of the next morning, the runners, returning with their burdens, were seen in the distance. In days when the herds of our ancients were only wild deer and their kin, flesh-food was more precious than now. So it happened that the story of the youth's success, told over night, kept the hearths glowing until daylight, and on the housetops at sunrise the people watched the coming of the deer-bearers as thirsty travelers watch the flying rain-clouds.

“Down in his grandmother's house the young man had early bestirred himself, and was busy still with his plumes and prayer-wands, when a messenger appeared at the sky-hole and summoned him to the housetop. On throwing his old blanket

across his shoulders and ascending the ladder, he was motioned toward a large crowd across the plaza. Not knowing what would be required of him, he was at first undecided, until, discovering in the midst of the gathering council the priest-chief of the town, he descended and went over to him. Near the wall of the houses along the northern side of the court, the people had placed four stool-blocks and covered them with blankets and robes. They greeted the young man as he approached, and the priest-chief, laying hands on his shoulders, bade him be seated on one of the middle seats, the other of which he chose for himself. Two of the junior warrior-priests of the tribe then came near and sat down, one on either side of the youth and priest, while the crowd fell back and ranged themselves against the walls. Ere long every one cried, 'Listen! listen!' Up from the valley the song of the approaching runners began to sound. The warrior-priests immediately arose and went forth to meet and instruct their seniors and the rest of the coming band,



while the council silently awaited their return. They had not long to wait. Louder and louder the song grew, until the runners filed into the plaza, and along the open space down its center, deposited one after another their burdens. When all were placed, the priest-chief arose and scattered sacred meal in the direction of the bundles, while the warrior-priests, after following his example, told the people how the young hunter had directed that the flesh and pelts should belong to those who went after them—only that a share be given the fathers of the tribe—but that they had determined in council to reserve a part of the flesh for the youth's grandmother, as well as for the fathers, while the greater share should be divided amongst the people themselves. The skins, they said, should be dressed by those who had brought the deer in, and half of them when thus prepared be equally distributed among those who had dressed them, while the remaining half should be given to him who had slain the deer. On hearing this, the youth raised his hand as if to speak, but the

priest-chief, knowing that he would only insist that all the skins be given away, smiled and bade him be content. Everybody, except one man, taking up the words of the priest-chief, cried out *Hi-tâ! Hi-tâ!* [Hear! Hear!], and amidst their cries the division of the meat began. The one who had not joined them arose with a frown on his countenance, sullenly threw his blanket over his shoulders, and strode away. It was he who had watched the youth that night when the maiden had also watched him! But the people did not notice his absence, for already the warrior-priests had finished the division and now began to distribute the meat, and loud was the shouting and long the laughing as each received his little. When nothing save the skins remained—except the shares of the fathers and the youth's old grandmother—the runners came forward and breathed on the hand of the youth, thanking him for his day of favor, and the people followed, treating him as a father of the tribe.

“It was still early when the council dispersed and the youth returned to his grand-

mother's home. The old woman was there before him, but she had seen the council and great was her pride that so suddenly old with dignity had her young grandson become. She placed *he'-pa-lo-k'ia*, sweet gruel, and deer stew before him, and chattered through all the meal to the young fellow about the fine new clothes he would have when the skins, all dressed, were brought to him, and how he could trade some of them for cotton yarn—which she would weave and embroider into garments like those of the priest-chief himself—and others he might exchange for turquoises and shell necklaces. The youth, according to his custom, said little. When the meal was over, he gathered his plumes together and laid them aside. Then taking the old bone scraper his grandmother had found for him, and the forked log the girl had told him to get the day before, he carried them and the skin he had yesterday washed, down to the riverside. Again he began to wash the skin, then he spread it out on the sand to drain. While he was wondering how he should use the forked log and



scraper, the daughter of the priest-chief appeared at the watering-place, for she had seen the youth go down to the river. She stood there a moment, watching him smilingly. He was at first unaware of her presence, but at last starting up, beheld her.

“‘Ha! thou comest,’ said he. ‘I grow glad to see thee.’

“‘And glad am I that you are here, and to know that you have remembered the “watering-place and the warmth of the day,” ’ said the maiden. ‘Now, come, let me show you how to dress the skin,’ she continued, as she placed her jar on the ground and went near to him. ‘Why have you put the scraping log upside down? You should lean it against yonder wall, the forks downward like the legs, the trunk upward like the body of a man. Then cover the trunk with the skin, as a man covers his head and shoulders with a blanket; don’t you see? But leave the hair-side outward, and tuck the edges of the skin well between the log-end and the wall; that will hold the skin while you

shave it downward against the log with the scraping-bone, thus. There!' said she, as at once aiding and directing him, she saw that all was done as she had advised. 'That's it! See how the hair comes off and how white the hide is underneath. Look! that's where my brave hunter shot the deer!' As she said this, she turned her face toward his, and he, not knowing why, felt mightily pleased to hear her talk that way, but went on scraping harder than ever.

"A few moments the girl stood by, then said again:

" 'My hunter never had a sister, did he?' Still the youth plied the scraper. 'Did he?' repeated the girl.

" 'No,' replied the youth, beginning to think of what his old friend, the Coyote-being, had said about this girl, and to wonder how it would all come about, and to somehow wish it might. The girl did not let him wonder long.

" 'You see,' said she, 'I *have* sisters, and brothers too; now my brothers taught me how they dressed buckskins. It was in

this way that I learned; so my sisters taught me many things which I see you do not know. I will tell you about them if you will come over to our house some evening.'

"What! *into* your house, where your father and all your brothers sit in all their fine cotton things? Alas, no; it would cover my poorly-clad front with shame!' said the youth, looking down at his wrinkled and worn old clothes.

" 'Oh, pshaw!' said she, 'my father said you were a brave, strong, and precious lad, when he came home today. There, would you feel ashamed after that?'

" 'I don't know,' said the youth, and seeing he was still undecided, the girl hastened to say:

" 'Well, I must go now, but some night when you think that you would like to see me, suppose you come over to our house and stand under the ladder a little while. If I do not come out soon, cough and *hem* once or twice, and by and by if you should hear me, *hem* again. Then, you see, I shall know it is you and not the beast of a



fellow that hangs around the corner every night and thinks because he likes *me*, I must needs like *him*. Now, are you coming? When are you coming? Tomorrow night?’

“‘I don’t know—maybe—yes, if I am a good hunter I shall come—day after tomorrow.’

“‘Why you *are* a good hunter.’

“‘I don’t know,’ persisted the youth, and the girl pretending to get angry—perhaps she was—with a fling started for her water-jar.

“‘Wait, stay! You act like my grandmother when she is angry with me, only not quite like her—not quite so *much* so. *Are* you angry with me?’ said the youth.

“““I don’t know,”” quoted the girl, and filling her jar as quickly as possible, she turned up the path without even so much as looking at the awkward youth; but she was smiling to herself, and he stood gazing after her. Then taking up his deerskin and scraper he slowly went home to gather counsel from his grandmother. He found the old woman sitting by a big mound of

meat, and at her side, wonder to behold, two or three other old women—clan-sisters—helping her to ‘jerk’ the venison. As he entered at the ladder, they all looked up and asked very particularly after his happiness. The youth said little more than to return their greetings, for he did not like to speak to his grandmother concerning his perplexities in the presence of these other old women; so he went to work in a corner, on his prayer-plumes again. Near sunset, when the evening meal was over, the old clan-sisters, who were wonderfully friendly to the young man, and called him nephew, asked him if their sons and grandsons should not make him some new coats and leggings of the skins they were dressing for him. Nothing could have pleased him more, for he thought to himself, ‘Now, as soon as they finish these new things, I will go around and see the maiden, for today she acted like my grandmother when she is cross, and that shows she too is angry.’ So he thanked the old women over and over, and brought them the two skins of the deer he had first killed.

“ ‘Tell your young men,’ said he, ‘to dress these and make my new things of them, for they are the first I ever had; then tell them to keep the others for themselves, and that I will give them more day after tomorrow when I go hunting again—that is if I meet good fortune ’

“The old women were as pleased with this as the youth himself, and hastened home to tell of his promises

“When they had gone, he turned to his grandmother and asked her if she ever had any sisters.

“ ‘Sisters? Why yes, child! Why?’

“ ‘Did they ever teach you anything?’

“ ‘Very likely; but what makes you ask such a question as that?’

“ ‘Why, you see,’ said he, ‘down by the river today that girl who didn’t know whether I was a man or a Being, because I had killed so many deer I didn’t know how many I *had* killed, asked me if I ever had any sisters, and when I told her no, she said her sisters had taught her a great many things which she would teach me if I would come around some evening. When



she asked me if I were coming, and I told her I didn't know—maybe—(I was ashamed of my clothes, you see), she got angry. What *do* people's sisters teach them?'

“ ‘Humph!’ said the old woman, ‘other people's sisters teach them more than their own, I should think, nowadays, to judge by this one, at least. Oh, good daylight! my poor boy of a grandson, she is the priest-chief's daughter, and she may be making fun of you, for you are poor. Yet her father likes us! Maybe she was not making fun, after all! Wait, my grandson, until your new things are done. You're a good hunter, and she may not have been making fun after all!’ ”

“Poor boy! He knew no more about it now than he had before, but still he concluded that if he stood under the ladder at all, it should not be until after the new things were done. So he returned, after the dishes were cleared away, to his plume-work in order that on the morrow it might be finished.

“Now, it happened that the sullen youth who had gone away from the council that

morning, went to watch under the windows of the priest-chief's daughter this very evening; but not so much to wait for the maiden herself as to learn whether the young hunter, encouraged by the priest's good will, came there also. Without knowing what had been said by the girl at the riverside that day, he happened—after the manner of young men in moonlight generally—to cough. The girl, half hoping that 'her hunter' might come around, had been watching and heard him. She therefore *hemmed* very gently. The young man below, thinking it might mean him (why not? he had never heard her *hem* that way before), replied by coughing again.

“‘I told him to “*hem*,”’ thought the maiden, as she peered around a chimney-stack. ‘Oh, it’s *you* is it,’ thought she, ‘you cactus-burr—you mud-hornet that always sticks to one wall! Well, I’ll treat you as I used to your like, when I was a little girl,’<sup>36</sup> she added under her breath, as she caught up a large bowl of very dirty water, which had stood there since the last cleaning-up time, and stealthily stepping

over as near to the edge of the roof as she dared, quickly measured the distance, and doused the whole vesselful down on the head and shoulders of the unwelcome suitor.

“ ‘*Aighh!*’ shrieked the young man as he dodged up close under the wall and skulked along until he fancied himself well out of sight. ‘So ho! you *did* expect him, did you? Well, just let me find when he’s going out hunting again, and you’ll wait for him and “*hem*” for him a long time, *I’m* thinking!’

“The next day this same youth went around amongst the people who were dressing deerskins by the riverside, inquiring when they thought the young hunter likely to go forth again. At last he came to where four or five men—the sons and grandson of the old clan-sisters—were working by themselves, and when he asked them, they told him that the hunter had promised their old mothers more hides and venison when he went out, which would be the day following, they thought.

“ ‘So you think he will go tomorrow, do



you?’ said the youth. ‘Well, I must stay at home this time, so as to join the runners and get a share of the fine buckskins. What lucky fellows you are,’ he added, as he turned away, pretending to envy them.

“Late that night some of the people were startled by hearing a strange wail, like the far-away howl of a hoarse coyote. But it was no coyote that made the sound. There were a few in Pi'-na-wa who knew well what it meant, and you might have seen them one by one sneak out of their houses and follow its echoes off into the valley and over toward some foot-hills, where there is to this day a certain black hole under the red sand-rocks. In those days the hole was the doorway to the Council of Sorcerers, and it was their chief wizard calling his foolish and bad children together, that the people of Pi'-na-wa heard that night! And when they were all gathered in council, they closed the doorway, by their magic knowledge and power, with a great block of stone, and the fires burned brightly inside, but no sparks went out—nothing but black

smoke which could not be seen in the black night. Then the chief wizard spoke:

“ ‘My children, it is not for nothing that we thus gather in council. One of our number whose heart had been maimed and is therefore sick with anger, would speak.’

“ ‘That he would, truly,’ cried a young man, and as he stepped forth into the light, behold! it was the one who had watched the young hunter, that night the maiden had watched him; who had yesterday left the council with a ruffled blanket and a wrinkled face; had last night been called a mud-hornet and like one, doused.

“ ‘Yea, I would speak indeed,’ he repeated; ‘I would tell ye how long I have waited for the scornful daughter of the priest-chief, who ignores me, and prefers a poor prey-whelp, it seems, to one of our number. And this same cub can go forth and slay enough deer to feed a tribe, while I, though gifted with the power of wizard-craft, come often empty-handed from the hunt, for the deer flee from me as from the smoke of a camp-fire or the tread of a mountain-lion. And this same prey-whelp

has so far pleased the fancy of the priest-chief's daughter that she watched for him last night, and when she found me instead standing beneath the windows of her mother's house, she drenched me—do ye hear, *drenched* me with *cold* and *foul water*; therefore my heart is maimed and sick indeed with anger, and to cure it I seek counsel. What say ye? Let the whelp be killed as he goes forth to hunt tomorrow.'

" 'Yea!' cried another, taking up the speaker's words. And how better may we do it than under the disguise of coyotes, for do coyotes not follow the trails of the hunter?'

" '*Eha!* Ye have spoken well,' said the chief councilor. 'And who will undertake this excellent work of cutting off by the roots a cause of envy and sore hearts among my children?'

" 'I!' shouted the second speaker, who, like the first, had longed many a month to see the light of favor in the eyes of the priest-chief's daughter. 'I, and if I succeed, then shall ye give me aid to win the proud daughter of the priest-chief.'



“‘No, no!’ yelled the youth who had called the council. ‘Let it be me, *me!* Did I not summon ye to ask advice, not aid?’ And forthwith the pair fell to quarreling, and the council laughed and howled in glee until the chief wizard shouted:

“‘Hold, ye beasts! Do rattlesnakes fight together? Who carries venom bewares of venom. Let the asker of advice, take it, and the other side bide his time. Son,’ said he, turning to the youth who had summoned them, ‘go tomorrow, go as a coyote, and err not! And if you err not, call us and meet us here by midnight; thus shall we know the work is done.’

“All that day the young hunter had been painting and pluming prayer-sticks, had finished them, that he might start off early the next morning for the chase. His old grandmother—busy as usual, long after he slept—had prepared a little luncheon of ash-cakes and dried-meat powder which she laid by his plumes and weapons. With the morning star he arose, and long before daylight he was half-way to the southern mesas. He was none too early for

the watchful wizard who had hung about as morning neared. No sooner had the young hunter started than he hastened to an old hut outside the town, and there laying a coyote-skin over his shoulders, plunged through a magic circle of yucca-fiber and instantly became, to all appearances, a coyote. Forth he scampered on the trail of the hunter, whom he followed to the top of the mesas. There the young hunter turning aside to sacrifice some of his plumes, was startled by seeing the ugly coyote sneaking along in his trail, and as he paused, steal behind some bushes.

“‘Aha!’ thought he, ‘my good father told me a wizard “like him, yet unlike him,” would seek to kill me; this must be the one.’ He made his sacrifices, said his prayers, and turned, quickening his steps, until he had gone a long distance, when, turning into an arroyo, he saw lying flat in the trail, another coyote. He would have stopped had not this Coyote jumped up and trotted on before him down to a branch in the trail, where he paused, looked back, and sat down. Then the youth suddenly

saw a red plume in the fur of the Coyote, and he knew it was his old friend. He started forward and was about to speak, but the old Coyote quickly raised his paw as a warning to silence, and said in a low tone, 'Run on, my child, run on; in the valley below is a herd of deer. Not until you have slain a large number will the wizard Coyote approach you, for he will wish to destroy you and assume your appearance, in order to win your maiden, and go to your home and tell "how many deer he has killed." When you have slain the last deer that remains near you in the valley, cut him up and throw his blood and entrails off to one side. As you draw forth your *we'-ma*, the wizard Coyote will run forward; you at the same time straighten up. Seeing you do this, he will stop and pretend to lap the blood. Have your bow and arrows ready, and while he pauses, shoot him. Run on, my son, err not,' said the Coyote as he turned and fled away; and the young hunter again trotted off down the arroyo. The sun had risen when he came out into the valley, and wherever he



turned were deer. As it happened the first day of his hunting, so it happened this—he was *Na'-sa-na*, and the deer feared him not. Many a one fell at the points of his arrows, which were almost spent when the last few remaining of the herd ran off as the others had done four days before. As he cast to the ground the last of the deer, sure enough, there was the ugly Coyote edging nearer through some cedars. The young hunter pretended not to know it; but keeping his bow strung and an arrow within easy reach, he drew his knife and cut open the last deer he had slain. He cast the blood and entrails toward the cedars, then took his *we'-ma* out and was dropping it into the heart-pouch when the Coyote rushed forth. The hunter straightened up, at the same time stepping nearer to his bow and arrows. The Coyote stopped and began to lap the blood, when the hunter made a spring, caught up his bow and an arrow so quickly that the Coyote had no time to turn, drew the arrow, and sped it directly into his ribs.

“ ‘*Ai-yo-o!*’ moaned the wretched wizard,

for the skin fell from his body, and behold! there was no coyote, but a man writhing and clenching an arrow.

“ ‘Ho! *Susk'i*’ [coyote], exclaimed the young hunter. “ ‘Things do unto some as they would do them to others!’ I’ve heard my grandmother say so!’ and heeding nothing of the moaning and pleading of the miserable wizard, he lifted his foot and pressed the arrow up to the feathers in the wretch’s body, pinning him to the ground, then mauled him over the head with his bow until he ceased even to gasp.

“ ‘*Elah kwa!*’ [thanks] simply exclaimed the young man as he wiped the back of his bow off with a wisp of grass, and throwing aside his coat, went to work opening the carcasses of the deer and hanging them up. It was late before he had done, and nearly sunset when he climbed the path that led into Pi’-na-wa, bearing a big deer on his shoulders. The grandmother would have welcomed him with a steaming meal, but he turned, saying that he must first seek the priest-chief; so taking a haunch of venison, he crossed the plaza, climbed the

tall ladder of the father's house, and shouted '*She-e!*' down the sky-hole.

" 'Enter and sit,' was the response.

"He went down the inner ladder and was greeted by all with smiles and good words.

" 'Ha!' said the priest-chief, 'I am content that at last I need not look out of my house to see thee—sit; what wouldst thou say? But hold! first eat,' said he, and looking up he saw that his daughter had already brought a tray of *he'-we* and was placing a blanket for the young hunter.

" 'Yea, eat,' said the maiden, glancing at him and smiling.

"In vain the youth looked down at his shabby garments and blood-stained hands. 'Ha ha!' laughed the maiden, as she quickly brought a gourd of water and bidding him hold out his hands while he bashfully washed them. 'Now sit and eat,' said she, and the youth was fain to obey. The maiden sat down opposite to him and ate with him until he said 'thanks,' then carried the bread-tray away while the hunter told the priest-chief he had again in the valley beyond the southern mesa, met with good



fortune and would that the people go forth to bring in the slain deer. 'Tell them not to be startled,' said he, 'for a dead coyote lies among the deer—one who was a fool, having this day ceased to be foolish.'

"'Fear and blood!' exclaimed the priest-chief. 'Is it thus, so soon?'—while the women stared as though the young hunter were still in danger. 'It is well, my son; thanks this day,' resumed the old man, and the youth bidding them 'I go,' returned to his grandmother's house.

"When the evening meal was over, the old grandmother, beaming with full thoughts, brought a bundle forth from the inner room and laid it in the firelight. 'Thine!' said she unto the youth as she sat down near the hearth to see him undo it. He untied the woven belt with which it was fastened, and there was a long-fringed suit of buckskin, soft and white; beautiful painted buskins, blue and red; a head-band of dyed fiber, and an embroidered cotton mantle, fringed and tufted. 'See,' said the old woman, drawing a package from under a fold of her dress, 'it is a

necklace. It was your uncle's, and is as good as the best; you can wear it now without shame.' The old grandmother had traded for the fine cotton robe when the clan-sisters had brought the buckskin suit in that afternoon.

"Soon the warrior-priests again summoned the runners, and in the gathering twilight a great band of them set out for the southern mesas. When they found the place where the deer were hanging, they saw by the light of their fire-slivers, the dead wizard. He was stark and bloated, and his eyes not closed, but 'counting the stars.' They heaped stones and sticks over him, and some say that you can see the stones there to this day. There were two or three of the runners who had heard that same wizard speak, the night before, and who were planning vengeance on the young hunter while they ate the rib-meat of the deer he had slain; but the rest did not know of this.

"Late the next morning when the runners came in and the tribe was called to council for the distribution, few at first

recognized the hunter as, in his new and rich attire, he walked across the plaza and sat down near the priest-chief. When the festivities were over, the youth might have been seen in his old clothes again, sitting near the hearth, making plume-sticks; but as evening came, he once more put on his new things, and later, when the moon had somewhat risen, said to his old grandmother:

“‘*Ho-ta!* Thanks that thou hast so soon taken away my shame; I will go forth and learn if the daughter of the priest-chief looked upon me as a joke.’

“He went across to the tall ladder, and was about to lean against it when the maiden, who had been watching from above, softly *hemmed*. The hunter looked up and also *hemmed*, but very faintly, for he began to fear some one inside might hear him. What was his surprise when a hoarser voice around the corner *hemmed* as he had—only louder. The maiden also heard it. She grew frightened, and beckoned to the youth. When he at last yielded to her summons and climbed the



ladder, she clutched his arm, and exclaimed:

“ ‘Come, come in, O! my hunter, “mine to be!” They watch you and I fear for you.’

“ ‘Ah,’ said he, ‘now I know; you are a gentle maiden and good. I cannot stay this night, but may I bring you a hunter’s bundle tomorrow night? Would you take it from me?’

“ ‘Yea, my hunter; but come, they watch.’

“ ‘Ah!’ said he; ‘now I go, and am content. May you happily await the morning.’

“With this he tore himself away, and, hastily descending, returned toward the home of his old grandmother. The maiden watched him until she saw him enter the shadows of the opposite houses. Then she slowly went down to her old father, who was sitting by the fireside.

“ ‘Child,’ said he, ‘what aileth thee?’

“ ‘Oh, my father, they watch my hunter.’

“ ‘Ha!’ said the old man, ‘*your* hunter! Now I see! I thought so yesterday when you sat down and ate with him; but fear not, child; it is well.’

“When the youth entered his grandmother’s house, she was surprised that he returned so soon.

“‘Why come you so soon, child?’ said she. ‘Did the maiden indeed look at you in jest? I thought so, the shameless——’

“‘But hold, grandmother! She feared for me and wished me to go in; but why should I, without my bundle?’

“‘Ah, I see,’ said the old woman. ‘I thought so; that is, I—who would not take a bundle from your uncle’s nephew? Go, my grandson. They brought most of the buckskins today, and many a girl would be glad to get one of them with my grandson.’

“They were sitting together next day near noon, when a girl’s voice called down the sky-hole.

“‘Ha!’ queried the old woman. ‘Who can it be? Enter, thou!’ she cried a little louder.

“‘Lift me in,’ replied the voice.

“‘Ha!’ said the old woman. I wonder what it is—more buckskins?’ And thus muttering, she went over to the ladder. There was the priest’s daughter with a

basket of flour tied in a cotton mantle. The maiden, urged again by the old grandmother, entered. She asked them timidly, 'How have you awaited the morning?' then going over near to where the youth stood, she said in a low voice:

" 'My hunter, "mine to be," I have brought flour of my own grinding. Would you eat of it?'

" 'Yea, maiden, "mine to be," I thank thee.'

" 'I thank thee also, my child,' said the old woman, going nearer to the maiden and scanning her with squinting eyes. 'Thou art good looking and pretty, and I thank thee that thou wilt live in my poor house, for I am growing old and would be lonely without my grandson.'

" 'So said my father,' replied the maiden. And when they had eaten together, she returned to her home.

" 'Ah, she is a gentle being, my man-child,' remarked the old woman, 'and will be thy mother to me again, and to thee thy grandmother when my trail is cut off.'

"That night the youth, taking a bundle



of his finest deerskins, went over to the home of the priest-chief. After he had eaten a little with them, the old man asked what he might be thinking of.

“ ‘Thy daughter I think of,’ replied the hunter. The old grandmother had told him what to say at last.

“ ‘Be it well,’ replied the old man. ‘What thinkest thou, daughter?’

“The maiden was sitting near. She looked at her father, then dropped her eyes to the floor, and replied, ‘As my father thinks, so think I.’ The young hunter went over and sat down by her side, and the old man called them ‘my children.’

“A day or two after, the maiden went to live with the young hunter and his grandmother. They were happy, and as dawn succeeded dawn the youth made his sacrifices and hunted, never failing to meet with favor. Their house became filled with all a *Shi'-wi* [Zuñi] might need or wish, and friends gathered each night around their fireplace to smoke; but alas! the foolish among men had not ceased to envy them,

and the wizards were busy in their councils under the red rocks.

“They often attempted to destroy the good young hunter—what though they sometimes ate of the game he had slain. Yet by his vigilance and warnings of his old friend, the Coyote-being, he eluded them for a long time. At last, however, as he was returning one day from the hunt, he saw a mouse—a large, strange-looking mouse—in one of the farthest cornfields of the Zuñi valley. The mouse was near some bushes on the edge of an old corn-patch, and the youth did not notice that a thread of yucca-fiber was stretched high over his pathway from one side to another of these bushes and down either side. He walked slowly on until he was almost under the yucca thread. Suddenly the mouse darted to his side and sprang high into the air toward his heart. The young hunter dodged to escape, but in so doing stumbled, and staggered under the evil cords of yucca. *Shu-a’!* he vanished like smoke in the wind—his garments, his bow, arrows, and burden fell in a heap by the

pathside, and nothing but a mouse like the one the poor youth had seen ran away into the bushes and hid under some stones. But in his stead stood an ugly young fellow who grinned and capered, rubbed his bare thighs, and exclaimed:

“‘Ha ha! my fine hunter; ho ho!—you didn’t get off so easily this time. A fine meal you’ll make for a hawk or a coyote! We’ll see if the proud maiden will scorn me now!’ Thereupon he took the youth’s clothing and dressed himself in it, then, picking up the weapons, walked back under the yucca line (it was a great magic circle, you see), and—one would have supposed the young hunter stood there again, so nearly like him this young fellow looked! But it was he who had quarreled in the first council of the wizards, and the young hunter was a mouse hiding under the rocks. Off strode the disguised wizard toward Pi’-na-wa, and as he passed out of sight the poor mouse crawled deeper under the rocks, thinking.

“ ‘Alas! Thus am I overtaken. Ah, my beautiful wife, my poor old grand-



mother! How can I warn them, how return to them? My weapons are in the hands of the enemy, my mouth shut up; my legs shortened; my hands in the sand, my lifewind wasting! Hawks and eagles will watch me by daylight, coyotes and owls and wildcats at night-time. Alas, ah me!' For a time thus the poor mouse mourned; but, growing cold, he peeped forth, and finally ran from his hiding place to another, from that to another, and so on until he at last found a ruined farm-hut where, under the grass that had drifted into it, he crouched for warmth. As the sun was setting, he went forth to seek food, for he was growing hungry—but what could he eat? He was a mouse only in form. As he sought and sought, finding nothing, he grew weaker, and at last, to rest himself, crawled into a bunch of broken corn-stalks, to hide from the wind, and sat down, for he was a mouse only in form. There, as it grew darker and darker, as he thought of the deer he had slain on the mountain, of the food and warmth in Pi'-na-wa, of his beloved wife and old grandmother, he



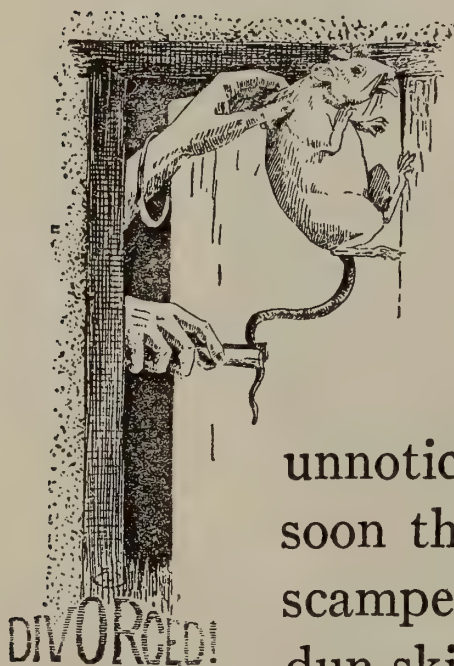
FIG. 11.—The weeping mouse.

mourned and squeaked—he could not call out—and at last fell to crying, and down his furry cheeks the tears ran, one after another—for he was a mouse only in form!



## CHAPTER XVI

## HOW HE TWICE RETURNED



OR a little while only did the Mouse-charmed young hunter, or Were-mouse (as we shall call him henceforward), thus bemoan his fate unnoticed. It chanced very soon that some field-mice went scampering by. A trim little dun-skin happening to lag behind, overheard him; for, although his heart was human, his lament being voiced through a mouse's muzzle, was made in mouse language.

“‘*Ssh tchu!*’ whistled the little Mouse-woman to her mate, maiden sister, and cross old uncle, ‘Who can that be talking?’ Up they all sat on their haunches to listen.

“‘*Yo-a!*’ [what a pity] exclaimed the

Mouse-maiden. 'It seems to be some one who can never go back to his—his nest-hole, I suppose he means, because he has been "shifted;" he says he has been a "man,"—whatever that is,—but is now a "mouse." '

" ' "A man?" ' queried the Mouse-woman's mate. 'How can that be possible? They are frightfully big creatures, so big that our old people call them "High-walkers." '

" '*Hüh!*' put in the old uncle. 'He certainly is a fool, whatever else he may be, or he would keep more quiet where Hooters and Big-mouths [owls and night-hawks] fly around as they do here; and it is *my* opinion that he's *wavy* [crazy].'

" 'Oh dear!' cried the Mouse-maiden, washing her face with her dry paws. 'Let us go right to him and coax him in somewhere——'

" 'Ah tut!' growled the old uncle. 'Now, where's the use of wasting feed-time on a wretch who sees through the backs of his eyeballs and hears only what's inside his own skin! Fine time you would have convincing such a——'

“ ‘Well, well,’ interposed the Mouse-woman’s mate, for the old uncle was a great talker, and wheezed—having been once struck over the nose with a boomerang—‘what harm would there be in going to *look* at the fellow?’

“ ‘Who’s objecting?’ began the old uncle; but the younger mice did not wait to hear him finish. Away they scampered to find the poor stranger; while the old fellow, still grumbling to himself about ‘young people caring more to satisfy their curiosity than their stomachs—not so I!’—nevertheless followed along after them.

“The first the poor Were-mouse knew of all this was, he heard what seemed like a sort of creaky, clucking noise; and yet, as it came nearer it sounded wonderfully familiar, as though someone were talking, in fact. Turning to listen, he saw, several steps away, two sparkling specks, then more, like sparks on the sheltered side of a log in the campfire on a rainy night. At first he thought they were glimmer-worms. Then, as they kept coming nearer and appeared to shine straight at him, he



thought, 'It may be the light of a Soul-being come to deliver me; ha! That was what spoke!'

"Now it was very dark. The wind blew clouds past the moon, and everything looked black a little way off, but nearby he could see as well as you or I can in the light of a small campfire, and about as far. This made him wonder, for his heart was still human; but, you see, he had mouse-eyes! So presently he saw that the specks were bright eyes, for he discerned plainly the faces, little pink hands, shoulders, buff backs, and long tails of three field-mice. The one in front came quickly forward, but stopped. The Were-mouse was so much bigger than himself that he stood there quite awhile wagging his whiskers and staring as if trying to decide whether to speak or run. Presently he ventured:

"'Friend,' said he, lifting his paw as a sign of greeting, 'we heard you and came to speak to you; but you must come with us or get under some shadows at once. This is a bad place, and it is a wonder you have not been snapped up by a Hooter long ago.'

“ ‘Ah friend, what can I do; where shall I go? I am a man, not a mouse, as you see me,’ said the Were-mouse, wondering that the little creature could talk to him. ‘Maybe he is a man like myself, changed to a mouse,’ thought he. ‘Ah, now I see! You are like me, a man in mouse form. Oh, tell me how we can get back to Pi’-na——’

“ ‘Crazy; I say, crazy,’ wheezed the broken-nosed old mouse, coming up just then. ‘What did I tell ye? When a mouse turns round inside himself he thinks——’

“ ‘Shut up!’ exclaimed the Mouse-mate, patting the sand and twitching his bristles. ‘Let me *talk* to him, will you?’

“ ‘*Muh’-hu-tu,*’ sounded the hoot of an owl somewhere above them. Away the mice scattered, and the poor Were-mouse, too weak and stiff with cold to follow, crawled under a stone, and none too soon either.

“Now the little field-mice ran into their village, under a lot of stalks and stones in the very bush-grove where the poor hunter had been changed to a Were-mouse. And

pretty soon all the mice who had been running about the field seeking fresh spring roots, ran in too. So of course (feeling safe down there) they began to talk, and the young Mouse-mate, who had found the poor Were-mouse, told all about what he had seen and heard. Their leader, a wise, very big old mouse, who had seen many hard winters, and even been caught by a wildcat (of which he still showed the marks), said that he knew there were beings among the High-walkers of creation who, having great power, treated their fellows badly and sometimes sported with their lives and shapes. He had no doubt this was a case of the kind (he had known such), but they invariably died of starvation. He called a council and sent some stout young warriors off with the Mouse-woman's mate to bring in the 'High-walker Mouse,' as he called him. The poor Were-mouse was just trying to crawl out when the warrior-mice found him.

“‘Come with us,’ said they; ‘“Old-mouse” has sent for you.’ And without waiting for an answer, they pulled and



pushed him along with noses and paws until they had him down in the big tunnels of the mouse village. The Old Mouse came forward smiling, and after touching noses with the Were-mouse, asked him to 'squat with them.'

" 'I understand that the High-walkers of creation, although devourers of cooked things, can, like ourselves, eat piñon-nuts,' said he, turning to the council. 'Some one run and get a few from our storerooms.'

"Away scampered five or six nimble ones who soon returned with a piñon-nut apiece.

"By this time the Were-mouse began to get warmer. Feeling hungry, he ate some of the meats and thanked the council. The Old Mouse, after asking him many questions, said that his people would help him in any way they could. Longing to get back to Pi'-na-wa, in the hope that he might yet warn his wife and grandmother, the poor Were-mouse again thanked them, and said:

" 'My friends, be there any among ye, any who have been to the abode of men, by the riverside at the foot of the second range

of hills from here? The field near which you live belongs to some of the dwellers in that place.'

"The Old Mouse said that, although he and others knew where the place was, they had never been inside of it. They had often followed along the great trail, camping in holes by the way, to pick up the kernels the high-walking creatures who lived there had dropped when carrying their corn in from this very field. One of them had even ventured near its entrance, but a High-walker living there had broken his nose with a crooked stick, after which his people always kept away.

" 'Yes,' spoke up the cross old uncle (for it was he); 'yes, and if *going* there is what you're thinking of, they'll break *your* nose, too.'

" 'But I know them well,' said the Were-mouse. 'It must have been one of the foolish youngsters who did this; not an elder, for the elders of that place kill only the animals that are good for food or are, like Hooters, dangerous.'

" 'Yes, yes; but the youngsters are, it

seems then, foolish like our own, and I would warn you,' added the Old Mouse, 'not to think of going there.'

" 'But I own one of the great houses there, have a wife and grandmother living in it, and am the son-in-law of the chief leader of all those who abide there!' urged the charmed hunter.

" 'That may all be true,' answered the Old Mouse; 'you say so, and I believe you; but you look as like to one of us—except you are a little bigger, like our grandfathers, the rats, as one piñon-nut looks like another; and the young High-walkers there would quite as likely throw crooked sticks at you as at one of us.'

" 'Alas, I had forgotten that!' replied the hunter; then he mused for a while. 'See here!' he said, 'the young "High-walkers," as you call them, go to sleep early; only the old ones sit up. Now, I could crawl into the place—I know every hole in it—at night-time, for even if the youngsters *were* to be abroad they cannot see their own feet in the dark. *I* never could until *now*. So, if I only knew how to



keep out of sight of the Hooters, Big-mouths, and the rest of them, it might be managed.'

" 'Perhaps some of our young men would go with you—at least most of the way,' said the Old Mouse.

" 'Oh, if they only would,' exclaimed the Were-mouse, 'I would take them all to my house in the great town near the river, and there to their hearts' satisfaction they might feast always with plenty left over for the next time; nor would they need fear Hooters and Big-mouths, nor even Hook-bills and Sharp-chins. Nothing but the young High-walkers, and they, as I have said before, are blind by night-time.'

" 'Ha!' replied the Old Mouse. 'Listen, children; listen! Would that I were as young as ye are, for many a time have I known hunger and seen it waste more of our tribe than the Hooters, Big-mouths, Sharp-chins, Heavy-paws [wildcats], all put together. What say ye?'

"The young men who had gone to the granary urged that the stores were getting rather low; and those who had found the

poor hunter—all except the old uncle, that is—had reasons for going too. Even some of the women mice whisked their bristles and tails and spoke in favor of it.

“ ‘There are no Hooters *there* to steal our children, because the poor little things cannot run fast enough, and as for *us*, we shall go if the men go,’ said they.

“So it was decided that a little band of them should start next morning.

“In Pi'-na-wa it was still early that night when many had begun to wonder why the young hunter had changed so much, for the wizard, although he looked so much like their beloved hunter that they thought it was really he, had stalked into the town with an arrogant step, greeting no one. Going straight to the house of the poor hunter's wife and grandmother, he had demanded a meal without waiting, forsooth, to let them spread it before him! The poor, surprised wife had but finished placing bread-trays and bowl of stew, and was about to sit down to eat with him as had always been her custom, when the wizard turned to her, and said:

“ ‘Here, wife! Go you and get your father. I have killed many deer today and wish them brought in.’

“Wondering that he should speak to her thus, instead of calling her his ‘little mother,’ and saying he had ‘killed many deer’ instead of ‘meeting fortune,’ she arose to do his bidding, with tears coming into her eyes.

“ ‘Ah, my father,’ she cried as she grasped the old priest’s mantle and sobbed, when she had reached his house. ‘Alas, my poor hunter! I fear his mind wavers, else why should he call me “wife,” harshly, and demand food which he knows I would offer him, and send me to you without letting me eat by his side, saying he has “killed many deer” and “wishes his game brought in.” ’

“ ‘Why, child, did he say all this to thee? Beware then, my daughter; work long late at the meal-trough tonight—or no; stay here. I will go to him,’ said the old man, scarce able to be calm as was his habit, for well he surmised that evil had befallen the hunter. ‘Stay here and look



not forth this night; thy husband indeed wanders. Alas, my son!' With this he passed out.

"When he went down the ladder of the young hunter's house, he found the old grandmother hustling the eating things away. She seemed silently weeping, and did not greet the father as of old; while the wizard youth was smoking before the fire and glaring at her, telling her to make haste. 'Why do you not hang up my bow and quiver? What's the matter with you? Why does my wife lag away? She should come home. I am tired and wish to stretch out!' Just then the priest-chief came into the room.

" 'Ah, thou comest,' said the wizard, turning to the old man and pretending to be pleased.

" 'Yea,' replied the priest-chief, curtly. 'What would'st thou?'

" 'I have slain many deer today,' began the wizard, 'and want my game brought in.'

" 'It is well,' replied the chief. 'Do they not always bring it?'

" 'Where is my wife?' asked the wizard,

looking toward the ladder. 'Tomorrow I shall hunt again, and would rest early.'

" 'Ah, I must deceive him,' thought the priest, 'lest he destroy her.' So he said, 'My daughter sits at home. She foolishly thinks you err in mind and fears to return.'

"The wizard's eyes gleamed strangely just then. This made him certain, so he added: 'Son, mind it not. Doubtless when you again return from the hunt, she will await you. She is but a foolish woman, you know. I shall tell her that you were tired, and therefore seemed cross or strange.'

" 'Uhh!' snorted the disguised wizard, clutching his hands. Then he thought, 'Priest-chiefs are wise; I must pretend it is all right, but *I'll* teach that little she-beast whether my mind wanders or not. She'll not keep away from me as easily as she used to, ha-ha! I'll have my fine priest-daughter wife after all! Ha-ha!' he laughed, aloud this time, then quickly said to the priest, who was folding his mantle about him as if to go: 'To be sure, you are right, father; perhaps it is better she should miss me for a while. When she sees I am

all right, she will come back. You are right! Sit and smoke. Here, old grandmother, give him something to eat,' said he, turning to the old woman who was over in a dark corner, wondering even more than the poor wife had, why he acted so strangely.

" 'Why, surely,' said she, until now forgetting. 'Surely! Sit and eat, father. The light of thy favor on me, but I am growing old and forgetful,' said she, placing a tray of *he'-we* before the old priest. He sat down, ate a few morsels, then rising, said:

" 'Thank ye. You must come after the daughter tomorrow,' he added, looking at the old woman and covertly raising his hand and shaking it warningly, 'that she may cook our son's repast, and await his return from the hunt, you see!'

" '*Hi-tâ!*' cried the wizard, thinking, 'After all, the old wretch doesn't know the difference, and I'm glad of that. These priests have wonderful knowledge and powers sometimes, but *this* one is a *fool*;' so he said again, 'sit and smoke.'

" 'No,' replied the priest, 'I must go



home and tell the daughter it's all right, and that she must come back to you tomorrow; that you were tired and hungry, therefore a little cross. May ye await the morning happily.'

" 'Ah!' said the wizard. 'True enough, go thou—go thou contentedly.'

" 'So they think I am their "hunter, but crazy," do they?' mused the wizard. 'Very good; that suits me exactly, only I'm not going to wait long. I've watched the *mouse* (ha-ha) many a time while he was hunting, and he didn't know it. *I* know his tricks, and can hunt as well as *he* can! When I come in tomorrow after killing plenty of deer, they'll think it's all right, and then the fine, scornful priest's daughter will come home.' Then looking, he saw the grandmother watching him.

" 'What are you staring at? Do you think I'm inside out, too? You'd better be spreading my blanket and making up my lunch-bundle. Didn't you hear me tell that old chap that I was going out hunting early tomorrow?'

"The old woman said nothing, but went

and laid the blankets, then busied herself making some ash-cakes. But she thought, 'This is no grandson of mine. Whatever else he was, he never behaved like this. *Now* I know what the father meant with his hand. Alas, my grandchild, thou art destroyed and gone—thou who grew so manly and brave, and brought a bright maiden to a lonely fireside! Thy grandmother is left like a withered stalk in a winter cornfield.'

"Meanwhile the wizard lay down and presently fell asleep. The old woman finished the cakes and placed them near him, then stole away to an opposite corner, where, pretending to sleep, she watched all night. Toward daylight she heard the wizard muttering, and raised her head. He was dreaming.

"'Yes,' said he, 'fine times he'll have getting back. What a beauty of a wife he'd see me with if he *did* come! Ha, ha! He thought he'd get away, but I caught him, at last. Oh yes, I'll teach them to blubber—little beast, old fool—ha, ha, ha!' With that the wizard started and woke up.

The old woman dodged down into her blankets, and he presently arose, threw on his things, grabbed up his cakes and weapons, and taking a big drink of water from the jar, crawled up the ladder. She heard him go down outside, heard his feet thump, thump, as he crossed the plaza, and, feeling herself alone, began to weep and moan. By and by she heard a step on the roof. It was the priest-chief. He climbed down the ladder and greeted the old woman kindly.

“‘Do not weep,’ said he, ‘but answer my questions. Knowest thou that the youth who sat here last night is not our beloved hunter, but a sorcerer in his disguise?’

“‘Yea, and hence I weep, father.’ Then she brokenly told him what she had heard, and he replied:

“‘Even so! Did thy grandson never tell thee who taught him his wisdom of heart and his knowledge of the chase?’

“‘No,’ said she, shaking her head, ‘but he said a curious stranger met him out on the mesas and told him many things.’

“‘Aha! Cease thy moaning, then,’ re-



plied the priest, smiling; 'all will yet be well. The daughter will return presently. Fear not, nor say aught to her of what thou has seen or heard, for I have comforted her with lying counsel; yet that we may prepare for evil, ere it chance to come, my warrior-priests shall watch tonight.'

"He turned and left her, but soon the daughter, almost cheerful again, came in, and the grandmother wept no more, but sometimes sighed and said to herself, 'Alas, my poor grandson!'

"It happened that the wizard, wishing to avoid the people who had gone out for the slain deer, took another way. He climbed the mesas not far from the den of the Coyote-being, who looking out, espied him, and said:

"'Is it my child who cometh? Ha! the wind smells *murky*. Let us see about this,' and sneaking out he scampered away and was soon far ahead of the wizard, trotting down the trail like any other coyote. As soon as the wizard came a little nearer, he started off sidewise, so as to watch. Just then the wizard looked ahead.

“‘Aha,’ said he, and pulled an arrow. ‘*Hup-pa!* you nipper of cedar-berries,’ he shouted, as he let fly. But the old Coyote-being was quite ready for that sort of thing, and shied into a clump of bushes, so that when the wizard ran up to see where the arrow had struck, he was nowhere to be seen; yet there he was, not three paces away, lying flat in the dry grass, looking almost like dry grass himself, his coat was so ragged and gray.

“‘*Uhh!* the beast,’ muttered the wizard, mighty wary. ‘Well, well; why did I shoot at him anyhow? I forgot that coyotes liked mice. Go a-mousing, you old sage-louse,’ he yelled, growing mirthful at the idea, ‘go a-mousing and *catch a man!*’

“‘So ho! my fine friend, *that’s* what you’ve been at,’ thought the old Coyote. ‘So I *will* “go a-mousing,” but first I’ll “catch a man,” and then “go a-mousing!”’ Thereupon he sprang, just as the wizard, still laughing, was stooping to pick up his arrow, with such a loud bark that the wretch fell down, and before he could rise, the Coyote had him by the throat, and was

clawing at his face and eyes. The wizard struggled and gasped; he tore the sod and wriggled, but the Coyote held on until the wretch grew weak and almost quiet. Then he let go, and looked. There was the ugly wizard in the young hunter's dress! The Coyote pounced on him again and blinded him. When the wizard began to come to and to struggle and grope about, the Coyote put his muzzle close to the dying creature's ear, and shouted:

“‘Can you hear?’

“‘Haugh, yes,’ gasped the wizard.

“‘Ah,’ replied the Coyote-being, ‘I am tired of cedar-berries—I have *caught a man*, do you *hear?* and now I’ll go *a-mousing.*’ Saying which he set at work once more and, a few moments later, changed himself so that he might get the young hunter's clothes off of the dead wizard's body. When he had done this, he shifted himself back into his coyote-skin, and taking the bundle of clothes and weapons on his back, scampered away off toward the west. A long time he traveled, now fast, now slowly; finally he reached a sheltered nook, near



which was a black hole. There he laid himself down and rested. Night came on, and as it grew dark, it grew noisy down in the hole; then smoke and the light of a fire by which he could see two ladder-poles sticking out, came out of it.

“ ‘Aha!’ said the Coyote, rousing himself. ‘The fathers are gathering in.’ He took up the bundle, and going with it to the hole, shouted, ‘*She-e*!’ ”

“ ‘*Hai*,’ called a lot of dry, raspy, little voices. ‘Come down,’ they said, and down he clambered. One of them poked the fire, and when it blazed up it showed a big, round cave. This was the house of the Great Horned-toad Medicine Band. Therein sat a number of very bag-bellied, grave, old Horned Toads, almost as large as men.

“ ‘Thou comest,’ said the master-priest of the Toads, blinking his eyes and limping out to place a seat for the Coyote.

“ ‘Aye; be ye happy these days!’ ”

“ ‘Be thou the same,’ they replied. ‘What would’st thou, brother, and what sayest thou?’ ”

“Then the Coyote told them the story

of his hunter-youth, and laid the bundle before them.

“‘It is well,’ said the master-priest, taking the bundle. ‘The garments and hand-helpers [weapons] shall be purified and made ready, and we shall await thee and thy hunter-child until ye come. Now rest.’

“‘I thank ye, my fathers, but I must go,’ said the Coyote. ‘May ye be happy.’ With this he left the cavern.

“Away cross the mesas he ran until he came to where the young hunter had killed the deer, and trailed him down into the valley toward Pi'-na-wa, and finally through the cornfield, and even to the spot where still lay the traces of the transformation. Farther on were the footprints in the sand of a number of mice, one bigger than the others; for no sooner had morning come than a little band of the Mice had set forth with the Were-mouse, and were already far toward Pi'-na-wa. The Coyote, guessing well what had happened, turned toward his distant den.

“In the little old hut near Pi'-na-wa

the Mice were hiding next day, when toward evening the runners came in. When, that morning, the warrior-priests told the priest-chief that no one had come during the night, he said, 'It is well;' but when the runners came, late in the day, bringing no tidings of the lost hunter, the people would not be comforted by his wise words, and the young wife and old grandmother wept in silence by their lonely fireplace.

"Late in the night the Were-mouse led his companions forth. Now stopping, now darting ahead, they climbed to the village and crept along close under the walls until they came to the house of the hunter's grandmother. There was, near the ground, a little light-hole to one of the under store-rooms, left, as such holes are nowadays, to let in the air and keep the place dry. The hunter bade the others follow, and crawled in. It was deep and black, even to his mouse-eyes; but he shut his eyes, stretched over, and let go.

"Not much hurt by the fall, but weak from want of food, he slowly felt his way among the old cracked jars, paint-stones,



worn-out clothing, and broken baskets that strewed the place, and thus let the few Mice who had dared to come so far with him, up into one of the rear rooms, where the corn and meal were stored, and little bags of *he'-pa-lo-k'ia* and *tchu'-ki'-na o-we* stood along the wall. The eyes of his companion Mice grew big with astonishment as they saw these things. 'More,' they exclaimed to one another, as they fell to eating stray crumbs, 'than enough to feed all the Mice in Cornland,' and so they ate until they could stuff no more. Even then they were not satisfied, foolish things, but sought out holes and crannies into which, true to their custom, they carried mouthload after mouthload to serve them 'for winter,' until what with their long journey, they were so tired, they had to snuggle up together in a deep little recess and go to sleep.

"Not so with the Were-mouse. As soon as he could get strength, he sought about for something to eat. A *he'-we* jar stood there, but it was too high. So also were there long strips of jerked deer-meat, but

it was hanging far above him. What was he to do? Presently he found a yeast-jar which was uncovered. The yeast in it was fresh and not very sour. The odor seemed bread-like and good to his hungry nostrils. He succeeded in getting up to the rim and hanging over until he could reach it. He drank a little, and in stretching to get more, alas, fell in! He was down there a long time, jumping to get out, for it was cold. Finally he succeeded, and crawled across to where the *tchu'-ki'-na o-we* bag was. He easily wiped the yeast off his legs and tail, for it was made of coarse meal, but still he was cold and only half satisfied.

“The *tchu'-ki'-na o-we* smelt good, as it always does to hunters; so he climbed up to the top of the bag. Luckily it was but loosely tied. He poked his nose in, but while squeezing and pushing to enlarge the opening, it suddenly gave way a little, and into the bag he fell. It was warm and soft down there. ‘I can easily get out,’ thought he. ‘This is a much better place than mouse houses.’ So he ate a little more of the meal. It made him feel so comfortable

that, tired as he was, he fell asleep. Everyone knows that yeast bubbles as soon as it gets warm, and *tchu'-ki'-na o-we* grows as soon as you moisten it, no matter how little. So, while the poor Were-mouse lay there sleeping, he was swelling up bigger and bigger and bigger. When he awoke (it was daylight) he thought to himself, 'How tight it is in here.' There was plenty of space in the bag, to be sure, but everyone knows if you eat too much *tchu'-ki'-na o-we* it feels tight in any place. He tried to get out, but although he found the opening, only his head would go through. He pushed and wriggled, but the meal gave way under his feet and the opening grew no larger, so by and by he was too weak to struggle, and had to let go his endeavors.

“‘Ah, me!’ he cried. ‘What avails my coming? Here must I abide till I die! Ah, my wife, my grandmother! Little do they dream that my dwelling-place is a flour bag!’

“He was startled just then by the old grandmother, who came in after the yeast. He heard steps, and squeaked as loud as a



mouse could cry; but she was only frightened, and caught up the jar without knowing what she had heard.

“‘*Nai ya!*’ she exclaimed, as she re-entered the outer room. ‘When I stooped to pick up this yeast-jar I heard a strange lot of noises, “*Tsuk, tsu, tsu, tsu, tsuk!*” they went; what *could* it mean?’

“‘It must have been your ears ringing,’ said the two brothers of the young wife, who had just entered. ‘People’s ears often ring when they stoop over quickly.’

“‘So they do,’ said the old woman, and went on mixing the meal. When she poured in the hot water, it smelt strange.

“‘*Huh!* What smells so?’ gasped the old woman.

“‘It must be something burning,’ explained the young men.

“The old woman was not satisfied; but when she had set the dough to rise before the fire, she exclaimed, ‘It must be something burning, after all!’

“Never a word spoke the poor little wife. She sat apart, looking at the floor, and sometimes softly crying to herself. When

the brothers said that the father had sent them to say they were going out to seek traces of the lost hunter, she brightened up and was presently grinding meal for their journey. The old woman hurried to bake the cakes. When they were done, the maiden came forward, and said, 'Let us eat!'

"*Huh!* What is it burning?' cried one of the boys, as they sat down.

"*Whah!*" shouted the other, as he spit out a mouthful and jumped up. 'It smells like a bundle of last year's cornstalks! Things must be bewitched about here; it smells so you can *taste* it.'

" 'Never mind, then,' said the old woman, 'I'll run in and get some *tchu'-ki'-na o-we*; you can eat a little now, and take the rest for your journey.

"Catching up a basket, she hobbled into the rear room, and over to the bag the Were-mouse was inside of. As she untied the bag, the Were-mouse (her own grandson!) shouted, but she thought it was her ears ringing, until, reaching in, she felt the mouse.

“‘*Aighh!*’ gasped she. ‘Daughter, daughter, come in here, quick!’

“‘Why, what’s the matter?’ asked the maiden, rushing in.

“‘It’s in here, whatever it is, and I actually believe it’s a *mouse*, and not my ears at all!’ said the old woman.

“‘Of course it is,’ shouted one of the brothers, who had poked his head in at the door to see what was the matter; ‘and that was what we smelled, too. Catch the bestinking little beast!’

“‘Here, daughter,’ said the old woman, feeling the Were-mouse through the bag, and grabbing him by the head, ‘get the cactus-tweezers, quick. I’ve got him! Now reach in and grab him by the neck—I can’t see well enough. There, that’s it; pull him out!’

“In vain the poor Hunter-mouse squeaked, ‘Oh, *ai, wife, grandmother!* It is I, *I!*’

“‘*Sho-ma!* how the wretch screeches,’ said they.

“‘Sling him out,’ cried the young men, and opened the window-door for their sister. She, never dreaming what she was



doing, cast her *own husband* forth into the plaza. [See initial, page 480.]

“And thus the poor hunter had dwelt in a flour-bag, and thus was divorced!<sup>37</sup>

“The mouse-charmed hunter lay a long time in the plaza, stunned by his fall. A boy coming past, espied him. Thinking him dead, the boy picked him up and tied him to a stick. After dragging him about until tired, he carried him down into the plain and stuck the stick slantingly into the ground so that the Mouse would hang from it.

““Ha, what a fine mark it would make!” thought he, and ran back after his bow and arrows.

“Now, the Coyote-being had been keeping watch all the morning from the cedar bushes on the hills outside of the town, for he knew pretty well beforehand what would happen. He dashed down from his hiding-place, and quickly catching the Were-mouse in his mouth, whisked off with him to the hills. Away he sped until at nighttime he was standing above the firelit sky-hole of the Horned Toad council cave.

Scarce waiting to ask, down the ladder he rushed and laid the Were-mouse hunter on the floor in front of the sleepy old Toads. The Horned Toads blinked and gaped, but soon began to rush about as if they had *never* slept. One laid the Mouse before the altar fire, another ran and brought a magic crystal, and blowing up the fire, heated it to redness in the embers. Then the master-priest and his two warriors spread a sacred *mi'-ha* (cotton blanket of ceremonial) over the Were-mouse, caught up their medicine-plumes, dipped them in the terraced bowl of magic water that stood near by, and sprinkled the shrouded form. Then began their incantation and dance. Every time the song-line was finished and the *shithl'-na* [cabalistic word] was spoken, the figure under the blanket started, growing and growing as the song and dance went on, until the mouse-charmed hunter was as large and as long as a man (pl. XXIV).

“‘Now quick, my brothers,’ and the attendant priests raised the blanket, while others gathered round the great drum which the song-master beat as he led the

last chant. The master-priest snatched the glowing crystal from the fire. To the soles of the mouse-feet he touched it—*puff* blazed forth a column of smoke, and a man's feet burst through the mouse-feet. To the palms of the paws he touched the crystal—*puff* again, a man's hands sprang out of the mouse-paws. Then as the last *shithl'-na* was pronounced, the master-priest pressed the crown with the flaming crystal. Instantly a blaze spread outward, a noise like the bursting of many green things in a bed of embers was heard, and behold! the mouse form was rent, and the hunter-youth slowly rose up and gazed around him. He looked like one who had been sleeping. The great Horned Toads shrank back into the shadows, laughing and chuckling to one another. The Coyote-being alone sat there in the glare of the firelight. The hunter rubbed his eyes and gazed around. This time he saw the Coyote.

“‘Ah! beloved father, it is you? How is it that I chance to sit in your abiding-place?’



“The Coyote smiled; then changing his form—the fine little old man he was at once—he explained to the young man all that had happened.

“‘Ah yes,’ sadly said the hunter. ‘Now I know. Ah me! What have I not suffered in agony of thought? And my poor wife and grandmother!’—

“‘They,’ said the Coyote-man, ‘those shalt thou see this night.’

“With this the master-priest of the Horned Toads hobbled forward into the light.

“The hunter trembled, he knew not why, and breathed his thanks.

“‘It is well,’ said the master-priest. ‘Son, fear not! I bring thee thy garments and hand-helpers’—he laid them all, stainless, on the floor. ‘Out of the power of sorcery and death hast thou been delivered forever. Yet a day will come when thou wilt be called to join the council of the dead.’ Then he breathed on the hunter, and said to the Coyote, as he turned away, ‘Go ye, brother, son; go ye happily,’ and disappeared in the shadows.

“The youth put on his clothing and took his weapons from the floor. The Coyote assumed his disguise, and together they went out into the night. When they had gone far toward Pi'-na-wa, the Coyote sat down and taught the hunter his last instructions; then rising and embracing him, he said:

“‘Farewell, my child. Be thou happy many days and winters, throughout which thou wilt be a father of thy people, and a keeper and teacher of the medicines of the hunt. But an evening will come when I or my wandering kind will howl as thou returnest from the chase. Then tell thy people to make thy grave-plumes, and when they are done thou wilt take them and, living, go thy way to the Lake of the Dead.’

“He vanished, and the youth, sad at heart, wended his lonely way toward Pi'-na-wa. The morning light was peering into the old grandmother's house when he entered. It shone beautifully upon the countenance of his beloved wife where she lay still, dreaming. A moment he gazed

down on her, trying hard to restrain his tears; then stooping, breathed upon her face, and she, awaking, clasped him and wept for gladness.

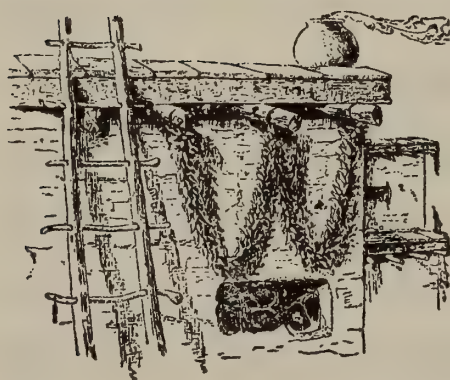
“Thus it was in the days of the ancients, and ever since then *mice* have made their villages in the abode of men. Not content with eating what they wished, they still keep laying up stores for winter, where no winter ever comes, and, like the Were-mouse, climb into food things and—spoil them.

“So, too, when a hunter, coming home late at night, meets in his trail a coyote, howling, he bethinks himself of the time when he must say farewell to the living, and go his way to the Lake of the Dead.”



## CHAPTER XVII

## ABOUT SOME INDIAN MEALS



Drying peppers

HAVE reviewed, step by step, the history of Zuñi breadstuff and in part the story of the people who made it. We have seen by the light of the language, myths, folktales, and flickering traditions of their descendants, how a people, many centuries ago, were driven by the relentless hand of savage warfare into the forbidding desert regions of the Southwest. How there, wandering from one scant watering-place to another, they gathered the seeds of wild grasses and shrubs, the roots and stems of succulent plants, the bark and nuts of trees, and the fruit of cacti and bushes whereof to make their meager breadstuff. How thus always

insecurely, if not insufficiently, fed these primitive people were spurred on by that great motor of humanity—hunger—to a knowledge of irrigation and horticulture. How in consequence of this and of the necessity incident both to their agricultural state and the encroachments of their ever-vigilant enemies they came to owe to the environment into which they had been so cruelly pressed, the adoption of their sedentary mode of life, the development of their strange architecture, curious arts and industries, and their remarkable cultus and religion. How finally, how all this made them (while still the very tribes that had been their masters remained mere nomads) the winners of a barbaric civilization far transcending any other that ever existed autochthonously north of the dominions of ancient Mexico.

So, not many generations before the Spaniards followed Columbus to conquests in the New World, the Zuñis found themselves possessed of laughing fields of maize and beans and melons; of well-built towns of supremacy over a wide territory, and of

food in almost endless store. Then wonder not that, like all other nations grown dominant over their little worlds, they believed themselves—so changeful and perishable their spoken annals—the favored inheritors of these good things from the gods themselves. Hence their priests and bards coined fictions and legends—of which we have seen glimpses from time to time in these pages—to account for and prove this flattering belief.

Having seen, moreover, how today they till and reap; gather, garner, and grind; mix, brew, and bake their breadstuffs; of meals, mice, and makeshifts we have closed the last chapter. Therefore, all that remains for us is to watch them at their breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, their feasts of thanksgiving, their harvest festivities, and their austere fastings.

That the Zuñi, in common with other peoples, orders his life with reference to his eating, need be no matter of surprise; but in addition to this, his religion has mostly to deal with the insurance of future meals, for he concerns himself never a bit with



reference to that state of existence, the inheritance of which he deems as certain as of the death that leads to it, and in which bread-making and eating can play but small part.

Meals, and the manner of eating them, are not only the gauges of a man's social standing in Zuñi, but also the indices of his character and the strange tokens whereby are judged the status of little-known tribes and nations. Often have I heard characterizations based upon this method of divining. Of their correctness I will leave the reader to make his own estimate from a number of examples:

"The Americans eat food with fingers and knives of metal, and talk much while eating," said an old priest one day; and the response was, "A land of plenty it must be where people scorn to gather morsels with their fingers and are such good tasters that they fear to touch food with their hands! The crows must fare fat and the coyotes grow big of belly in that land. Would I were a crow or a coyote!"

"Yes," resumed the old priest. "But

insolent and godless must be a people whose children affront the 'Givers of Food' by making light of it with much chattering while partaking of it."

"Ha!" rejoined the second speaker, with a tone of skepticism. "Would then I were a *godless man!*" Whereupon he reached for a tray of parched corn and discontentedly shook his head as he regarded the dry, hard kernels therein.

"Say you so, son?" retorted the priest, with reproachful eyes and gesture. "What food is better than *corn*, which the Americans know not of as food? Have you not traveled the trail of war for days together with but a wrinkled meal-bag and a shallow water-bottle? Yet you fainted not on the way, shameless one, for the meal was made of the '*seed of seeds!*' Maybe you covet *weak bones* and meat as soft as boiled sinew, or a gullet—prone like the throat of a baby to dry up if not often irrigated? It were wise, my son, to be content with the seed of seeds!"

So, too, a Zuñi will say of the wandering Hua-la-pai [Walapai]: "Why have they

teeth, since they eat their food, like dogs, with little waiting and less chewing? Unlike dogs, they have fingers, and need not fangs for the catching! Why, then, have they teeth?" This to a Zuñi understanding is an exceedingly cogent allusion to the perpetually half-famished condition of the non-farming Hua-la-pai, to their dependence from day to day on chance for their food supply, and to their consequent habit of eating with avidity and dispatch whatever they can lay hands on.

When I returned to Zuñi some three years ago, I took a colored servant with me, trained in my ways and alert to my lightest bidding. The Indians noticed his alacrity of obedience, the more as the relation of master and man is but ill-defined in Zuñi. This servant had a curious habit of dividing his attention between the after-breakfast housework and his morning meal. He would catch up a morsel here and there, and as he conveyed it toward his lips, they would tremble, especially the under one, in being protruded to engulf it. Of course the Indians took notice of this. They



attributed it to his fear of my coming in unawares and finding something amiss.

“See!” exclaimed one of them, as I entered the kitchen on a morning whilst No'-ma-ho was thus snatching his meal. “See! A rabbit is always afraid when he eats, and twitches his whiskers. No'-ma-ho, having no whiskers, twitches his lips!”

Of a man who eats with an absent-minded air, opening and closing his mouth in a matter-of-course, monotonous sort of way, they will say, “He eats his food as a fish does water!” the obvious inference being that he has plenty of it, hence gives it no thought.

If a man seems to relish everything placed before him, eating good and bad with equal satisfaction, they will remark, “When the grass dries up and the sheep starve, happy he! fat meat and lean, 'tis all the same!” Or, in still more pointed allusion: “Why should he want sheep. *Burro* meat costs nothing!”

Vice versa, the Zuñis will judge of a person's way of eating by his appearance. Instance the following, which is said of a

very fat or corpulent man: "Bears nurse their paws; *he* sucks his fingers"—meaning that he is not even content to "lick the platter clean."

"Cherish your teeth," is the advice given to a man with an aching molar. "It will help keep your gaiters tight and your leggings smooth!" the significance of which may be heightened, perhaps, by the repetition of another saw, "Old age is wrinkled—face and leggings alike!"

A most fertile source of nicknames, whether of a grave or ludicrous nature, is this tendency of the Zuñi mind to run on food and eating. We have already learned how the wise men of the tribe style their people "the flesh of the flesh," and themselves the "Corn Priests of Earth." A little idiosyncrasy like an undue fondness for some particular kind of eatable—a peculiarity of serving or taking food, even the ill-timed utterance of a word connected with it will be seized upon and converted into a sobriquet so pithy as to last a lifetime.

Such an epithet is the name of an old Spartan who, driven when a young man to

hide from the Navahos, was reduced to eating all the buckskin and rawhide about his clothing. He has ever since been known as "Toasted Moccasins."

There is a bird of the woodpecker species in Zuñiland, the plumage of which is the exact color of the "buried sweet-bread" described in a past chapter. It chanced that a youngster, who was so fond of this kind of bread that he used to gather up the rejected crusts of it and go about nibbling them, also resembled, in the expression of his face and eyes, the bird that was named after his delicacy. The combination was irresistible. He is a tottering old man now, but is ever spoken of as "Singed He'-pa-lo-k'ia."

Another man I knew, while he was officiating as a masked mendicant, so far forgot his assumed sacred character when asked what he wanted, as to request meat, instead of mutely pointing it out. The incident needed only to be related to brand him as "Says-He-Wants-Meat" for the rest of his days. Still another was once nearly drowned in the Salinas south of Zuñi,



whereby he earned the distinction of being "Satisfied-Of-Salt."

When General Beale (then a lieutenant in the United States Army) was exploring the great overland route to California, many years ago, he camped at Zuñi. There was an urchin, belonging to the Coyote clan of the tribe, who either begged or stole from the soldiers so much sugar and hardtack that it brought him shortly nigh unto death. The title of "Ti-ne-ente Meal" (Lieutenant Beale), which he ever after enjoyed (?), kept him constantly reminded of this early episode.

One of my adopted sisters in Zuñi was so prudent that she always warmed over the boiled meat—sometimes, if economy required, twice or thrice. Now, Zuñi soup, if warmed over once, is good, even in hot weather. After that it is customarily used to regale the dogs; but on one occasion my "sister" had so far over-calculated that she fed us on one mess of her favorite concoction for two or three days together. It made us of the family abstemious, and we did not suffer from it; but a young wag

who chanced in at eating-time on the last day, being a guest, had to do honor to the occasion. It made him very ill, but he got even with the old lady by coining the phrase, "Sour Stew," which has passed current as the name of his hostess, in the third person singular, ever since.

Thus I might go on multiplying proverbs, epigrammatic sayings, and curt nicknames relative to meals indefinitely; but enough has already been presented to illustrate the importance of breadstuff as a factor of estimates or standard of comparison in Zuñi, and to introduce the tribal hospitality.

Were this latter more generally known, it would become proverbial. Among the neighboring tribes it is so. The Navahos, for example, were, until recently, the oldest and worst enemies of the Zuñis (and mutual hatred has by no means ceased); yet, if one but poke his frouzzly head inside of any port-hole or doorway of Zuñi, the instant greeting, often indeed the sole one, will be: "Enter; sit and eat!"

In order that this national trait may be appreciated at its true worth, I must speak

of another native characteristic so at variance with the first that a return to the latter topic will be essential presently, to reconcile us to the belief that both may pertain at the same time to a single people. The stinginess of the Zuñis, to put it mildly, is quite as celebrated as their profuse hospitality. In trade it is, like most main things of their daily life, a matter of religion. The hostess of a sumptuous meal, where *he'-we* has been piled before the guests as high as their knees, and the major part of a sheep has been seethed into a homogeneous stew for their delectation, will glean from the floor (thriftilly swept with a view to this process beforehand) every flake and crumb of the feast, and scrutinize critically each bone that has been dropped, to see if perchance it may be cracked for the marrow. Any man, woman, or child of the tribe is as welcome as frogs are to water, to a place at the family trencher; but let an unlucky wight find his corn-bin low or his pepper-string naked, and he will have to pay doubly and dearly in service or chattels for each corn-grain or red-pod!



When I sauntered into the great eating-room of my "elder brother's" house one morning three winters ago, I found the old man affectingly giving welcome to a handsomely dressed Navaho chief, from the far northern country. As I listened to the elaborately phrased flatteries which passed between the two smiling worthies, I inferred that there must have been something extraordinary in their past associations. The sequel proved that I was quite right! "This," said Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa, turning to me with a strange beam in his eye, "is my friend and brother. He is a great chief whose wives are as the fingers of his hand. Has he not come all the way from Cañon de Chelly to renew the breath of friendship?" At this juncture, as if to force the sincerity of his protestations upon my benighted and unfeeling American mind, the old man picked up a costly silver necklace and with reckless liberality bestowed it upon the grinning Navaho. By this time the guest's pack-horses were unladen, and several fat buckskin bags, shiny with grease and wear, to say nothing of blan-

kets, silver-decked bridles, saddles, and weapons, were neatly stacked up in a near corner. The Navaho strode over to the pile, jerked a fat sheep-carcass from the rear of his saddle, and threw it down on an upturned goat-pelt—spurning it in depreciation of his liberality, as he beckoned one of the women to come and take it away. Then he pulled a costly serape and snowy buckskin from one of the bags, and ostentatiously unfolding them, dropped the twain over the shoulders of my elder brother. Mutual thanks and renewed embraces ensued. Then came the women with the breakfast. To say that they brought enough extra provender for ten men would state but plain truth.

“Let us eat!” exclaimed they.

“Yes, loosen your belt and lessen your hunger,” briskly added my brother, waving his hand toward the steaming bowls and baskets. Four times that day did I see this guest literally “loosen his belt” to the ample good things placed before him. Next morning all was still effusive, and more presents were exchanged; but as the

forenoon waned away and the Navaho's horses were brought up to be given their last nip of corn, I thought a kind of coldness settled on the faces of the two friends.

When nearly everything had been packed, the Navaho laid an empty bag on the floor, with the remark that one of his wives, who was in a bad way, had asked him to bring some of the "toothsome" *he'-we* and "honied" *he'-pa-lo-k'ia* so abundant in his "cherished" friend's home.

The old governor turned to his wife. "Give him some *he'-we* and *he'-pa-lo-k'ia*, said he, sententiously; "pick out the *dryest*: it will be lighter for him to carry, you know!"

K'ia-u, with set face and lowering spirits, hobbled away and presently returned with a tray of old *he'-we* (well shaken up to look big) in one hand, and a basket bowl of very dry, somewhat musty *he'-pa-lo-k'ia* in the other. She poured them into the bag. The Navaho packed them well home and suggestively weighed the still lank pouch.

"Friend," he began,——

"Give him a little more!" commanded



the governor. K'ia-u darted an unhealthy glance toward the Navaho, but went back to the storeroom, bringing this time the smallest quantity that would suffice to cover the bottom of the baskets. The Navaho again packed the bag, and after scanning it a moment, held the mouth of it open—and looked up meaningly—for more.

“Humph!” ejaculated K'ia-u, shaking her head. “Gone; *all* gone.”

“Alas!” exclaimed the Navaho. Then a thought seemed to strike him. He went up to his pack, fumbled around a good deal, and finally brought in a fairly large buckskin. K'ia-u brightened up, for buckskins are the pride of a woman's heart in Zuñi! She made pretense of talking sharply to her brother's wife, then nodded her head to the Navaho, and hurried back to the storeroom. Forthwith she reappeared, laden with two big, heaping trays. The Navaho leaned his chin on his hand and contemplated them. After a long time, he said:

“A little more, friend; only a little.”

“The skin is miserable and small,” said K'ia-u.

"No! it is thick and large," retorted the Navaho. "What sort of *he'-pa-lo-k'ia* do you call that?" he added, rapping a lump of it on the stone floor. "Red sandstone were more easily milled!"

"Stop up his blabbering mouth with a little more," chipped in the governor, beginning to lose temper. K'ia-u dived into the storeroom still again, and came back, after a long absence, with an old tin plate I had given her, about two-thirds full.

"There," said she, dusting her hands, "*all gone now.*"

"I think that's a lie!" pleasantly remarked the Navaho. "Fill it up, friend, and I'll be satisfied."

"Ho! Navahos are born without shame," remarked K'ia-u.

"The Zuñi women are regular chipmunks," mused the Navaho in his own language, referring to their habit of chewing *he'-pa-lo-k'ia* and storing it away.

"She has given you enough," grumbled the governor, who understood the Navaho tongue. "Enough for that rag of a buckskin."

“Well, didn’t I give her a sheep?” queried the Navaho.

“And who gave you a silver necklace?” snapped the governor.

“Who gave you a fine serape and a buckskin as big as a buffalo-hide?” yelled the Navaho.

“Who killed my uncle?” hissed the governor.

“My father!” shouted the Navaho, with a triumphant look. “And you killed him!” he added with a darker look, at the same time snatching at the buckskin as though to reject the bargain. This was too much for K’ia-u; she filled the plate! They parted rather coolly, but as “friends,” yet I conjectured from the facial expressions of the two men that it would be bad for one if the other chanced to catch him napping in the mountains some fine, lonely night.

Afterward the governor told me one day with a grin that the father of his “friend” had been a silversmith. “That’s why *I’m* one *now*,” explained the old man. “The punches and dies I pound out buttons with



cost me nothing but a little work, and I got even with him for killing my uncle besides." Then he went through the whole dialogue again, and gleefully affirmed, with a blink of his black eye, "*We* understand each other; my friend will come back again the next time he hungers for corn-food, and I'll give him some buttons made on his father's die-plate!"

I am aware that I shall be accused of having romanced in telling this almost incredible anecdote, but those who are familiar with Indians and their ever-changing tribal relations, will not find it hard to believe that I erred only in greatly condensing the above conversation. It can be easily understood how Zuñis and Navahos who have murdered into one another's families during war times, may "forgive" one another with the return of peace. They do it as a matter of policy, knowing full well the unstable quality of their intertribal relations. There is one race, however—the Mexican—toward whom the Zuñi, preserving an outward calm, keeps up an inward and undying hatred. He so

heartily despises and abhors these inoffensive representatives of a priesthood who persecuted the gods of his forefathers, that any white man who resembles one of them even, will meet with but tardy welcome in the town of Zuñi. The Zuñis would as soon think of imbibing poison as of permitting man, woman, or child of that detested race to witness one of their festivals or sacred dances. If Don or "Greaser" chance to heave in sight while any of the tribal ceremonies are going on, he is met by watchful subchiefs and amicably but firmly escorted to such quarter of the town as is most remote from the scene of celebration, and then locked up. He may rave and swear and call down the vengeance of "El Gobierno" on the Indians for detaining him, but so long as that festivity lasts, be it one day or four, he will be held strict prisoner. Yet so stringent are the customs of hospitality that the unhappy captive is supplied with every delicacy the Zuñi cuisine can produce, his horses or donkeys are fed and watered, and nothing which a favored guest might anticipate is left undone.

The first English phrase I heard at Zuñi was, "*How li loo?*" (How d'ye do?), and second, spoken in instant and vain attempt to eke out more of my language from a fast-failing fund of knowledge, was, "*Cally wala-melons?*" (Spanish and English for "Do you like watermelons?"). When I refused—being anxious to witness a dance that was going on—my interlocutor assented by nodding his head and repeating emphatically, "'At's good, 'at's good," which I tortured into meaning, "As you like," though it might have signified that the watermelons were good.

Toward one another the Zuñis, as has been already hinted, still more studiously exercise these rites. A Zuñi may not be on speaking terms with another, may even go so far as to refuse to eat with him; but if by any chance that other should happen inside his door, he will certainly have a bread-tray placed before him and be bidden in a matter-of-course kind of a way to eat.

Enter any house at whatever time of day or night, and unless you be on the most familiar footing with the inmates, the



invariable tray of *he'-we* will be brought forth, also parched corn, or, if in their seasons, peaches, melons, or piñon-nuts; nor having once taken to the sitting-block, or bench, may you state your errand without first making a fair show of eating. Should you visit several such houses, in each the proceedings will be the same, until the oft-taken morsel of politeness, though small individually, has aggregated to uncomfortable proportions. Yet at the next fireside, though your brow be bathed in sweat of former striving, you must not falter, but tuck up your blanket and fall to with as evident a grace as at the outset.

Another feature of Zuñi etiquette is rather a tax on the will-power and digestion: it is the desirability of showing your appreciation of the skill and fare of your hostess by consuming a liberal and relatively equal amount of every article she places in front of you. I used to observe that with a native diner-out this was actually a severer task than with me. There were sure to be some special dishes which he preferred above others. Now,

the chief difference between him and me was not that I cared for none of the dishes, though I confess to having eaten all more or less under protest;—the fact is, I was (what with my hopeless longing for the food of better days and the dyspepsia which I speedily acquired by battling for approval with the cuisine of Zuñi) perpetually hungry, so I liked, for instance, the stewed peaches and baked squash, primarily because they were of excellent quality, and secondarily because they could not be spoiled in cooking, and tertiarily because they were clean. Then, too, I liked the double-done *he'-we* and certain strips of tender fresh meat, coiled and skewered on the end of a long rod and toasted, with much basting, over a slow fire. Yet it goes without saying that there were certain to be many things that I did not like. Thus it will be seen, the native feaster and I were at first fairly mated. In one respect, however, we were diverse. In matters of eating, his was positive, mine a negative nature. While his resolution was staunch in the direction of quantity to the

extreme of his visceral capacity,—or, as he would have worded it, “to the joint of his jaw,”—his power to eschew was relatively weak. Hence he was naturally certain, on sitting down, to move in the “line of least resistance” and eat within an ace of his fill, of the things he esteemed most. I always pursued the opposite course, and usually had the satisfaction of winning with ease and tolerable comfort, while it cost my neighbor frightful absorptive effort, no little time, and many shiftings of position, and left him—the victorious—protuberant of eye, short of breath, and rigidly erect.

Goaded on by both their liking for American food and their sense of duty toward a class of hosts they held in reverent respect, five of the six Indians I brought East in the spring of 1882, literally suffered miseries untold, for they rarely complained save to sadly depreciate their own abilities.

“What is it?” exclaimed one of them after a prolonged tussle with the courses of a Palmer House dinner, each one of which he would persist in regarding as a separate meal and eat the desired quota of each



article composing it—condiments and all! “What is it in American food, my son, that fills the insides with much fighting?”

“Would you have me cover my nation with shame?” indignantly asked another, as he reached his hand for a lemon which a generous-minded man on board a Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroad train offered him. “What though we be wafted in this swift wagon as on the wings of the wind!” continued he, taking and flourishing the lemon. “Is it not a house with many sitters?” He was in the dawn of his hundredth summer and had never, during his long life, tasted a spoonful of acid, save such a mild suggestion of it as might have lodged in a green peach or resulted from the fermentation of a meat stew. So I protested, but in vain. He whipped out his hunting knife and severed the lemon. “It must be some kind of little melon,” speculated the old man, as he buried his toothless gums in the major half of it—but the next instant the lemon was rolling on the floor, and he off his seat! He seized his chops with both hands; tears oozed

from his close-shut eyes; he wriggled, groaned, hawked, bent far over the aisle, retched, heaved—and one of his companions remarked, “Well, he has covered his nation with shame after all!” But the old man did not hear.

It was this same old man who afterward avoided the suffering of the other five at the Palmer House by refusing to be convinced that he need not pay the penalty of eating sour things were he to touch anything else; so he dined on *tchu'-k'i-na-o-we*. He, in common with the two other elders of the party, had prudently provided a liberal supply of this favorite lunch-material, in the belief that where such armies of Americans dwelt as they had been told inhabited the “Land of Sunrise,” one might find a scarcity of provisions.

One day, after we had been in Washington a long time, I went to make my customary visit at the lodgings of my Zuñi companions. The old man was stretched out on the floor groaning piteously and writhing under the bony hands of Lai'-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia, the medicine-man of the party.

The others were sitting around, looking dark and out of sorts.

“What’s the matter?” I exclaimed.

“Ah,” was the answer, “Another ‘*some-kind-of-little-melon!*’ ”

“How so?” said I. “Has he been eating anything, green apples or grapes?”

“No,” replied my informant. “He knows better, but you told him yesterday that he was too feeble, and must not climb up to the top of that ‘Standing White Rock’ of Was’-sin-tona [the Washington Monument]. Well, last night he said you were a mere youngster, anyway, and had no business to forbid his praying to the Sun Father whencesoever he pleased. This morning, before we were open-eyed, he sneaked out (may the old burro be reduced to the eating of cedar-bark!) and climbed up the inside of that ‘Standing White Rock.’ A little while ago some Me-li-kana-kwe in blue breeches and yellow buttons [policemen] brought him home and said much, but we could not understand them.”

In addition to the accomplishments



above digressed upon, there are others more easily attained, though quite as essential in the line of polite duty toward one's hostess in Zuñi.

To insure her perfect contentment—that is, on informal occasions—you must smack your lips over her meat-stews, linger lovingly and by no means noiselessly over the marrow-bones, sip with long sounding draughts the soup and *tsa'-shi-we*, and, if possible, eructate vigorously. You are quite excusable, indeed, if you add as a sort of after-dinner accomplishment other less decorous demonstrations. If, for instance, while sitting about when the meal is over—which is, by the way, perfectly *comme il faut* in Zuñi—you happen to be seized with a mild fit of indigestion, which pleasantly exaggerates all the above symptoms, you will score a decided winning. Your behavior will then be so natural and spontaneous that the happy matron will not fail to attribute it to the strength of her food. Even some slight discomfort on your part will, under these circumstances, be acceptable and flattering evidence that

you have dined on more substantial food than you are accustomed to at home, which distinction (otherwise distinguished to be sure) I have known to give pleasure even in other society than that of Zuñi.

Aside from these generalities of Zuñi breadstuff etiquette, there are lesser yet equally well defined duties affecting the relationship of host and guest. The matron of a household is scrupulously clean about her cookery, so far as intentions go. She will wash a piece of meat like a rag in cold water or the river, before putting it on to boil, until every trace of blood and a goodly portion of the juice is gone; but then, she thinks nothing of laying it on the skin-side of a turned-over bed-pelt to drain while she gives the last polish to the inside of the cooking-pot with a tatter of old clothing! So, she will flit unconsciously from the inspection or combing of one of her beloved children's head, or the picking of wool, with at least but a dry brush of the hands, directly to the toasting of tortillas or the mixing of mush. Yet she would resent the liberty hotly if one of her guests happened,

without moving away, to scratch his own head while eating at her trencher. She would think it indecent for him to sit down to her provisions without first going to the canteen, or tinaja, taking a good mouthful of water, and washing his hands by spurt-ing it over them; though he must needs use perhaps for the hundredth time the frock of his coat or the skirt of his kilt in lieu of a towel. If she chance to drop a piece of mutton on the most carefully swept of floors, she will trim, scrape, or wash it to distraction—she would never throw it away; yet she does not dream she is untidy when, in cleaning a long strip of tripe, she holds one end or a section of it between her feet that she may leave her right hand freer for the manipulation.

Notwithstanding all these things, and many more I forbear from relating, she is a kindly, painstaking housekeeper, and must be judged with all charity. She keeps her clothes brushed, and sweeps her floors at least half a dozen times a day. The trouble with her is her conveniences are but limited and her appliances are none



the best. Moreover, much must be attributed to her training; more still to her peculiar conception of what constitutes cleanliness, for in this she gets the aspect of the case and its actuality as hopelessly confused as a tangled cat's-cradle.

A rather relevant illustration of this may be drawn from my own earliest experience of it.

I was trying hard to win my way with the elusive affections of the Zuñis, and took to doctoring. Among my patients was a little baby in the topmost house of Zuñi. Its parents were poor (bless their kind hearts!), and when they saw their cherished child recovering from a frightful eruptive malady, they were grateful; but what could they do? Americans were proverbial; it being said of them in Zuñi, "Either they must eat as often as a Mexican smokes, or lie as often as a Zuñi asks them to eat; for they are always 'full, thank you!'" After long deliberation, it was decided that I must be asked to dinner. I have since learned the whole history of the occasion. An old aunt was called in;

some suet and bits of meat were bartered for (as they had no flocks of their own), and the resources of the feminine dual family knowledge were brought into requisition for the production of *he'-we*, *he'-pa-lo-k'ia*, and a small host of other corn preparations. But the great dish of the day, to form a part of which the meat and suet had been procured, was an elaborate bean stew. "How could the 'Little American' resist *that!*" was the thought with which it was watched, stirred, and seasoned—also with whole ladles full of red pepper—for hours.

All unconscious of these schemes, I sat under one of the port-holes in my little room writing that afternoon. The time for my usual visit to "Summit Terrace" had passed by, when I observed a shadow fall on my note-book. I looked up; there was the mother of my patient. She dodged away, but presently returned, showing her blanket-muffled head at my window very much as I have seen a desperado show himself over the edge of a rock when he expected to be shot. I looked up, and just in time to arrest a second retreat. The

poor woman tried to smile, but the effort was congealed with doubt, as she timidly raised her hand and beckoned me. I immediately arose, and stepping to the open door, looked out and smiled. (I could not talk Zuñi then.) She hesitatingly came forward, then with a desperate, suddenly brash determination, dextrously shaped her hand into a spoon, conveyed it suggestively to her lips, and pointed up toward her house. I imagined she wanted some sugar for the sick child. I darted into my room, caught up a lump or two, and handed them to her. She looked at the sugar with mingled amazement and despair; then at me; then pointed again toward her house, repeating the spoon-scoopity gesture. This time, I thought she meant that the child was worse and needed medicine. I nodded my head vehemently. Was I not right? An expression of joy overspread the good woman's countenance. Away she sped; and catching up my case of instruments and nostrums, I followed. When I arrived at the sky-hole of her house, behold an upturned, radiant, trium-



phant face! When I entered, behold a very expectant, unbroken, overconscious family group! New doubts were probably disturbing them as to how much I might deign to eat! The room into which I descended was the sick-room. It was also the working-room, sitting-room, dining-room, everything-room of this poor family, and my little patient was—well, not wholesomely attractive, considering the occasion. A glance assured me that her case was in no wise as I had inferred; what then, could have been the meaning of this summons? I cast a look of inquiry around. My would-be hostess evidently interpreted it her own way; for she brightly nodded and dived in behind the fireplace partition. All the family brightly nodded. Presently she returned with an enormous, most savory bowl of bean stew, and set it in the middle of the clean-swept, mud-floored room. Baskets, trays, bowls, and trenchers were hastily ranged around this steaming nucleus, salt-pots and pepper-jars interspersed. Then around these, in turn, were placed sitting-blocks and blankets.

“Aha!” thought I, “they are about to have their dinner, poor things. I’ll sit back here and watch them.” Whereupon I caught up my blanket, retired to a corner, and sat down. There was an instant look of dismay on the countenances of all. The women gazed at one another, then mutely shook their heads, as much as to say, “No use, not even bean stew!” At that instant I observed an extra stool-block. The situation dawned upon me. For a second that room spun around to my eyes. Then I drew a quick, short breath, swallowed at something that *would* come up in my throat, grinned (I could not smile), and bobbed my head. Five adult tongues were unloosed in five smiling mouths by that simple motion of my devoted head, each to the single victorious phrase, “*I’-tâ-na-we!*” (Let us eat).

Reader, that brief *numinum* of mine decided the fate of my relations with the Zuñi Indians. Some people have had the fancy that I was “plucky” in deciding to throw myself on the generosity of a lot of “barbarians” (simply, I suppose, because

these barbarians happened to be "Indians") for the sake of learning their ways of life and thinking. I don't imagine there was any other than a subjective danger in it. I have been through some tough adventures in the Southwest, however, and, long after that evening, I lived in some apprehension of being hung up most any fine night as a wizard; was, indeed, pulled out of my bed at 11 P.M. on one occasion and tried on suspicion of sorcery, all on account of three or four idle tales and a can or two of linseed oil and turpentine; but never, while I was at Zuñi, was my resolution so shaken as when I tried to swallow that something that would come up in my throat. It must be remembered that I was fresh from the East, callow, and had as yet but limited notions as to what my experiments implied, and as to my capacity. But it was all over in a moment, and I took my seat with the rest. The old man hastily scooped up a few drops of the bean stew on a folded bit of wafer-bread, pinched off a piece here and there from the solids of the feast, cast them into the fire, and muttered something.



Then the eating began. Everyone dipped his fingers into the hot, greasy, meaty, pepper-dyed soup with such perfect unconcerned dexterity, that I essayed: Great goodness! It seemed as though my nails were scalded off. I jerked my hand out with such instant and unconscious vigor that my elbow struck the broomy head of a boy by my side so hard that he howled—once—then drowned his brief-born misery in more stew. I tried to cover my accident by sucking my fingers after the manner of the rest, but the smarting was so keen that I did it too precipitately for either the perfection of imitation or grace of dignified action.

The politeness of those Indians was something so good and perfect and kind that to this day of the sixth year after, I am grateful to them and regard them as absolute ladies and gentlemen. They neither smiled nor appeared to notice me, and of one consent made such a brave clatter and smacking of lips to cover my confusion that it sounded like music to my burning ears. I looked around upon

them and thanked them in my heart, and aloud with all the Spanish and Zuñi I could muster; and from that day to this—with fair promise for the future, too—I have loved their people.

Well, it nerved me for what was to follow. The hostess quietly rose and went hunting about for something. Presently she found that something on the floor where the baby had been playing with it. It was an old, broken-handled pewter spoon. She caught it up, and seeing that it was—not very clean—put it into her own mouth, good woman, licked it off thoroughly, then went to the water-jar and rinsed out that organ; but it never seemed to occur to her to rinse off the spoon! At any rate, without doing so, she approached me and was about to hand it to me when the old man gave her dress-skirt a surreptitious jerk and whispered something. She gave me a quick, scared look, then reached for a brown, very old cotton mantle which was lying on the floor (the one she had on was too clean) and wiped the spoon off with it. Then with an air which seemed to say, “Could a

*Melik* woman have done better than that?" she handed me the spoon. I had to swallow that "something which *would* come up in my throat" again as I took the spoon, but I grinned my second martyrdom through, nodded, and thanked her. Yes, disgusted reader, I should have used that spoon had it been, well—anything. I was not going to let those native ladies and gentlemen see that I, an American, was less polite than themselves! I grasped the spoon firmly, and plunged it resolutely into the enormous bowl of stew. Then pretending to be hunting and stirring for a particular piece of meat (until I thought that what I wished to avoid was homogeneously disseminated throughout the dark mess), I seemed to find that particular piece of meat, and ate. The stew was good. It tasted very much like other bean stew.

Within twenty-four hours after this adventure, I was simply longing—so great had grown my reputation—for some sequestered place wherein I might find surcease from invitations to "sit and eat." Within



three weeks, so much greater had grown my reputation, I was dressed, whether or no, in Zuñi costume from head to heel. And ever since that time I have been known universally in Zuñi as "He-Who-Eats-From-One-Dish-With-Us-With-One-Spoon!"

In the next chapter I will tell the reader something further and more particular about what I had for dinner on that memorable day.

## CHAPTER XVIII

## MORE INDIAN MEALS



THE menu of a Zuñi feast, what though made up from a single course, is as extensive and varied as one, sometimes, as that of the most luxurious of civilized dinners. To be sure, no fish graces or leads on in such a meal to the more substantial meats, and the soups, though copious in kind as in abundance, are hopelessly mixed up with even the desserts, in the serving of it. But an examination of the illustrations contemplated in and brought over from our last chapter, will not fail to speedily display anew the amplitude of resource in Zuñi cookery.

Piled high on more than one flat basket-tray (pl. xxvii, *a*, *d*) are the sheets and rolls of paper-bread or *he'-we*—the sheets dully symbolizing the green earth and blue sky

in their colors; the rolls, not less, the six chief hues of the rainbow. On special occasions these bulky wafers are reinforced by one or two deep basket-bowls of puffy, double-lobed wheaten loaves like overgrown bakers' rolls (fig. *a*), but browner and thicker-skinned outside, light-buff and porous, coarse-grained, yet quite as spongy, within. Then there are the *tchu'-tsi-kwah-na-mu-we*, or "skinned-corn-paste-loaves," neatly done up, like druggists' packets, in wrappers of corn-husk (fig. *i*); and if not further like drugs, medicinal, still, like them again in that they are certainly good medicine for the disease of hunger; best, however, when that disease is acutest. Partaking somewhat of the nature of these latter (for they are well done up and cooked by boiling) are the crescent-shaped, soft, sweet, and sticky *â'-te-a-mu-we* (fig. *b*), bright in their twisted envelopes of green corn-leaves, yet as yellow inside of this exterior as the squash-blossoms with which they have been seasoned. Neither less yellow, less sticky, nor less a delicacy, although de-



cidedly less sweet and more saline, like overdone "Indian pudding" in which salt has gained mastery over the molasses, is the *k'os'-he-pa-lo-k'ia* in its sooty, unsteady, little cooking-pot with its rim of upturned, rather singed corn-shucks (fig. *h*). Caping this feast in their resistless, yea relentless, attractiveness to the Zuñi palate, are the husk-beswathed slabs of red *he'-pa-lo-k'ia* (fig. *c*). Nor is there lack of more solid foods; for, could such a stuff as green syrup with gigantic pills of "blue-mass" floating about in it, be readily imagined, I would ask my readers to kindly draw such a pleasing picture, the more vividly to realize the appearance of the big bowl of *mu'-k'ia-li-we*, or dumpling soup, than he will by merely examining fig. *f*. This bowl of slimy breadstuff swelters, but does not out-steam, the equally generous trencher of stewed meat-joints and toasted hominy (fig. *e*) which stands beside it in the middle of this oval array. Of all dishes most indispensable to Zuñi dinners, this over-seethed, vastly rich and greasy, vermilion-colored, pepper-scummed, diabolical *olla*

*podrida*, ranks next to the universal *he'-we*. No wonder that within convenient reach of it, tilted up over a primitive plate of sandstone, is a skewer of broiled meat-shreds; or, more often, a spindle of suet and tidbit-stuffed sheep-intestines (fig. *j*), browned to brittleness at the periphery but somewhat underdone toward the center. This dietic bobbin, however hot and reeking, must be, if one would have it relish at its best, returned to the coals repeatedly, during its unwinding course at a long dinner. On another sandstone plate lies the blood-pudding, composed of chopped liver, lights, suet, salt, pepper, coarse browned meal, brains, and clotted blood, rammed into a large intestine and baked or boiled until, what with swelling and congealing when allowed to grow cold, it looks like a hugely distended Bologna sausage, and tastes like unspiced head-cheese. Less digestible, moreover, it certainly is not. In the nature of *entrées* are other preparations precisely like this last in outward appearance (fig. *k*). A typical one of these is the same kind of large intestines

stuffed with its own half-digested contents, thoroughly enhanced by the liberal addition of salt, red pepper, and parched meal, then roasted for three hours or more to solidity and shining brownness in front of a raging fire of embers. Most unprepossessing in its semblance is this unassimilated meal of some sheep or roebuck; but to the vegetable-famished Zuñi (no less than it proved to my own taste after a preliminary training of some months in the native dietary) it is a most grateful change, a promoter of appetite, and an excellent digester of some of the poisons above catalogued. A really superior sauce or condiment—never absent from luncheons and rarely so from other meals—at least in the height of the chile season, is the pepper, onion, salt, coriander-leaf, and water paste, served in the lava-stone trough in which it has been freshly macerated and crushed (fig. g). Save that it completes the list of our illustrations (fig. l) there would be no need to mention the ever-present jar or earthen box of salt and chile-colorado or red-pepper meal—which (having been toasted) looks and



smells like snuff; but tastes like the wrong end of a lighted cigarette (until you get used to it)!

The dishes already described are but the repastorial bulwarks of Zuñi; for in addition to them one may frequently see corn, sweet or common, cooked on the cob in the various ways long ago mentioned; either stewed beans, or beans in large bunches (pods and all) boiled until soft, and eaten as asparagus is eaten; fried, roasted, or baked squash; boiled pumpkin; snaky coils of desiccated melon strips—simmered with or without dried peaches, or the peaches stewed without the melon strips, both sweet without sugaring; greens made from water-cress or young milkweed pods; small game, served with a rich gravy of squash-seed meal, and often the grinning, pop-eyed heads of larger game or domesticated animals, buried over night in a fire-surmounted cist of stone, and black as the sable of a dead coal from the singeing they have thereby been subjected to. The ears, hoofs, and tails of deer, antelope, and cattle, first scorched in a blazing fire, then boiled

a day or two, also show up at the larger Zuñi dinners in the shape of thick gelatinous soups. Finally, most curious of all the eatables of these motly meals, are parched locust-chrysalides, or *chum'-al-li*. These incipient, though active insects are industriously dug in great numbers from the sandy soil of the cañon woodlands, by the women, who go forth to their lowly chase, like berry-pickers, in merry shoals. They are then confined in little lobe-shaped cages of wicker, brought home toward evening, and at once both cleaned and "fattened," by immersion over night in warmish water, of which, if they be a lively lot, they absorb so much as to increase in individual bulk before morning to more than twice their natural size. Then they are taken out and treated to a hot bath in melted tallow, which causes them to roll up and die, after which they are salted and parched as corn is, in an earthen toasting-pot, over a hot—very hot—fire.

Such a meal as this, eaten as promiscuously as it has been described, is not to be seen every day; but if one eliminate from

it the locusts and other fancy dishes, retaining the meat and bean-stews, *he'-we*, and some other varieties of breadstuff, he will have the representative dinner, or evening meal, of every well-to-do Zuñi household almost every day (except during melon and green-corn time) throughout the year.

The breakfasts,—to follow the order of importance,—although simpler, are quite as substantial. They commonly consist mainly of two or three kinds of corn-dodgers, dry mush or very wet *mu'-k'ia-pa-we* (flat-dumpling soup), and meat, broiled, fried, roasted, or baked. This is the morning meal of ordinary occasions. What change in it takes place on sacred feast-days, when the order of things is considerably mixed up, must be mentioned later on.

During winter, breakfast is eaten at about ten o'clock. In summer, quite half the field work of the day is done before it is tasted—usually an hour later than in winter—and a luncheon intervenes between it and dinner. This lunch, taken at about two or three o'clock, is, as I have before stated, always served with *k'iaäthl'-k'o-se*,



and as invariably consists of boiled corn or squash, *he'-we*, either onions or red peppers roasted in hot ashes, and strips of the toughest jerked meat in the house. The meat must be, if perfected for the purposes which it served at luncheon, dipped in tallow or water, then broiled on a bed of coals until pliable.

A curious survival of ancient times, when the Zuñis possessed no herds and had meat only as they hunted it, is their custom of eating this jerked meat very sparingly—more to flavor the rest of the meal or to deceive the insides with the tongue, than as regular foods. Indeed, although several strips may be lying on the little slab of sandstone beside the sauce-trough, no one except a “know nothing Navaho” will think of taking more than one—or at the most, in case the pieces be small, two of them. Immediately on sitting down, each person chooses a strip and, dipping the end of it into the sauce, chews and sucks it until the fibers become a trifle softened and separated like the bristles of a limp, irregular brush. Then it is used, sponge fash-

ion, for soaking or dipping up the sauce. With each dip the brush portion encroaches on the handle in consequence of additional chewing and sucking; but although this edible handle is shortened by that process to nothing ere the meal is finished, its bristles remain of a uniform length throughout. I never learned of anything elsewhere in the world that will exactly parallel, in this respect, a Zuñi luncheon; for, no sooner is a guest at one end of a mind to try the peppers, than he carefully deposits his meat-brush on the flat instep of his moccasin (to keep it in easy reach, yet out of the dirt), picks up a pepper-pod, nips off the end of it, extracts and swallows the seeds and other insides, then proceeds to use the empty skin as a spoon for more sauce. But he eats bit by bit with the progress of the meal, this spoon, as he has the meat-brush. One would imagine that this use of foods as instrumental accessories, themselves to be consumed, would end here; but no! when the boiled squash is cracked open, each partaker breaks off a convenient little piece of the rind, swallows

the meat adhering to it, grinds down its rough edges on the side of a sauce-trough (or on the floor, if it be paved with sand-stone), and forthwith employs this extemporized scoop for scraping pulp out from the remainder of the squash and conveying it to the mouth. By this latter service—if the scoop happen not to be a scorched, particularly hard, or otherwise unpalatable portion of the rind—it is more than likely, after the manner of the meat-brush and pepper-spoon, to waste away toward the end of the meal.

I well remember with what wonder (not to say disgust) I first witnessed these Zuñi luncheons; and I well remember with what wonder (not to say disgust) the Zuñis first witnessed my attempts at eating them. I did not like to eat *k'ïäthl'-k'o-se* with a “meat-brush,” especially when five or six Indians were eating *k'ïäthl'-k'o-se* also with “meat-brushes,” from the same trough. I at first, therefore, limited my attentions to the squash, boiled corn, *he'-we*, and the tenderest strips of the jerked meat I could pick out—avoiding the *k'ïäthl'-k'o-se*. This was



once noticed, and my attention called to it in a novel manner. Such strips of meat as could be neither bitten nor worried into separate morsels—into anything in fact, except brushes without superabundant effort and the aid of *k'äthl'-k'o-se* to soften the fibers—speedily fell to my lot. Thus finding the *k'äthl'-k'o-se* essential, I made a pretext of not liking it quite so strong as the rest liked it, and provided myself with an old soup-ladle, into which I always took pains to dip some of the sauce as soon as it was ready, or at any rate before the rest had begun to make and ply their meat-brushes in it. This worked very well until it began to assume, in the eyes of my old brother—a sort of exclusive American look. Then he promptly remedied the matter by walking in late one day, and, finding me thus a little apart from the rest, pretended not to see the ladle as he approached to take his place, and stepped into it, mashing it, *k'äthl'-k'o-se* and all, out of individual existence.

“Never mind, little brother,” remarked he, as he leered at me pleasantly and kicked

the fragments out of the way with his unoffending other foot, "Never mind, K'ia-u can make another ladle, and there's a whole grinding-trough full of *k'ïäthl'-k'o-se* right over there where you see all these others of the family eating!" After this more adroit than delicate hint, I concluded either to eschew Zuñi luncheons, or to overcome my prejudice against the promiscuous use of the meat-brushes, and eat them "*como los Zuñis*."

The reader has doubtless inferred, from much that has been said in the last chapter and in this, that the Zuñis lack less of food at their meals than of manners, or certainly of manners in any way admirable. But it much depends on whether you view the subject from an American or a Zuñi standpoint; and it more depends on whether in either case you view it as a whole or only in part. I thought the Zuñis—at least one of them—lacked manners, when that elder brother of mine set his foot down in the soup-ladle toward which I had just reached for a fresh "meat-brush" of *k'ïäthl'-k'o-se*. I did not realize at first that he was trying

to teach me one of the fundamental rules of good-breeding in the breaking of bread, at Zuñi not only, but the world over! For I had not perceived that he knew quite as well as I did why I ate too much jerked meat, and why I preferred my *k'iäthl'-k'o-se* weaker than in a two-fold way was suitable to the rest.

I have already said a little about Zuñi breadstuff etiquette. The time had not come for exhausting the subject when I said it, nor indeed has it yet come; but a few words relative to it here will serve to explain why old Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa essayed, in the original and ingenious fashion above narrated, to correct me, and more, perhaps.

On few points are the Zuñis more particular than on that of humanity in eating. They concern themselves less about the cultivation of punctuality than we do, because their excellent appetites and the natural alacrity with which they fall to whenever the women announce that things are ready, make the exercise of this grace almost instinctive, and therefore nearly universal. If by accident but one adult



male member of the family be delayed at meal-time, the women, merely by refraining from saying the word, will keep the rest waiting as long as the slightest moisture remains in the body of the meat stew. And although these mistresses of the occasion will themselves go about, scratching their heads, poking the fire, and absent-mindedly sweeping the floor over and over to make ready, or rather to make themselves and the rest believe they are not ready, nevertheless the men are expected to, and do, sit through it all with exemplary manifestations of patience, considering their "natural alacrity!" Seeing them, one would think they were quite glad of the excuse to idly lie about and talk, which this delay affords them. Thinking thus, however, one would be mistaken. All this seeming indifference is the triumph of traditional enjoinder and its acceptance, not, like the habit of punctuality, a constitutional tendency.

Often have I watched an old gray-head crawl stiffly and complainingly out from his bundle of blankets and hobble over to

the hearth-side at the earliest peep of daylight through the sky-holes. That he did this with the express purpose of lying in wait for the infantile members of the family, I verily believe. At any rate, no sooner would one of the members in question move uneasily in his sleep than the old man would assume the alert. Let this movement be followed by the more evident and invariable sign of a waking child in Zuñi—the scratching of the head—and the old fellow would instantly open up a fire of instructions on duty and politeness. It might be barely sunrise, and he at the moment crouching over the still weak blaze; nevertheless, scorning the illustration of precept by example, he would immediately exclaim:

“Here now, young one, get up! For shame that you should be lying here, still nesting, and the day already grown aged and *warm!*” No matter, either, if his own eyes were masty, his own bodily consciousness of parasitical activity so acute as to cause his constant prosecution of ven-

geance on its perpetrators—all the same he would continue:

“Up, up, I say! Run out to the river and wash your winkers in cold water; it will brighten your vision and lighten the footfalls of the itch-makers, whom you only encourage to travel by lying in bed so long!”

By this time the child would doubtless be wakeful enough—though still yawning and plying his scratchers—to observe the old man’s jaws wagging to the tune of parched corn or a meat-scrap, saved like an unfinished end of tobacco over night. This would naturally make him hungry; but his first whimper would be met by:

“There now, never lie around longing for food; never whine for it—dogs do that! Wait till the heat of day; it will enliven your sense of the taste of good things. Food whistles on the spit and sings in the cooking-pot when it is ready, and only women know its music or understand its language; little children should wait for *them* to interpret!”

And after such style would he continue, utterly unmindful of the bewilderment with



which his too mature harangue would be greeted, until the women came around with breakfast paraphernalia and bade him get out of the way. I do not exaggerate when I say that I have repeatedly seen one of these old men get his two-year-old grandson on his knee and talk to the little fellow about the amenities of eating time, as though he were a well-grown youth about to enter the solemn precincts of a sacred feast.

However unpromising all this may seem, its long continuance has due effect. Such seasonable and salutary effect, indeed, that the youth are generally better behaved than their elders, and the children look upon these oracular ancients as the latter look upon the gods themselves. The result of this is that admirable self-control under even the trying circumstances above alluded to. The motive which has given origin to this custom of observing entire unanimity in the eating of a meal is obviously of a generous nature; for, where food is served in bulk, as it is in Zuñi, each dish being common property, only such a cus-

tom could insure equal choice and fair division for all concerned. So, not only will a meal be uncomplainingly waited for, but no person will begin the eating of one—certainly not if himself a guest, or if guests be present—until all are gathered around. Then he, and every other, independently selects a bit of each food, breathes on it, and says:

<i>I - sa' !</i> Receive,	<i>Na' - na - kwe,</i> (Oh souls of) my ancestry	<i>i' - tâ - na - we;</i> and eat;
<i>yam-i'-ke-na</i> your hearts	<i>yam-an'-i-kwa-nan,</i> your wondrous knowledge	<i>a-k'ia</i> by means of
<i>te-li-ana-we;</i> resuscitate	<i>yam-k'ïä'-she-ma,</i> of yours the water we need	
<i>yam-tâ'-sho-nan-ne,</i> of yours the seeds of earth	<i>yam-thlä'-shi-a-k'ia,</i> of yours the means of attaining great age	
<i>ha-no-än'-ik-tchi-a-na p-tu'!</i> return unto us		

Freely translated, this means:

“Receive! (Oh souls of) my ancestry, and eat; resuscitate, by means of your wondrous knowledge, your hearts; return unto us of yours the water we need, of yours the seeds of earth, of yours the means of attaining great age.”

As the last phrase of this grace dies away, the food is cast into the fire. Whether at home or abroad, I have never seen a Zuñi, young or old, taste food, even though but the merest hasty morsel, without first going through this invocation or abbreviated modification of it. Among the first words a child is taught to lisp are some of the above; and until, with his own hand, and his own lips guided and prompted by the mothers, he can make this offering and mutter this grace, no child is ever regularly weaned in Zuñi. Should the mother of the child die before this, he is nursed by some relative who is ever after (in the native conception) his *bona fide* mother. If it be impossible to find such a nurse, a kind of pap called *o'-k'iâs-lu*, made from sweet corn precisely as *tchu'-ki-na-owe* is made from the ordinary kind, is given to the child through a cane tube furnished with a nipple of soft cloth or membrane. This pap does not come under the head of other foods, but is known as the "drink-food," or the "milk of the beloved." If the child live, he is looked upon as a "son



of the beloved." Only such, and those who have lost both parents, are the true "orphans" of Zuñi.

Of the rules regulating one's conduct at sacred feasts I will briefly speak in our concluding chapter. Of those appropriate to ordinary occasions, yet applicable alike in either instance, I will mention a few of the more interesting here.

Having placed the bowls, pots, trays, and salt-jars on the floor, not far from the hearth, the women arrange around them stool-blocks and blankets, then call out "*I-tâ-na-we!*" Each person in the room must reply, "*Ya!*" or "*Te'-ä-tu'!*" ("It is well!" or "Be it so!"). If not, the women have to repeat the summons, not quite so mildly either, as at first. On sitting down, the men smack their lips, rub their hands, thrust their thumbs into their belts and give them a tug as if to loosen them, then make the offerings. Thereupon they assume erect positions, drawing the knees up close to the body, so that as little space as need be shall be occupied. Before beginning to eat, a guest will, if polite, lay the

left hand across his stomach, about midway up, as a means of reminding himself not to become too much engrossed in any one dish, and fill too far up with it; also, as an indication to his entertainers that even half a meal would be sufficient to satisfy him, let alone such profusion. That left hand is not once removed from the pit of the stomach unless to assist the right in the management of unusually tough articles, or for breaking *he'-we* and marrow-bones—never for taking up food or conveying it to the mouth. From first to last the right hand is kept busy, if uninterruptedly, yet deliberately so. In extending it to the bowl, the arm is crooked down; in withdrawing it, the elbow elevated to nearly the level of the mouth, and the forearm brought around as a swivel on its pivot, horizontally.

There are only two or three spoons supplied. They are little earthen scoops with merely the rudiment of a handle, just large enough and crooked sufficiently to be held between the thumb and forefinger. A man hastily dips up two or three mouthfuls of soup with one, then passes it on to his

neighbor, and so it and its too few companions go round and round the circle. When I began to eat with the rest of the family at Zuñi, they handed first to me, as they would have first handed to any other honored guest, the one spoon they happened to possess. Reminded by this of that earlier experience, heretofore related, and devoutly grateful thus to be saved the risk of scalding my untutored finger-tips a second time, I nodded my thanks, made a few dips, and, oblivious to the look of expectation with which my nearest left-hand neighbor eyed the empty spoon, deposited it conveniently near for future use. The rest did not look pleased with my want of politeness. They evidently attributed it to ignorance, yet made a few remarks. In those remarks I could distinguish the words "*Melikana*," "*Wassintona*," "not over-wise," "not *under*-shameful,"—enough more, indeed, to show the drift of their thoughts, but not all their eddyings. Sheltered, however, under a supposed ignorance of their tongue, equal to my actual ignorance of their etiquette,



I clung desperately to the spoon throughout the remainder of the meal. They were equal to the occasion. They no sooner gave up all hope of recovering the coveted article than they proceeded dextrously to fashion each mouthful of *he'-we* they tore off, into a sort of diminutive shovel, by pressing it down in the hollow of the hand. These shovels, supported underneath by two outspread fingers along either side and the thumb pressing what ought to have been the handle-end against the palm, they would dash into the soup, pass with admirable celerity from the bowl to the mouth, and swallow one after another, contents and all. The next time I sat down, however, that spoon, starting at my left hand, went entirely around before it was handed to me. Each one who received it, expecting it would be his only and last chance at it, ate all he wanted of the soup before passing it on; therefore the meal was nearly over when my time came. Meanwhile I had been trying the shovel process I had seen so much of the day before; but it was such hot work, and my *he'-we* shovels had

such a way of collapsing just as I was about to take them, full of soup, into my mouth, that the Indians took pity on me, and old K'ia-u made a new earthen spoon (elaborately decorated in the middle with a butterfly, I remember) for my exclusive use. Those Indians never forgot the spoon adventure. When I was bidding goodby to K'ia-u five years later, she produced from the folds of her dress (tears coursing down her cheeks the while, poor, good old thing!) a bright red pottery spoon with a butterfly painted in the center of it.

"Here!" said she. "Younger brother, 'tis not exactly an *o'k'ias-lu* tube, but I raised you on it all the same, from the miserable kind of little-legged thing you were when you came here from Wassintona, to what you are now! Take it home to your *Me'-lik* people and let them see that we can be good mothers too, and that without spoons of shining white metal, either!"

When the home circle is uninvaded by any guest, the customs I have referred to, and many others equally quaint which have

been passed by in haste, are not so strictly observed as in the presence of even a near neighbor; but such a presence, though apparently so slight, is invariably sufficient to put a whole family on their good behavior. In it they would as carefully try to preserve the same inanimity at the ending of a meal as at its beginning. It would be considered shameful for any one of them to cease eating, while any other remained obviously unsatisfied; and equally shameful for any one not to cease eating very soon after even one of the others, if a respected or elderly one, had done so.

When guest or inmate, man or child, ceases eating, he clears his throat and exclaims, "*E'-lah-kwa! S'hâ-yu shithl-nai-e'!*" (Thanks! I have been satisfied!) The instant reply made by all the elderly women is, "*El-i'tâ!*" (Eat well!), to which the first speaker finally responds: "*Lathl-e'-lah-kwa; hâ's-i-po-ti-k'ia!*" (Thanks again; I am filled!) And the women add, "*I'tâ-i-na-we'!*" (Have eaten then!)

It may have been noticed that in these descriptions I have used the masculine



pronoun. This I have done purposely, as the men are the recipients of the meal, the women the givers of it; therefore, a totally different set of rules are followed by the latter. They rarely, for instance, except as guests at other houses than their own, give thanks at the close of a meal; nor do they respond "Be it well" when asked to join in one. As to the hostesses, too, they sit usually by themselves; that is, on one side with the little children, while the men and youth sit opposite. This curious arrangement arises out of the sociologic condition of the tribe, to which I have referred in one of the earliest chapters of this series. Under such a system, the husband, on marrying, leaves his own home and goes to live with his wife as a sort of perpetual guest, not only of her clan, but in her household. Within the portals of that home he has no nominal jurisdiction, save such as is accorded to him by his wife. Although his hand may have tilled the fields and gathered the harvest, neither corn nor other provender is considered as his after it has been deposited at the ladder-

poles or doorways of his wife's home. It is this state of affairs which makes the invariable preliminary to an engagement in Zuñi, the eating of a meal by the suitor in the presence of his sweetheart's family. At such a meal he is thankful indeed to the old dotards, whom he can remember as having harassed him so much with lectures on the rules and ways of eating! He applies them all, but all and more too, were not half sufficient to save him, should he so far loosen the grip of his left hand on the pit of his stomach, as to eat more than an amount sufficient, we will say, to satisfy a medium-sized prairiedog! No, his mother, grandmothers, aunts, sisters (if elder), uncles on the mother's side even, have reminded him of the importance that attaches to his eating little, and thus showing himself a good boarder until the match is made, or until he has proved the second point toward its ratification—his ability to hoe corn. Now, it must not be inferred that these good people are deceived by the young man's modesty in eating. Never a bit do they pretend to judge from what he

does under their conscious scrutiny, as to his capacity under other circumstances. But with them it is as with a great many civilized parents. They wish the young men to do certain things in order to show respect to their daughters, whether they feel it or not.

On the distant farms, and in the far-away, lonely huts of the shepherds, wonderfully relaxed are these many regulations. At the farming towns, even the gods themselves are supposed to be more lenient (because the men are, I suppose), and the proverbial rule of comparative silence in the presence of such blessings of the beloved, as foods, is set at naught. The evening meal, after the long day's work with the hoe and digging-stick, is merry with jokes, badinage, repartee, and laughter.

But among the dark piñons of the mountains where nestle, half under-ground, the watch-houses of the herders, though no observance at meals save the invariable offering of food to the ancients be required, yet no sound other than the weird, wailing songs of the solitary occupant may be heard.



The stars shine out, but their light scarce mellows the deep shadow in which is buried this little shelter and its palisaded fold of flocks. Outside, the coyotes howl, and at the blanketed doorway the dogs bark back defiance, while the lambs in the little pens around the corral bleat, and the goats snuff and cough the long night through. Inside, a fire bright as a furnace—so dark its setting—burns, and on some skins in front of it lies the shepherd watching his pot of goat-milk and meal boil, or turning the joints of drying meat which shall serve for dinners at home by and by. His fare, with the exception of meal and dried *he'-we*, is milk and meat. But with this he is content until, at the end of four or eight days, his exile will be over and another of the household take his place. So there, what though alone, he lies until late night, now singing, now dropping his snatch of song to listen if perchance some night prowler or disturber of his charge be near. Sometimes, as he listens, a glad smile comes over his face, and he lays fresh wood on the fire, draws forth new

skins, and stirs more meal into his pot. A trail winds by not far away, and to his trained ear a dull thud, still distant, is sounding like the faint echo of a dancer's drum, whose hand is tired. It is the tramp of a weary horse, urged on apace by the whip, then, whip or no, falling back to a jaded stagger and thus drumming his irregular tattoo on the hard-beaten trail. Hearing it, the watcher knows a rider is coming in from some long and weary chase—fresh venison at his saddle side, fresh anecdotes of sport and hunter's fare. With such an anecdote I hope to entertain my reader in the beginning of our forthcoming and last chapter.

## CHAPTER XIX

## CORN DANCES AND FESTIVALS



Signal of the feast

ARE few among ourselves who can realize how simply the Southwestern Indian is able to travel the wilds which surround his desert home. On the war-path or on his far-reaching expeditions in the quest of game, his requirements are insignificant compared with what we have learned to regard as essential to the traveler's barest needs: his appliances for the preparation of meals *en route*, wonderfully limited in number, but of surpassing ingenuity in method. So, too, are the food materials themselves which he carries, as few as the things



with which he cooks them. A bag of *tchu'-k'i-na-o-we*, another of coarse meal, and a saddle-wallet of dried *he'-we*, complete, if we but add salt, red pepper, and tobacco in smaller sacks to the list, his provendery. These, together with a small bowl and a little cooking-pot, he rolls up in a blanket and mounts on the rear of his saddle, to the bow of which he also slings a bottle of water-tight wickerware. Underneath that saddle, as a sort of padding, are a thick cloth and half of a deerskin dressed soft with the hair on. Over his shoulders is strapped a quiver and bow-case, slung to his side a hunting knife, and about his waist is ingeniously twirled his heavy serape—overcoat, waterproof, and bed-covering combined; for the skin and cloth under the saddle, and the blanket in which are enwrapped his utensils and provisions, serve with cedar-twigs or a few handfuls of grass, for his bed.

Thus accoutered have I joined my adopted Indian brethren on many a trip—nor suffered severely, winter or summer, for want of ample comfort. More as an

exhibition of their manner of cookery and food service while traveling than as a distinct narrative, I will give a hasty itinerary of a part of one of these expeditions:

It was in the early years of my life at Zuñi that Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa, a young half-brother named Kesh'-pa-he, and I set out one sandy morning for the far-away southern mesas. I say a "sandy morning," for the wind was blowing through the mountain funnels west of Zuñi such a terrific gale that not the least particle of landscape, except such as was flying through the air in the shape of sand, could be seen two rods ahead of us. Earth, sky, and the little river along which our trail ran were equally invisible; for far above the tops of mesas, themselves a thousand feet high, sail the sand-clouds at Zuñi during the fierce winds of springtime, nor do their trailing feet ever lift themselves from the ground. Through this, shouting songs which strangely blended storm-voices around us, rode the two Indians, unconcerned as ever; for their serapes, unrolled, but not

untied, from their waists and elevated to the heads, became huge hoods, effectually keeping out the flinty blasts which would have almost skinned the face of an American.

Soon we left the river and climbed the foot-hills to the boundary plateaus of the valley. Once upon the latter, the wind alone swept past us, singing through the piñon trees and tall, lank, winter grass; for the "legs of the sand-storm," so said the Indians, "were tangled in the tree-tops and mesas." All day long, never stopping for rest or refreshment, we kept on our course. Growing thirsty, I was advised to pick gum from the pine shrubs we passed under, and by chewing it allay my longing for water; for my Zuñi companions had not yet done "hardening my meat," and steadily refused to uncork their one basket-bottle of water. Toward evening, as we were picking our way through a thick copse of evergreens, Kesh'-pa-he gave a shout, and dismounting, pointed to a little twig which, from the look of things, must have been broken years before. Under the tree it depended



from, hidden by a lichen-covered piece of bark, was a cake of yellow pine-gum, placed there, no doubt, by some former hunter and so marked to be discoverable to others of his class. The gum was somewhat bitter at first, but after awhile grew sweet in the mouth and served admirably the purpose for which it is used by Zuñi hunters—the quenching or staying of thirst.

From the wooded, hilly mesa-tops we descended, just as the sun was setting, into one of those long, low, white-walled cañons south of Zuñi which, running westward and treeless, seem, as they are passed one by one, like great wandering rivers of light, flowing out flame-like from the fiery sunset world. No sooner were we well down before an exclamation from Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa caused me to look around. "Supper is ready!" he cried, pointing to a little cottontail rabbit which was just scudding into a hole in the rocks. Forthwith Kesh'-pa-he dismounted, and cutting a slender twig, so trimmed the branches from it as to leave one or two hooks or barbs at the lower end. He then pushed the twig into the

hole, prodded about until he suddenly exclaimed, "There he is!" then began to twist the twig until it would no longer turn about, when, giving it a cautious pull, behold! out came the rabbit, as thoroughly fastened to the end of the rod as though transfixed by a spear. The rabbit kicked and screamed in vain. His loose, furry coat was too securely wound about the end of the stick to admit of much movement, or escape, and he was soon grasped by the hind-legs, hit a sharp blow with the open hand just behind the ears, and instantly his struggles ceased. Before he was fairly dead, the Indians drew his face up to their own and breathed from his nostrils the last faint sighs of his expiring breath.

Thus they killed no fewer than three or four rabbits, then abandoning the sport, made haste to seek a place for camping. Although spring had come, the weather was by no means mild, and here and there in deep chasms still lingered patches of melting snow. To my surprise, the Indians turned from the little walled valley we had been traveling in and sought the leeward

side of an apparently exposed hill near at hand. Here, midway up, under a wide-spreading little cedar, they pitched their camp. Wisely, too, as I have since learned; for in such situations only can one find full protection from the wind and smoke of a camp in the wilds. Very close to the tree they built a fire; then, while one went about collecting snow, the other led our tired horses away to a little water-pocket not far down the valley we had just abandoned. When the horses had been brought back and hobbled, and the snow collected on a blanket out of range of the heat, one of the Indians found a flat stone and three or four lesser ones, while the other moved the fire considerably outward. The flat stone was mounted on the others as a table on very short legs, so propped up at one end, however, that it sloped gently from the fire near which it was stationed. Under the end opposite the fire our one bowl was placed, and on the flat rock the snow was heaped like a huge sugar-loaf as high as it could be packed. Then great sticks and logs of piñon were piled on the fire, which



soon shot upward and swirled about far above the lowermost branches of the trees by which we were surrounded. In a few moments the snow began to melt very rapidly, and the water soaking its way down the sloping stone, ran a constant stream into the bowl.

The Indians now began to prepare our first meal. One of the rabbits they threw into the middle of the blazing fire, where almost instantly the hair and parts of the skin were singed off. When the carcass looked more like a cinder than the body of an animal, it was hauled forth, and with a few dextrous turns of Kesh'-pa-he's hand, divested of its charred skin as a nut would be of its shuck—then dressed, spread out on a skewer, spitted, and set up slantingly, to take care of itself for a while before a thick bed of embers.

From the basket-bottle some water was poured into our cooking-pot, and when it had begun to boil violently, some coarse meal was briskly stirred in. Before this had quite become mush, while still sticky and quite thin, that is, some of it was

poured out on a stone, some dry meal thoroughly kneaded into it, and the whole ingeniously wrapped or plastered around the end of a long stick. This stick, like the rabbit spit, was then set up slantingly over the coals and occasionally turned until considerably swollen, and browned to a nicety. Behold a fine loaf of exceedingly well-done—and as I afterward found—also exceedingly good-tasting corn-bread!

The bowl of snow-water was removed from its place under the stone, and into it was stirred some *tchu'-k'i-na-o-we*—just enough to make a cream-like fluid to serve as our beverage, and on the upturned sides of our saddle skins, in the light and warmth of our genial fire, our meal was at last spread out. The rabbit carcass, delicately cooked as ever was game at Delmonico's, the mush in the kettle it had been boiled in, the bread on the stick it had been baked around, and the one good-sized bowl of *tchu'-k'i-na-o-we* broth in our midst, we all sat down, made our sacrifices to the gods, and ate as only hungry travelers can eat, enjoying our food as only hunters and

husbandmen are privileged to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

And now, after the food was disposed of, the ashes were raked away from where our first fire had been built—"too close to the tree" (!). The sand underneath was dry as dust and hot, but not enough so to scorch the thin layer of cedar-twigs with which each of our hastily scooped out hip-holes was speedily lined.

Over the cedar leaves we spread the saddle-cloths and skins, over these our wrapping-blankets and serapes. A few more logs were brought in and placed near the fire, a little shelter of cedar branches built up to keep the wind off our heads, then we stretched out to smoke our cigarettes, listen to the hunter-tales of our elder brother, and to make plans for the morrow's hunting.

I have already wandered so far and often from my parent theme in this discursive series, that no longer is there space for telling of the wild tales we heard that night. This summer, under the broad oaks and in sight of the dancing waters of Shelter



Island, my old brother Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa will be with me again; again in some mimic camp which we will make, shall I listen to those ever-wondrous tales, and maybe write them somewhere that my readers may learn with what romances the Zuñis replace the novels of our own less active hours.<sup>38</sup>

That night, though the wind whistled by and cast sparks into the darkness around, until fair morning, we slept, nor once were wakened by cold or discomfort; for our sand-bath beds, under their covering of fragrant, springy, cedar leaves, kept warm as long as we kept our places on them, and supplied, with the heat of our camp-fire, the lack of more abundant coverings.

In the morning, while Kesh'-pa-he went to find our horses, old Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa remained to get breakfast. He fell to talking of expeditions he had accompanied, in which provisions had failed, and was telling me how an Indian, though almost destitute, might travel for days in the most forbidding of countries without starving.

"If he thirst," continued Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa, "let him get up when the antelopes do

and drink what they drink—dew from the inner leaves of the yucca, or the juices of cactus-pods and other plants. If he hunger, and his arrow sees crooked, or not at all, let him catch prairiedogs with nooses made from his own hair, or twist out a few vermin from the roots of juniper-trees and make ‘rat-brine.’ ”

Just as he was proceeding to tell me how this was done, Kesh'-pa-he appeared, leading the horses.

“There’s a ‘*nest*’ just outside of camp!” said he.

“Where?” exclaimed Pa'-lo-wah-ti-wa, catching up his hunting-knife and cutting a twig like the one with which the rabbits had been captured the evening before. “I’ve been telling Little Brother how hunters make ‘*rat-brine*,’ ” said he, with a grin, and a stirring motion of the knife he was whittling with. “He is so hungry for some that his breath is hot and his eyes moist with anxiety! Look at him!”

Thereupon both rushed to find the “nest” in question. It was composed of sticks, stalks, and abundant cactus-spines—with

which the Southwestern wood-rats cleverly protect the approaches to their houses—all piled compactly about the roots of a large juniper tree. With a prod, all this was soon demolished, and the holes in one of the roots examined.

“They’re in!” called out Kesh’-pa-he excitedly; and forthwith the flexible sappling probe was introduced, twirled a few times, and withdrawn, two squirming, staring-eyed rats well twisted to its end, and another prodding brought out one more. The rats were choked *en route* to our camp, and, perhaps a little too soon for their own comfort, thrown into a bed of embers, where, after roasting a few moments, they bloated up into oblong balls, became divested of their tails, legs, ears, winkers, and all other irregularities, and when pulled from the fire, looked like roasted potatoes overdone. They were “shucked” in a twinkling—came out clean and white except for a greenish tendency of what were once their under-sides—and were forthwith mashed into pulp between two stones—meat, bones, visceral



contents, and all, and stirred into about a pint of salt and water. Thus concocted was the "rat-brine:" green in color, semi-fluid, and meaty in taste (for they made me eat some of it, I do not regret to say), and very aromatic in flavor, a quality which the rats derive from the trees in which they live and on the berries and leaves of which they feed. Disgusting indeed would this delicacy of the hunter be, were the wood-rat of the Southwest anything like his various Eastern representatives and congeners; but he is not. He lives on but one or two kinds of food all his life, and the peculiar flavor of the sauce made from him is due to the way in which—visceral contents and all—he is worked up into "rat-brine."

I would fain tell of our personal adventures on that trip, which lasted several days longer; of many other details of an Indian hunter's life which I then first learned of, but I have already related in the words of the Zuñis themselves, as they work up their own experiences in folktales, how they trail, stock, and cut up the deer, and how sacrifice to his manes.

With the end of these meals of the hunter, we turn from the ordinary or secular bread-stuffs of the Zuñis to their festivals of ceremonial and worship, and the fasts ordained by their priests of medicine and religion.

There are two very beautiful little customs, not wholly apart from everyday life, which the Zuñis annually observe—the “presentation of bread” to the children, and the “meal with the fathers.” Perhaps the most sacred, though least secret, of their esoteric societies, is the *Kâ'-kâ*, or great dance organization, truly the church of these pagan worshippers, if church they may be said to possess, for in it are included priests, laymen, and song-leaders. The public celebrations of this *Kâ'-kâ* consist of wonderfully fantastic dances, in which gods, demons, and the men of ancient times are dramatically represented by costumed actors. Inside one of the estufas [kivas], or subterranean council chambers, which, on occasions of great moment are embellished with fringed and plumed bows strung across their entrance-ladders [see initial],

rituals are repeated, prayers and sacrifices offered, during a whole night preceding the public appearance of the actors. But during the day the worship consists almost wholly of dances to the time of loud invo-



FIG. 12.—Clowns' heads

cation chants and wild metric music. To describe the various features of this worship would be to give a history of the whole Zuni mythology and delineate a hundred diverse and striking costumes and mask-



ings. In each celebration, however, certain elements are constant. Such are the clowns—priests annually elected from the membership of the *Kâ'-kâ*, and disguised as monsters, with warty, wen-eyed, pucker-mouthed, pink masks (fig. 12), and mud-bedaubed, equally pink bodies.

First appear the dancers, some fifty of them, costumed and masked with such similarity that individuals are as indistinguishable as the birds or the animals they conventionally represent are from each other. Large-jawed and staring-eyed demons of one kind or another marshal them into the open plaza of the village under the guidance of a sedate, unmasked priest bearing sacred relics and prayer-meal. One of the demons sounds a rattle and howls the first clause in the song stanza; then all fall into line, all in equal time sing the weird song, and go through the pantomime and dance which invariably illustrate its theme. When four verses have been completed, the actors, bathed in perspiration, retire to their *estufa* to rest and pray, while the priest-clowns appear with drum, cabalistic

prayer-plumes, and the paraphernalia of guess-games. They begin the absurdest, most ingenious and witty of buffoonery and raillery, generally managing, nevertheless, to explain, during their apparently nonsensical dialogues, the full meanings of the dance and song—the latter being often couched in archaic or jargonistic terms utterly incomprehensible to others than the initiated among the audience which throngs the terrace-tops. To merely see these clowns, without understanding a word of their incessant and really most humorous jabber, is to laugh immoderately. To understand everything, withal, is to sometimes wish from sheer excess of laughing that the dancers would file in and thus put an end to their jibes and antics. If these clowns accompany certain most beautiful corn dances of late autumn, then each bears a bundle of beautifully painted and feathered toy bows and arrows, or hideous dolls, with all sorts of bread-loaves and cakes depending from them. The bread tied to the bows has usually the forms of deer, antelope, rabbits, turkeys, or other

game animals, while that attached to the dolls (unless these be of a certain kind) has the shape of delicately-made cakes of all forms other than such as above described, with sometimes the effigies of infants or men and women interspersed. Toward evening, when all the spectators are gathered in full force, the clowns take up their burdens of toys, and go searching cautiously and grotesquely amid the children as though afraid of the person they sought. When one of them finds the object of his search, he stares, wiggles, cuts capers, and dodges about, approaching nearer and nearer the wondering child and extending the toy he has selected. Finally, the half-frightened little one is induced by its mother to reach for the treasure; as it clutches the proffered gift, the clown suddenly straightens up and becomes grave, and delivers a long, loud-toned harangue. If the toy he has just handed be a bow and arrows, it is given to a boy; if a doll, to either a very little boy, or a girl. The bow and arrows symbolize the hunt whereby the little man shall in later life



provide the food rudely represented by the eatable effigies tied to it. The doll with its fanciful loaves is emblematic of housewifely dexterity, and, with the addition of the little human effigies, of the duties and cares of maternity. So, too, the lectures delivered with the presents correspond to the functional character of the toys represented.

It is with these dolls, carved in imitation of the personnæ of the sacred dance, that the Zuñi child is first taught the simpler of the myriad weary prayer formulæ which, as a member of the *Kâ'-kâ*, he will have to become familiar with by and by. With them, also, the little maiden is first initiated into the mysteries of the matron-life she will some day presumably lead, as well as into the less profound rites of food consecration and hospitality.

As the Zuñi New Year approaches, the dances increase in number and variety. The ten clowns appear at night, eight days before the grand festival, for the last time in their yearly service. They tell the people who assemble by torchlight to listen

to their final ludicrosities, that the great feast day is at hand; that the men must make new garments for the women, and the women renew their houses with whitewash and cleaning for the men; their larders with fresh *he'-we*, *he'-pa-lo-k'ia*, and other bread-stuffs, for the strangers who are sure to flock in from the neighboring tribes to participate in the lavish festivities, witness the elaborate ceremonials, and barter for the products of the Zuñi looms and kitchens.

With a few not very delicate jokes (for the New Year is of all others the marrying time in Zuñi), the clowns retire to their secret lodgings, there to remain until sunrise eight days later, initiating the ten newly-chosen priests into the mysteries of their humor-laden vocation and severe ritualistic duties.

Thousands of sheep are driven in during the ensuing days, hundreds of them and dozens of cattle slaughtered, dissected, and piled up in the corner of the newly-plastered rooms. Hunters come in from the southern wilds bringing game, messengers speed away to surrounding tribes, bearing

invitations to all who may wish to feast from Zuñi plenty or witness Zuñi dancing and beauty. Fires burn all over the house-tops each night cooking *he'-pa-lo-k'ia*, and all day in the little cooking rooms the *he'-we* stones are kept hot for the busy bakings. I have seen in one house at such times, twenty sheep carcasses, two quartered cattle, enough *he'-we* to fill a wagon-box, and numerous other dishes of the kinds already so specifically described.

On the seventh evening the cry of the Sun-priest is heard announcing the approach of "the Gods and the Ancients." At midnight, south of the town near the foothills, watch-fires are built to guide these coming personations—the chiefs and priests of the *Kâ'-kâ*, whose shrill flutes pipe dolefully in the night wind, and the rattles of whose masked attendants sound sharply on the frosty air. All night long, Navahos, Moquis, Pueblos, and not a few Apaches, decked out in their finest costumes, and painted with ocher, vermilion, blue powder, and marrow, until their faces shine like those of mediæval madonnas,



ride in from the surrounding country and take up their quarters with welcoming hosts on every hand.

But in the midst of all these busy preparations, the "meal with the Fathers" is not forgotten. I have said before that husbands abandon their own homes when they marry, to dwell in the houses of their wives. Early on the morning of New Year, however, old men may be seen tottering from place to place, gathering up their married sons and conducting them to homes of their nativity. Arrived there, the mother welcomes them as though returned from a long journey, and the first bread broken on that day of all days in the *Zuñi* year is sacrificed in their honor on the hearth around which she has seen these sons, mostly grown middle-aged, frolic or play at the games they now scarce remember.

As the day wears away, the Sun-priest of the *Kâ'-kâ*,—a god *pro tem.* and treated as such—the priests of a lesser degree, bird-like, beast-like, monster-like, in apparel and disguise, come from where the fires burned last night, in solemn proces-

sion. Amid the showers of prayer-meal with which they are reverently received, they consecrate the pueblo, the ladders of new houses, and the plazas of the dances they are the leaders of. Later on they are followed by the *Sha'-a-la-k'o*, or giant war-priests of the *Kâ'-kâ*. These demoniac monsters tower far above the new clowns, flute players, and armed Priests of the Bow who herald and conduct their approach. They are ingeniously made effigies, long-haired, bearded, great-eyed, and long-snouted, so managed by means of strings and sticks by a person concealed under their ample, embroidered skirts that they seem alive, and strike terror to the uninitiated.

On entering the new houses they come to consecrate, they crouch low beside the sun-altar and glare out with gaping, clapping beaks and rolling eyes from the dark corner they are ensconced in, or fitfully start up at certain signals from the singers and drummers, like gigantic "Jacks" till their head-plumes fairly brush the rafters and their resounding clappers wake every sleepy child in the assemblage with nightmares of

Zuñi devils and perdition. I will not pause to tell the story of the dances and ceremonials which are performed the long night through by these strange masqueraders; for I have already briefly related it in the *Century* for 1882. At about midnight, when fires glare fiercest and brightest in every sacred house in Zuñi, in each of them are stretched out, like huge strings of beads across the immaculate floors, the rows and rows of round bowls, baskets, and little black cooking-pots which make up the service of a great Zuñi feast.

Yet for long stand these many vessels of tempting viands untouched: for the Sun-priest, the hereditary Priest of the House, the chief Priest of the Bow, all in turn have to pronounce long-winded rituals over them. Then the black-masked youth personating the God of Fire, sweeps in, bearing his burning brand of cedar-bark and gracefully swinging it over each kind of food, brushes away, as it were, the impure influences. The Priest of the Bow once more pronounces an invocation, takes a few bits of food from each dish, hands it to



attendant juniors, who disappear to sacrifice it, then turns with a smile to the great crowd, and calls out:

“Thus many have the days been numbered,

The days of our anxious awaiting,

That we might eat with the Beloved!”

Whereupon the women echo his last clause, and the hungry crowd gathers about the bowls and baskets. Eating is then the main business. Except for the shouts — “Approach with salt!”, “The favor of more meat this way!”, “The *he'-we* is wasted down here!”, “I am satisfied, thanks!”—and the various appropriate responses, nothing is heard but the clatter of bones on the floor and the subdued smacking of lips; for the feasts of ceremonials are most decorous, and few of the rules for showing one's approbation at ordinary dinners are deemed in place at these, where the gods themselves are supposed to be the hosts and hostesses.

There is one other great festival, greater even than this. It is the “Initiation of Children” into the *Kâ'-kâ*. Occurring only

once in four years, it is prepared for months beforehand, follows a fast of eight days, and lasts two days and two nights. The supply for it is provided with liberal hand by the parents of the little ones for whom it is instituted. Indeed, prodigality in everything seems to be the order of the day.

I cannot pause to describe separately the many fanciful personages which take part in this observance. There are the six-colored *Sa-la-mo-pi-a*, the Gods of the Dance, the ancient "Long-horned Demons" of war, the light-footed Tablet-dancers, and the Bird-beasts of the Mountains and Oceans, represented. The novitiates, having been duly dieted almost to starvation, are ranged in a circular row about the main plaza, their backs covered with robes and blankets. To prepare them for the passage under the fringed bow of mystic estufa, they are soundly drubbed with long wands by each one of the forty-eight dancers, four times, four blows each time. Although the paddings on their backs be thick, they howl piteously before the sev-

eral hundred blows they have to crouch under be meted out to them; and the more they howl the harder descend the blows. When this flagellation is completed, they are led into the estufa, there to be divested of most of their coverings, and again most soundly flogged, though this time a less number of times. Then, indeed, their cries resound, and they wriggle to free themselves from the firm hands of their weird captors. After this comes a grand baptism, and a breathing into the nostrils of the still whimpering urchins, of the sacred breath of the *Kâ'-kâ*. No sooner is this done than the great effigy of the sea-serpent, managed by means of invisible cords, wriggles into their midst through a curtained port-hole, and vomits with unearthly groanings a quantity of green medicine-water, with the drinking of which the poor, frightened, little wretches are freed from the probation of the estufa.

Meanwhile, outside, the two white-bodied, gray-headed tribute-bearers of the gods—whose faces are grim and ghastly with their great, deep eyes and black



hand-marks over the mask-mouths—appear on the scene. They are followed by the *Sa-la-mo-pi-a* crew and the Little God of Fire. From housetop to housetop they go, throughout the pueblo, casting down the rarest vessels—set out to await them—and breaking up baskets and all other food vessels not hidden before their approach. As each vessel strikes the ground, the *Sa-la-mo-pi-a* rush upon it and dance it into the ground, while the baskets as they fall are lighted by the torch of the Fire God, and soon nothing but cinders remain of their bright colors and involved pattern-work. When it is considered that over each bowl, basket, and water-jar or cooking-pot a series of passes have to be made by the tribute-collectors with their plumed wands, a prayer said, and a low, long, dirge-moan uttered, it may be conceived that, naked as they are in the cold winter afternoon, theirs is no enviable task; but the end of it signalizes the cessation of ceremonials and the beginning of the joyous feasting. In the abandoned estufa, however, all through that boisterous night

a strange crowd of priests is gathered. The leaders of the *Kâ'-kâ* are assembled to listen to the great epic of creation, delivered by a masked and beautifully appareled priest. This epic, or ritual, is the Iliad of Zuñi. It is kept and handed down word for word by four priests, one of whom no sooner dies than another member of the *Kâ'-kâ* is installed in his place. One of these priests repeats every word of the ritual once in each of the six estufas, every fourth year. Each repetition requires six hours for its delivery,—thirty-six hours in all,—during which time the solemn-toned, rapid-speeched priest is not allowed to taste food other than *o'ki'äis-lu* water. Not once is his mask raised. None save those of the innermost circle of the *Kâ'-kâ* are supposed to know whom they are listening to, and the people at large so reverence the office that to touch this priest's garments with the finger-tips, as he is borne along from estufa to estufa by the ten clowns, is deemed a sacred, favor-laden grace.

Opposed to these and the many other

festivals I might tell of, are the fasts, not less abundant in Zuñi. The most important of these, because almost universally observed, is the fast following the New Year festival. When the War Gods have been set up in their shrines on Thunder Mountain and the Mount of the Beloved, and the great "Last fire" has been kindled as a signal by the Priests of the Bow, then only certain kinds of vegetable food are eaten by man, woman, or child in Zuñi. All meat, all fatty matter, even vessels which have been contaminated by the touch of flesh, are abstained from. No fire is built out-of-doors during ten days, nor are many other things, allowable at other times, indulged in. The last night of the ten, however, is again full of ceremonial. Again the cooking-fires are busy. At daylight, however, they are all put out, and the cinders and ashes thrown to the winds of the open valley. Two nearly nude maskers of the dance may be seen in the twilight, swiftly wending their way to a distant, lonely cañon, where the God of Fire is supposed to have once dwelt. There,



with an ancient stick and shaft, they kindle tinder by drilling the two sticks together, and lighting a torch hurry it back to the great central estufa, where matrons, maidens, and young men anxiously await the gift of New Fire. No sooner are the new flames kindled from this on the hearths of the households, than great baskets of food are cast into them, that the imperishable substance of life may be wafted upward into the outer world as food for the spirits of the ancestry and those who have died during the year just past. By no means unbeautiful is the sight of a gentle matron standing in prayer before the fireplace, dressed as if to meet beloved friends, and weeping softly to herself as she casts loaf after loaf unsparingly into the flames. Then, by all save the hereditary priests, who must continue their mortification of appetite six days longer, the great fast is broken.

Whenever a man is initiated into the priesthood or one of the secret medicine societies of the tribe, severe fastings are required. Never shall I forget the wretched

existence I led during the four days of my probation when it had been decided I should become a Priest of the Bow. In the council chamber of that priesthood I was confined. All meat, cooked food, salt, warmth, and other comforts, including the cigarette, were denied me. Every morning, at the rising of the sun, I was conducted to an enormous bowl of dark, greenish-yellow medicine-water. By the side of this bowl stood another equally ample, but empty, and laid conveniently near, a turkey-quill. The offices of the extra bowl and the turkey-quill may be better implied than described when I say that I had to drink every drop—four gallons in all—of the tepid, nauseating draught before me. It left me weak and very empty each of those painful mornings, and after a pilgrimage to a distant shrine under the guardianship of a matron of my clan and two stalwart warriors, my breakfast, what though raw and stale, seemed most tempting, until I essayed to become satisfied of it! By the third day the habit of indigestion, artificially induced as has been

described, became quite easy and natural; and although the "rising-water," turkey-quill, and extra bowl were just as vigorously forced on my notice by my guardians, there really was no other than a purely chimerical reason for their use.

There is one secret order of the tribe wherein initiatory rules, though severe, are of quite an opposite nature. It is an esoteric society, of which I spoke in a footnote of the first chapter of this series [pp. 48, 632], the *Ne-'we-kwe*, or "Gluttons." Like the ten mud-priests, they are the most ridiculous of clowns when they appear in public, the most serious of sacred personages when gathered into the secret councils. They are the medicine-men *par excellence* of the tribe, whose special province is the cure of all diseases of the stomach—the elimination of poisons from the systems of the victims of sorcery or imprudence. They are exempt from all fasts, though denied for life the use of two or three kinds of delicacies, such as watercress, and the flesh of the birds sacred to their order. But the penalty they have to



pay is a dear one. No foods aside from the latter taboos, however, are unwholesome, or whatever their condition, are considered harmful to them. Nude to the waist, grotesquely painted about the eyes and mouth, there is no chance for deception when, in broad daylight, they sit down to a "demonstration" in the middle of the dance plaza. I have seen one of them gather about him his melons, green and ripe, raw peppers, bits of stick and refuse, unmentionable water, live puppies—or dead, no matter,—peaches, stones and all, in fact everything soft enough or small enough to be forced down his gullet, including wood-ashes and pebbles, and, with the greatest apparent gusto, consume them all at a single sitting. Once after such a repast, two of these *Ne'-we* pretended, though their stomachs were bloated to distortion, to still be hungry. They fixed their staring eyes on me, and motioned me to give them *something else to eat!* I pitied them profoundly, but as it is considered the height of indecency to refuse a *Ne'-we* anything, I ran home, caught up some crackers, threw

them into a paper, and in order to make them relish the better, poured a pint or two of molasses over them. I wrapped an old woolen army jacket around this as a present to the enterprising clowns, and hurried back. There they were anxiously waiting—the people watching them to see how much more they could get away with. I cast the bundle into the plaza. The pair immediately fell to fighting for its possession, consequently broke the paper, scattered some of the crackers about the ground and daubed the back of the coat thoroughly with the molasses. They gathered up the fragments of crackers and ate them, with their whole burden of adhesions, then fought over the paper and ate that, finally tore pieces out of the back of the coat with their teeth and ate *them* (though it nearly choked them to do so), after which the victor put the coat on and triumphantly wore it, his painted skin showing like white patches through the holes he had bitten in the back of the coat. I observed that ere long, one at a time, they disappeared. When either returned he was fairly *lank*,

and pretended to be as wofully hungry, and manifested, moreover, quite as much readiness to devour everything as before.

Whatever the "medicine" is that these *Ne'-we* possess, it must be superlatively good; for I have never yet known one to die from the effects of his extraordinary gourmandizing, and but one to grow sick during my long stay in the pueblo—he only for a little while.

I hesitate to record in this, my last article on breadstuff, the many other seemingly super-gastral exploits of these inimitably funny doctor-clowns. The most amusing chapter within the scope of my pen would be such a record; but not only would it be too often disgusting to one unaware of its almost heroic motive, it would be wholly disbelieved by such of my readers as never chanced to visit me in Zuñi and personally witness the performances of these *Ne'-we*. When it is considered, however, that the *Ne'-we* never appears in public as a demonstrator of the power of his medicine until after years of arduous training, even then only after



elaborate preparation, it will be conceded that the above narration transcends in no wise mere sober truth.

The *Ne'-we* may frequently be seen, in seasons of scarcity, going from house to house in company with the *Kâ'-ye-mä-shi*, or Priest-clowns, and in the service of certain strange mendicants. These mendicants usually travel in pairs. They are powerful men disguised as saurian monsters. Their heads are entirely encased in enormous, long-jawed masks precisely resembling (what with their teeth of plaited corn-husk or shining squash-seeds) the heads of crocodiles. Out of the foreheads of these masks stare eyes composed of balls of buckskin painted white and dotted with black, so adjusted that, like the eyes of wax dolls, they roll about or seem to wink with the upward, downward, or sidewise motion of the man they disguise. The masks, cloths fastened to them to conceal the neck and bodies of the performers, are painted black, and a streamer of dark-colored cloth hangs down the back and trails behind, covered with a row of eagle-plumes which stand

erect like the spines in a sea-monster's dorsal fin. All over the head and body of these figures are little patches of snowy eagle-down, stuck on with wild honey, to represent scales. The mendicants are dressed in the armlets, wristlets, sashes, and badges of war to proclaim their blood-



FIG. 13.—Zuñi mendicants'!

thirsty proclivities. They are armed with bows and long arrows tipped with corn-cobs. This latter circumstance is fortunate for the *Ne'-we* and *Kâ'-ye-mä-shi*; for no sooner does one of the latter succeed in gathering up a blanket-load of *he'-we*, corn, or other provender, than he is unmer-

cifully plugged by the howling monsters (fig. 13) and compelled to make a deposit of his precious cargo, or else goaded on to beg for more. If any woman to whom application is made by a *Kâ'-ye-mä-shi* be hardy enough to refuse him alms, the clown rushes, bawling and whimpering, back to his monster-master, who, uttering low, hoarse, guttural bellows, very becoming to his appearance, proceeds to shoot out a few window-lights in her house, or sends—not very gently, either—two or three arrows at the woman herself, or her children, until she is fain to hand over any kind of breadstuff she may have at hand.

But ere we complete this series on Zuñi breadstuff, let us see how, once in four years or eight, the ovens whence it issues in such abundant variety are cleaned (ceremonially speaking) of the last vestiges of old bakings and the “bad influences” which are accounted as having accumulated in them.

On a certain summer evening of the fourth, or, as the case may be, eighth year, a curious figure—a veritable ideal chimney-



sweep—appears. Black as the soot with which he is painted can make him, is he; bristling at many points with tufts of hair and cedar brushes. His head is round like



FIG. 14.—Demon inspector of ovens

an oven; round too his eyes, like flue-holes, with yellow ladders painted over them for brows. A bunch of stiff hair surmounts his crown, out of which issues, like a flame, a red eagle-plume to symbolize fire. His

mouth is almost square, like an oven-door, but with red lips—the light gleaming out when the stone door is closed—with a stiff, thin beard shooting forth from its under side which makes it look, despite its parallelogrammic proportions, like a cyclopean eye with heavy winkers, placed too low down. On either cheek is painted, in glaring yellow, the paw of a badger or some other famous burrower—also symbolic of function. The creature carries in one hand a wand of yucca leaves with which to scourge away dogs, and in the other a little broom of hemlock. To his rump is fastened a long cord of fiber, like the tail of a kite. As he travels along, he staggers, crooks his thighs, crawls eccentrically from side to side, and plunges this way and that as though seeking for or trying to enter ovens; for in everything he sees nothing but ovens—sometimes mistakes ladders or even burros for such and strives to get into them. When at last he espies a veritable oven, he leaps wildly toward it with a low growl of satisfaction, and eagerly disappears through its dark doorway. Presently out come

crumbs and fragments of bread or bits of *he'-we* (left there, of course, in anticipation of his visit), which scarcely strike the ground before they are grabbed up by the ever attendant *Kâ'-ye-mä-shi*, or *Ne'-we*. Dust and cinders follow—as though the oven had never been cleaned!—nor do the exertions of the Oven Demons cease short of mischief to the masonry of the structure, unless one of his companions, with great to-do, snakes him forth by means of the long rope of fiber. No sooner is he out, than he turns on his captor with his yucca weapon and breaks away, and goes plunging along to another oven, and so on until every dome-shaped bread receptacle in the village has been duly visited and purified.

Thus, O, patient reader, with thanks indeed for your long-suffering kindness in the reading of these hasty sketches, let us leave these ovens, nor pollute them again with fresh bakings, or the mention of them!



## NOTES

1. [See Cushing, "Outlines of Zuñi Creation Myths," *Thirteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, Washington, 1896.]
2. Or the "substance of living flesh." This is exemplified, as well as may be, by the little cylinders of cuticle and fatty matter that may be rubbed from the person after bathing.
3. It may be seen that the Zuñis have here their own way of accounting for their primitive social organization into gentes [clans] and *phratries*: organizations well nigh universal in the ancient world—as with the society of the early Greeks and Romans—and still prevalent amongst savage tribes of today.
4. In ancient times, when desirous of making fire, and even today when kindling the sacred flame, the Zuñis produced and still produce the first spark by drilling with a hard stick like an arrowshaft into a dry piece of soft root. An arrowshaft is now used by preference, as it is the emblem of lightning.
5. Doubtless this refers to the earthquake. Ruins may sometimes be found in the Southwest, buried like Pompeii, beneath the ashes and lava of ancient eruptions, thus pointing either to a remote origin of the Pueblos, or a recent cessation of volcanic action in New Mexico and Arizona. [It will be remembered that

this was written in 1884. Archeological investigations have failed to reveal evidence of any ancient pueblo that existed at the time of even the most recent lava flows.]

6. I have, regretfully, often to pass over with a single sentence, as in this instance, whole chapters of this beautiful myth of creation, since the scope of the present series is limited by its title to the discussion of a single topic. The myth must therefore be abandoned as soon as it has led up to the subject proper.
7. Unexceptionally this is one of the most beautiful of the native ceremonials, and is one of the few sacred dances of the Zuñis in which women assume the leading part. It is still performed with untiring zeal, usually during each summer, although accompanied by exhausting fasts and abstinences from sleep. Curiously enough, it was observed and admirably, though too briefly described, by Coronado, the *conquistador* of Cibola, or *Shi-wi-na*, and the Rio Grande provinces, nearly three hundred and fifty years ago. It was with this ceremonial that the delighted nation welcomed the water which my party brought in 1882 from the "Ocean of Sunrise." As I was then compelled to join the watch of the priests and elders, I had ample leisure during two sleepless days and nights to gather the above and following story from the song which celebrates the

origin of the custom, but which both in length and poetic beauty far surpasses the limits and style of the present paper.

8. [This is *Tâaiyalone*, "Corn mountain," which rises a thousand feet above the plains, about four miles southeast of Zuñi.
9. The *Ne'-we-kwe*, of whom the God of Dew, or *Pai'-a-tu-ma*, was the first Great Father, are a band of medicine priests belonging, as explained heretofore, to one of the most ancient organizations of the Zuñis. Their medical skill is supposed to be very great, in many cases, and their traditional wisdom is counted even greater. Yet they are clowns whose grotesque and quick-witted remarks amuse most public assemblies of the Pueblo holiday. One of their customs is to speak the opposite of their meaning, hence, too, their assumption of the clown's part at public ceremonials, when really their office and powers are to be reversed. Their grotesque costuming and face-painting are quite in keeping with their assumed characters, and would, were it possible, justify the belief that our own circus clowns were their lineal descendants or copyists. Often so like are human things, though geographically widely severed. See pp. 620-626.
10. [The corn of the Zuñi is piled neatly in stacks or "cords," hence the expression.]
11. [At the time of this writing the Hopi



Indians were always called by the nickname Moki, or Moqui.]

12. The Colorado Chiquito of Arizona.
13. [The term *clan* is now invariably used by ethnologists to designate those tribal subdivisions whose descent is matrilineal, as among the Zuñi. For this reason Mr Cushing's use of the term *gens* has been changed to *clan*, to conform with present custom.]
14. [For later lists of the Zuñi clans, see Cushing, "Zuñi Creation Myths," *Thirteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, 1896, and Kroeber, "Zuñi Kin and Clan," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. XVIII, pt. II, New York, 1917.]
15. The Spanish names of these towns were, as may be seen below, invariably derived from the Zuñi. (1) "*Mazuqui*, (2) *Coquimo*, (3) *Aguico*, (4) *Canabi*, (5)—? (6) *Aquinsa*, and (7) *Alona*."—From writings of Ad. F. Bandelier, the authority on Spanish America, and old documents. [For the many forms of the Spanish names of the so-called seven cities, see Handbook of American Indians, *Bull.* 30, *Bureau of American Ethnology*, pt. 1, 2, Washington, 1907-10.]
16. These diverse interpretations are both customary and etymologically correct.
17. [The population of the six Zuñi pueblos in 1583 was given by Antonio de Espejo as 20,000, a vastly exaggerated number.

In 1680 the inhabitants were estimated at 2,500, which doubtless was not far from the true number at that time.]

18. [See note 8.]
19. A priest executed some twenty years ago on charge of witchcraft. The name is a contraction of *Po'-shai-ang-kia*, the God of Medicine Orders.
20. The kind of philosophy which can give rise to faith in this remarkable reversal of nature's order—making the growth of willows the explanation of the presence of waters, instead of the consequence; making summer birds the *bringers* of summer instead of summer the incentive of their yearly migration—is, strange as it may seem, the teaching of nature by her appearances, for natural philosophy is hidden under natural phenomena. Therefore, wonder not, ridicule not the retrogressive reasoning of savages. Rather, look to this, this one great dissimilarity between child-mind and civilized mind, as the fruitful cause of misunderstanding between the American and the Indian—a misunderstanding which will end, moreover, only with the death of this peculiar philosophy or the doom of its devoted adherents.
21. Peculiarly gentle in his relations to fellow-men, never or rarely punishing his children for even the worst of behavior, the Zuñi is, as a measure of self-defense, the embodiment of cruelty to crows,

sneak curs, coyotes, and other pestiferous animals; but he does not, as would be hastily supposed of an Indian, take pleasure in this exercise of apathy. The spirit which actuates him in this, is one with his fiendishness in war (a surer method than by merely the infliction of death) of putting an end to enmity.

22. I have written some accounts of a personal reconnoissance of this tribe for the *Atlantic Monthly* of 1882. [See "The Nation of the Willows" in that magazine for September and October of the year named.]

23. The Apaches, Havasupai, Hualapia [Walapai], and other tribes of Indians who now inhabit the primitive country of the Zuñis, still prepare the mescal, although their methods and accompanying ceremonials differ somewhat from those above described. The modern Zuñis rarely practise this once favorite industry of their grandfathers, as long pilgrimages beyond the limits of their own country are rendered necessary for the purpose. They often purchase, however, the preparations of the tribes named, working the material over to suit their more cultivated tastes.

The juice which exuded from the plants from which the hearts had been cut was collected in large vessels, allowed to ferment, and thus formed, when imbibed in large quantities, a fiercely intoxicating drink. The practice, long abandoned by



the Zuñis, has been kept up by the other tribes who, under white instruction, have learned to distill the juice, thus rendering it even more intoxicating.

24. The dances of primitive peoples were more often strictly sacred observances than amusements as with ourselves. The Zuñis undertook, during these performances, dramatic representations of their mythology, as did the Egyptian priesthood in the esoteric play of "Osiris and Isis."
25. [See "A Study of Pueblo Pottery as illustrative of Zuñi Culture-growth," in *Fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, pp. 467-521, Washington, 1886, in which Cushing sets forth this theory *in extenso*.]
26. A custom always enjoined and generally observed in Zuñi to the present day, as it is argued that the recommendation of being a light eater is of paramount importance, since a man is no sooner married than he goes to live with his wife's family.
27. [For illustrations of various forms of Zuñi fireplaces and other interior appliances, see V. Mindeleff, "A Study of Pueblo Architecture in Tusayan and Cibola," *Eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, Washington, 1891.]
28. [See "My Adventures in Zuñi," *Century Magazine*, New York, Dec., 1882, Feb. and May, 1883.]

29. [Since this was written, various students have attempted to trace the route of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, following his own narration as nearly as possible. In addition to several papers on the subject published in *The Southwestern Historical Quarterly* (Austin, Texas), the reader should consult *The Journey of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca*, translated by Fanny Bandelier, edited with an introduction by Ad. F. Bandelier, New York, 1905, and *Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States* (Original Narratives of Early American History), New York, 1907.]
30. The curious reader may find relations of this and the many other explorations of those days—among the earliest ever undertaken within the territory now embraced in the Union—in Hakluyt's "Voyages, Nauigations, Traffiques and Discoueries," Vol. III; Ramusio's "Navigationi et Viaggi," Vol. III; Ternaux-Compans, "Relation et Naufrages d'Alvar Nuñez Cabeça de Vaca;" and "Relation du Voyage de Cibola," and in that rare and valuable work of subscription, "Coleccion de Documentos Inéditos," etc., Tomo xv, Madrid.

[Since this was written many authoritative works on the journeys of Fray Marcos de Niza and Coronado have been published, important among which are Winship, "The Coronado Expedition," *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau*

of *Ethnology*, Washington, 1896, and A Relation of the Reverend Father Frier Marco de Nica, etc., in Bandelier's journey of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, op. cit. Mr Cushing's quotations are from the inaccurate Hakluyt translation of the Italian in Ramusio.]

31. [The author here refers to the attempt by a cattle syndicate to seize the springs that water the fields around Las Nutrias. The project was defeated and a reservation set aside by executive proclamation, thus preserving for the Zuñis the lands which they had cultivated for centuries.]
32. [For the sake of comparison, the following quotation is given from Castañeda's narrative as translated by Winship, above cited. The only translation available at the time Cushing wrote was that in French, by Ternaux-Compans.

“The country is so fertile that they do not have to break up the ground the year round, but only have to sow the seed, which is presently covered by the fall of snow, and the ears come up under the snow. In one year they gather enough for seven. A very large number of cranes and wild geese and crows and starlings live on what is sown, and for all this, when they come to sow for another year, the fields are covered with corn which they have not been able to finish gathering.

“They keep the separate houses where they prepare the food for eating and



where they grind the meal, very clean. This is a separate room or closet, where they have a trough with three stones fixed in stiff clay. Three women go in here, each one having a stone, with which one of them breaks the corn, the next grinds it, and the third grinds it again. They take off their shoes, do up their hair, shake their clothes, and cover their heads before they enter the door. A man sits at the door playing on a fife while they grind, moving the stones to the music and singing together. They grind a large quantity at one time, because they make all their bread of meal soaked in warm water, like wafers. They gather a great quantity of brushwood and dry it to use for cooking all through the year.”]

33. That is, fall asleep on a journey, and be killed by the enemy. This is a customary preamble.
34. It is an ancient belief of the Zuñis that the life of a deer or other “game being” is restored, or even elevated to a higher plane of existence, by means of the incantations and rites of an initiated hunter. Thus they account for the fact that the deer and antelope, although surpassing all other terrestrial creatures in vigilance and swiftness of foot, often allow themselves to be surprised and overtaken. Thus, too, they explain the sometimes marvelous success, yet varying fortunes, of experienced hunters; the difficulties

usually experienced by the young and untaught "awkwards" or "bunglers," yet the occasional good luck even of these, in the chase. They think that but for the ceremonial presently also to be described, deer would gradually be annihilated. So also, if hunters neglected the sacrifice of prayer-meal and plumed sticks, the unpaid souls of the game animals they had slain would warn their mortal companions to beware of them. It is interesting to note that these beliefs are but strengthened in the mind of the native Zuñi by the fact that white men armed with rifles are, as a rule, less successful in the hunt than themselves with their simple bows and arrows or inferior firearms; and that the deer and antelope speedily disappear from the vicinity of American settlements.

It was natural that, fresh from an Eastern city, when my Indian life began, I should, from lack of experience, invariably come home from a hunt empty-handed. Yet this was by no means the explanation applied by my adopted Zuñi kinsfolk. When, by virtue of the experiences constantly gained from the incidents of my wild life and the teaching of my painstaking Indian masters, I became a more proficient sportsman, they exclaimed triumphantly, "When did you ever bring home a rabbit or even a woodrat, until after you had sacrificed plumes, said *Shi-wi* prayers, scattered sacred



meal [favor], and renewed your existence and relationships by breathing the life-wind of dying game animals?"

35. Literally, of the deer blood, or spirit of the deer kind or kin, born of deer. Said of a wonderfully successful or supernatural hunter.
36. In the Zuñi country there is a kind of burrowing hornet (or carpenter bee) which drills into adobe or mud walls and there deposits its honey. On any fine day in late summer one may see little groups of girls hunting the holes of these hornets along the garden walls. Whenever they find a number of them, they provide themselves with gourds of water which they dash against the adobe or spirt into the holes through straws. The hornets, disabled by the drenching, soon crawl forth and are easily killed or driven away, after which the girls, with little wooden or bone picks, dig out the honey.
37. This point in the story depends on a play of words in the original, which can with difficulty be rendered in English. The Zuñi word for divorce is *o'k'wai*, from *o'k'o*, to flaw, or split, and *kwai*, to go forth, or be turned out. But as *o* is also a contraction of *o'we*, flour or meal, the Zuñis render the word in the story "floured out," or "turned out from the flour." There are no fewer than five variants of this story, some short, some long. I fear that the two I heard, one by Lotchi, as described in the beginning;



the other by my adopted brother, have become mixed in this rendering, as I have had to rely on a memory now more than three years old. If so, I have merely given in one, parts of two editions of the same story, the principal points of which, however, entirely agree.

38. [See *Zuñi Folk Tales*, by Frank Hamilton Cushing, New York, 1901.]

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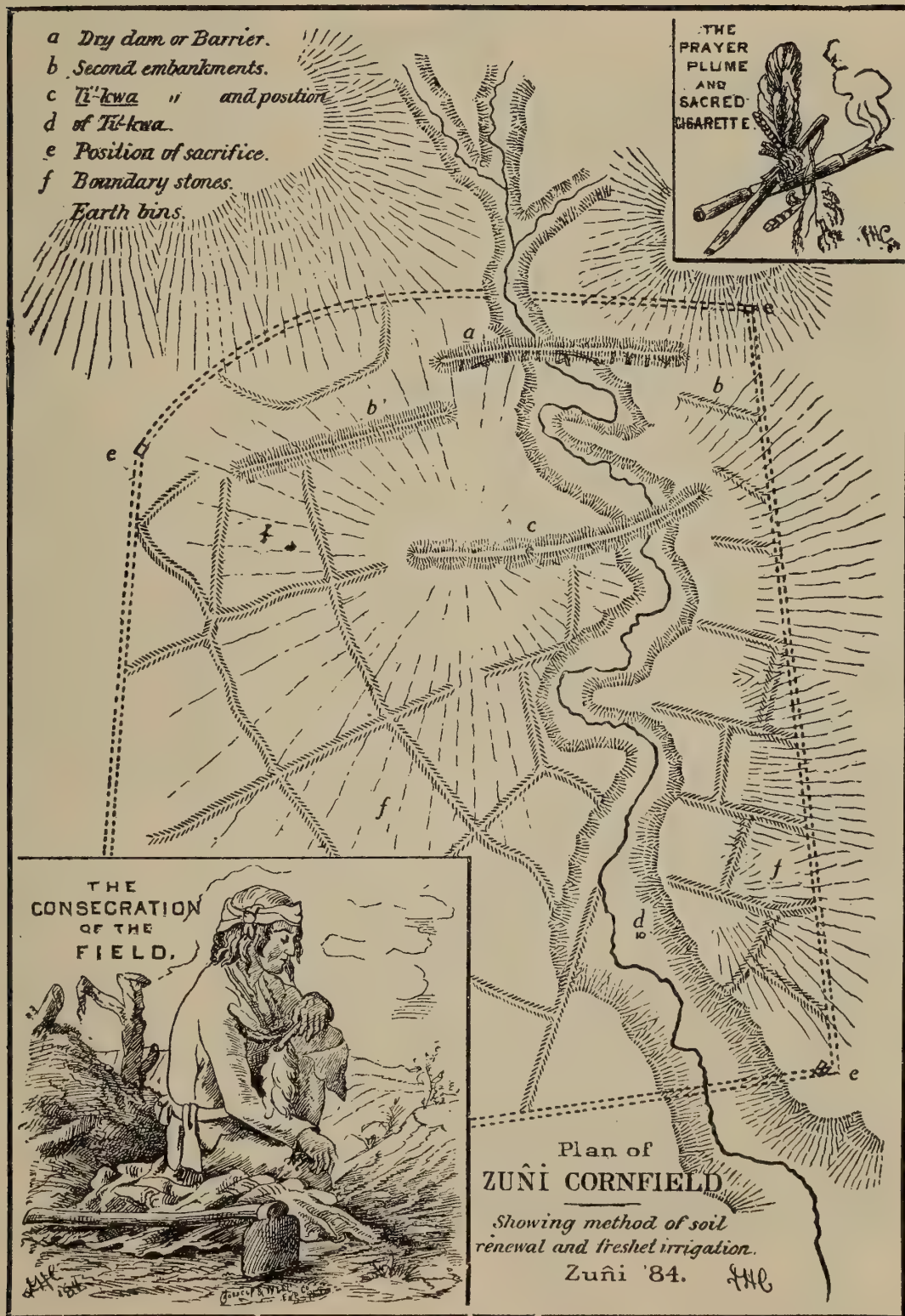
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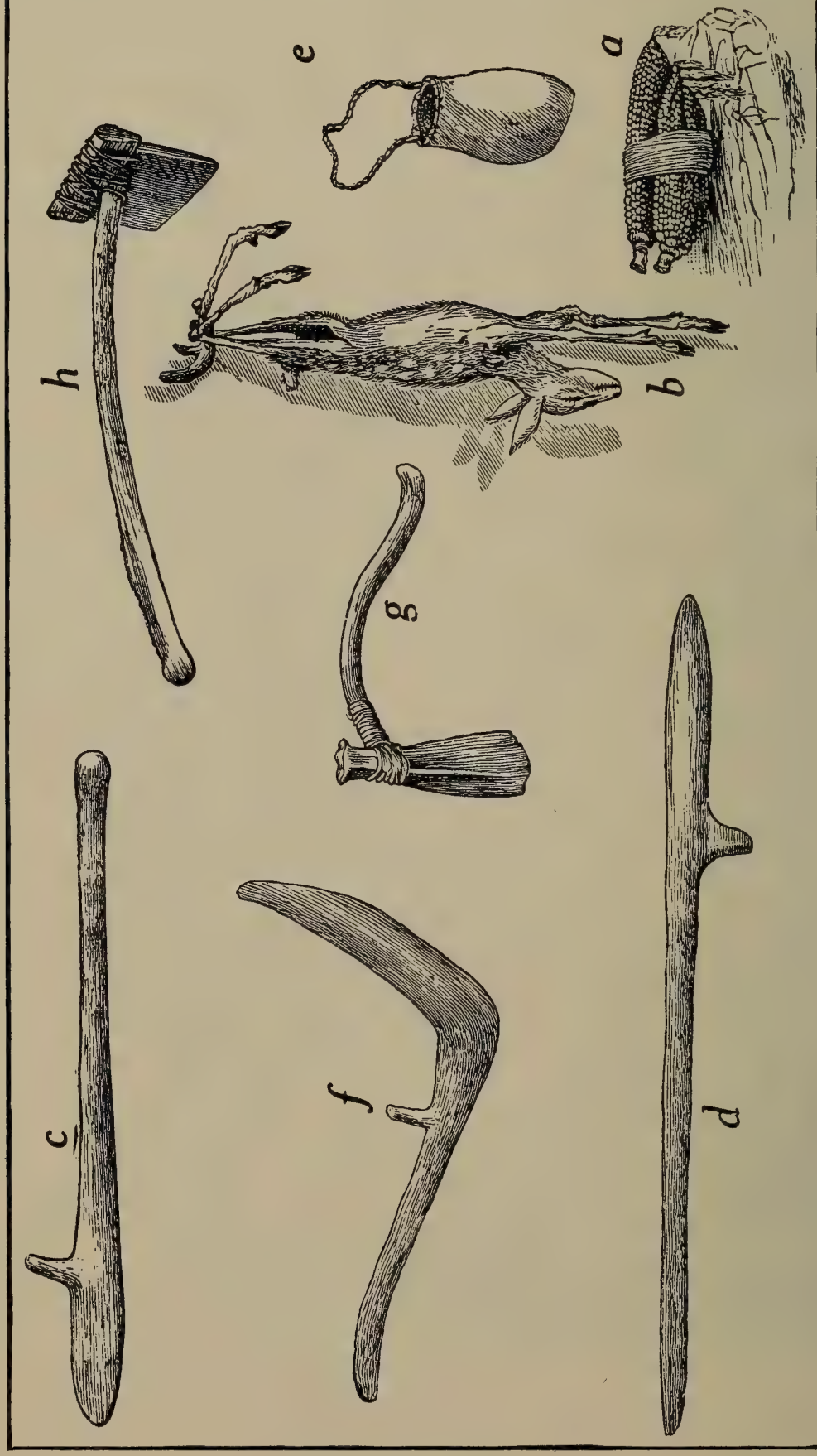






PLAN OF A ZUÑI CORNFIELD





PLANTING IMPLEMENTS AND OTHER PARAPHERNALIA



A ZUÑI CORNFIELD WITH ITS SCARECROWS





A SHELTER IN A CORNFIELD





A TYPICAL ZUÑI CORNFIELD





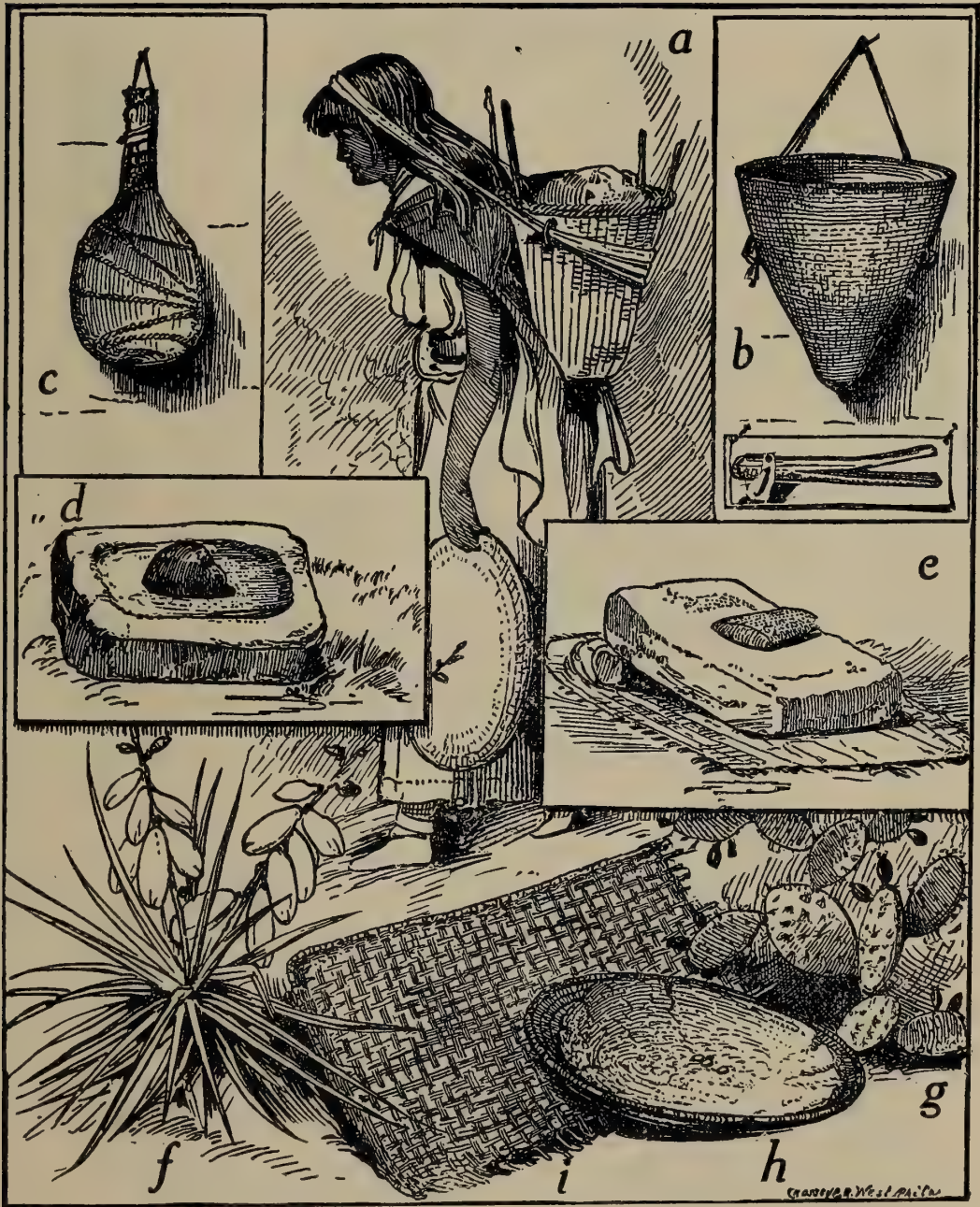




SUN-DRYING PEACHES AND CANTALoupES

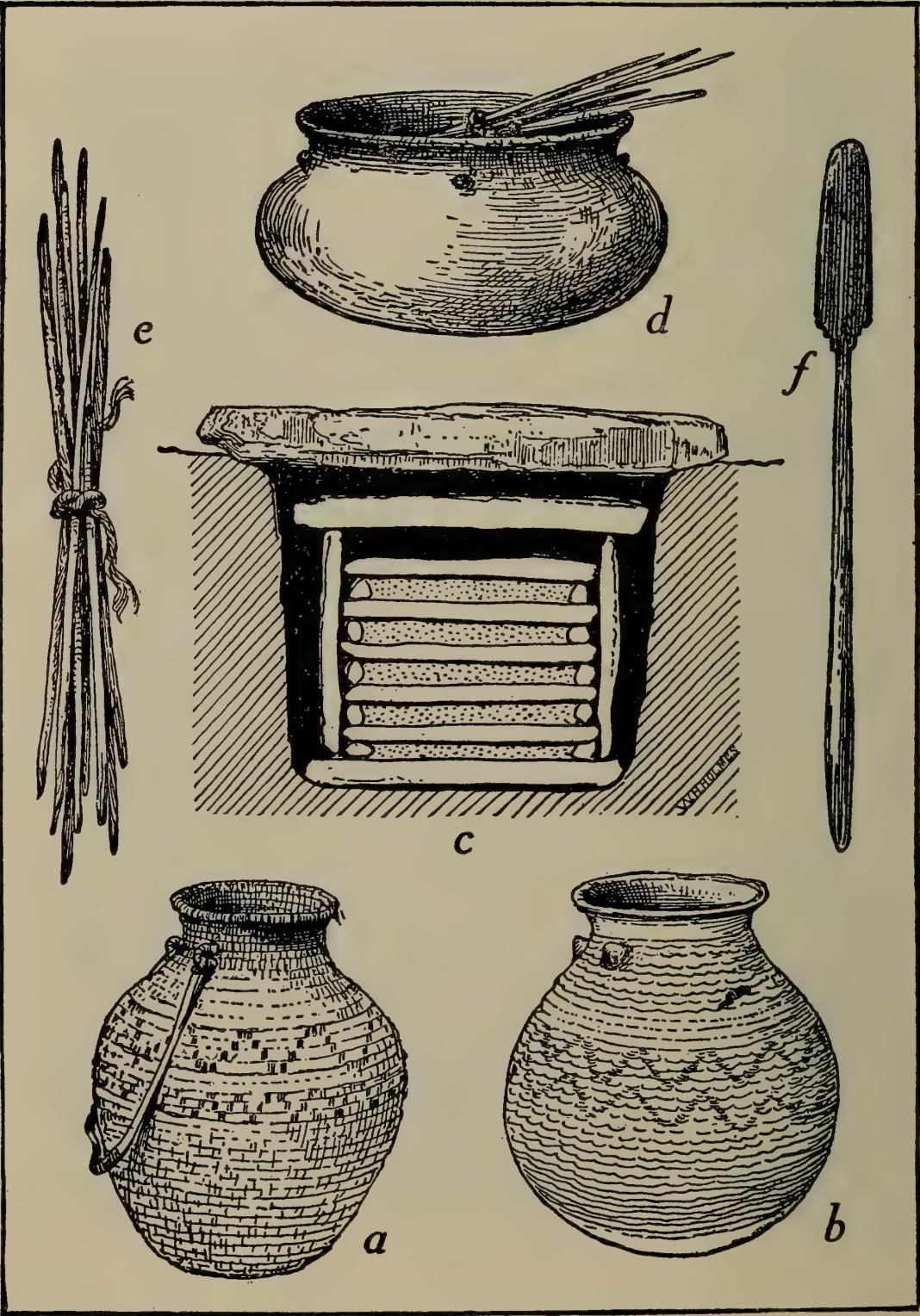






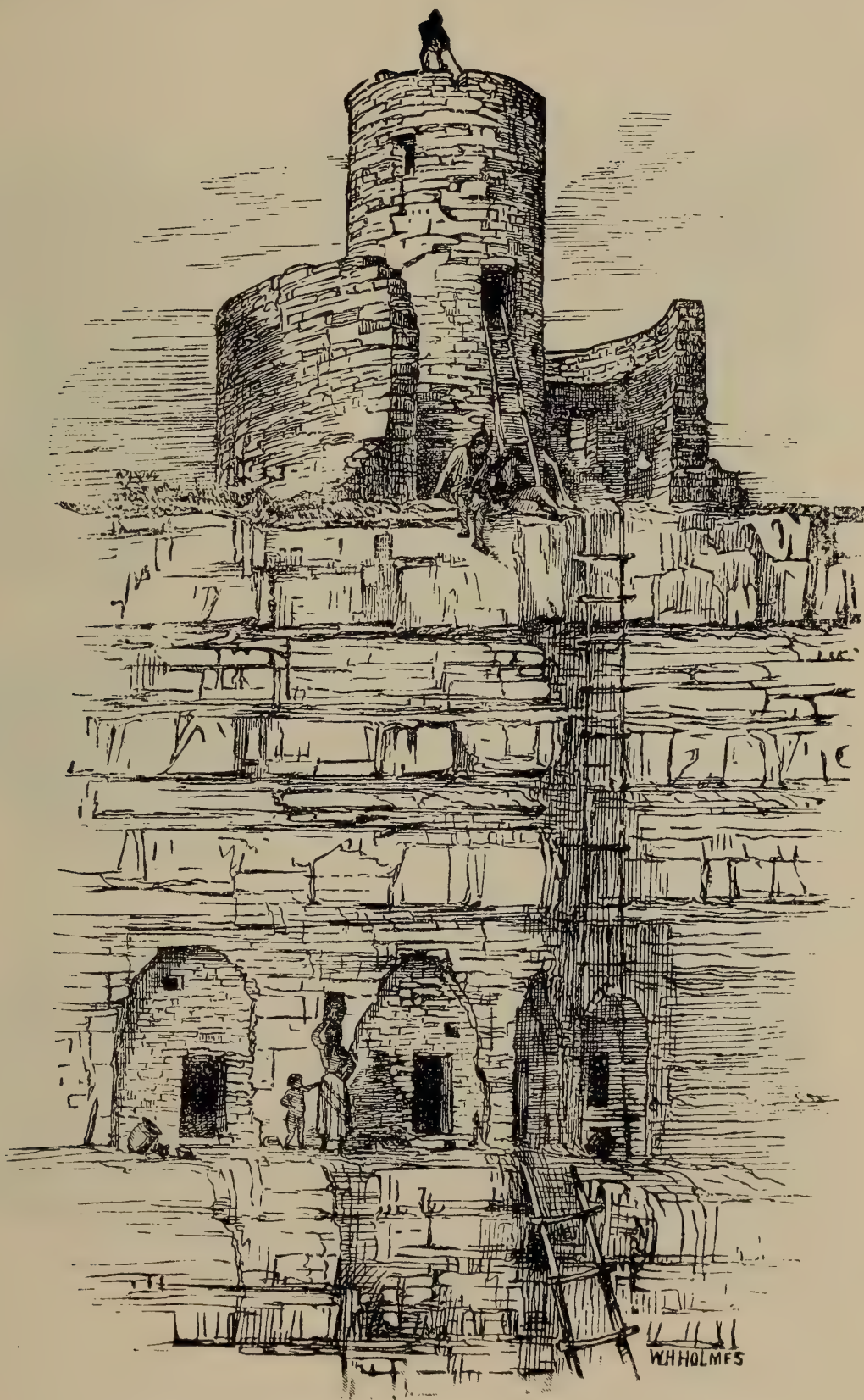
APPLIANCES FOR GATHERING AND PREPARING FOOD



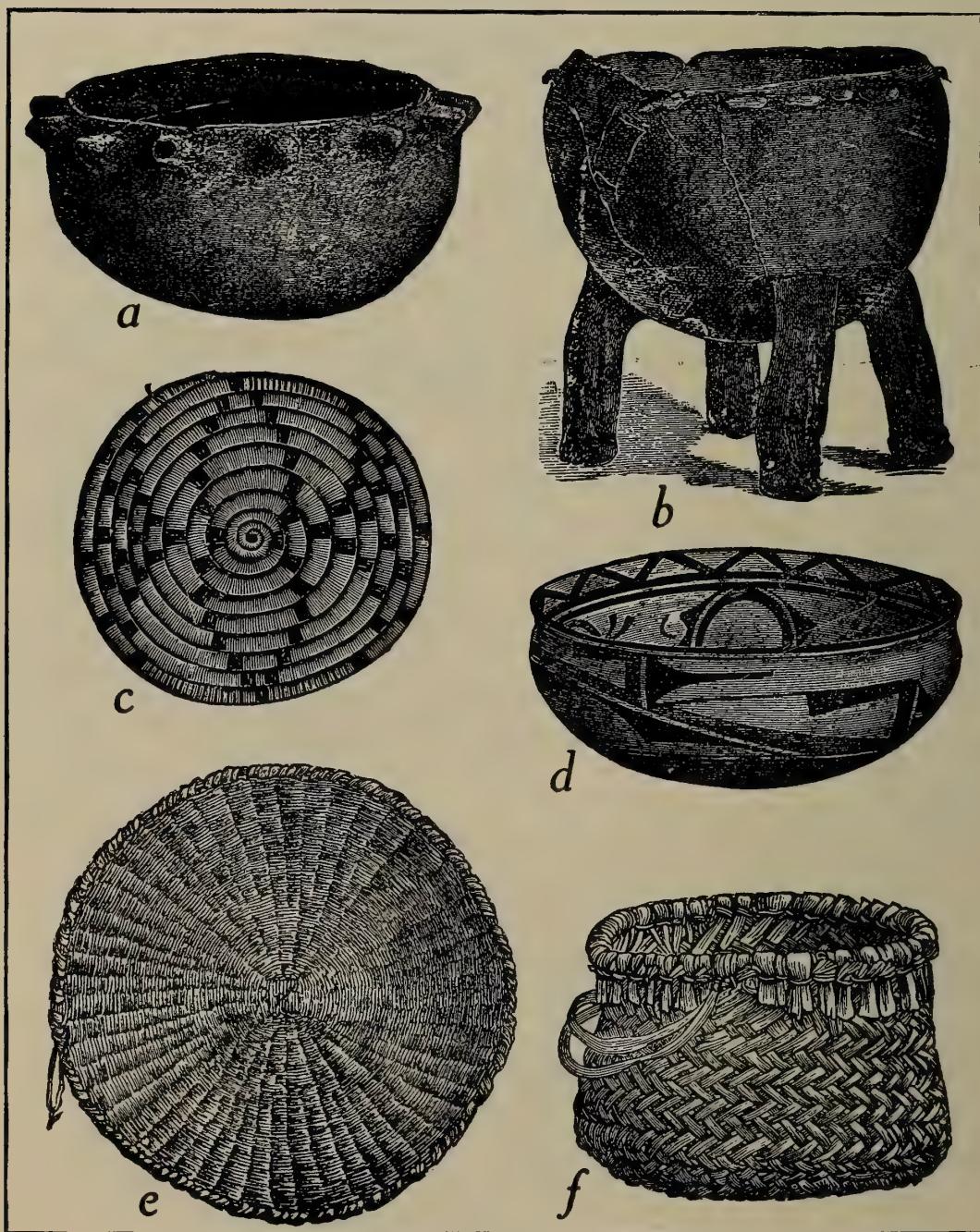


COOKING APPLIANCES





ANCIENT STONE TOWER AND CLIFF-DWELLING



FOOD RECEPTACLES





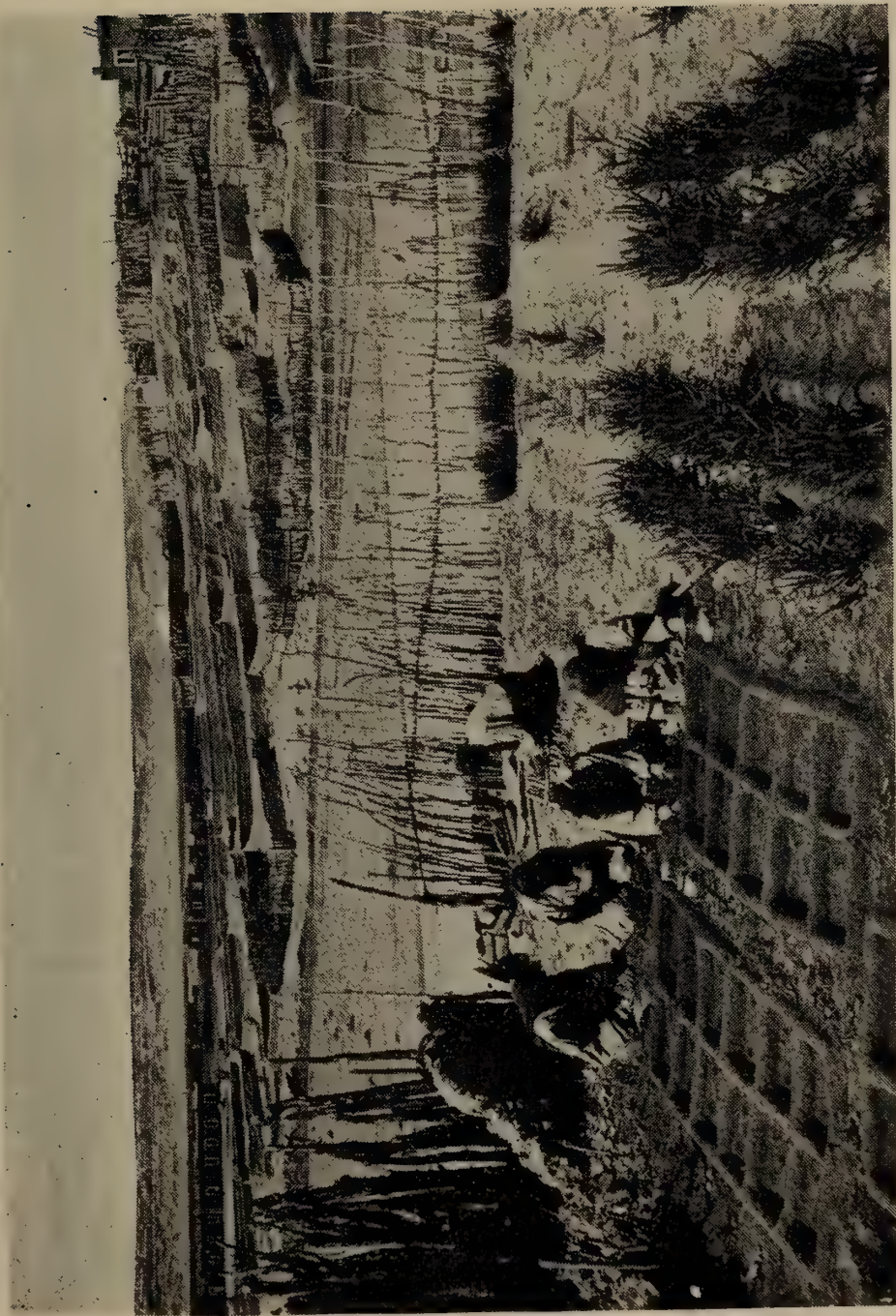
OVENS





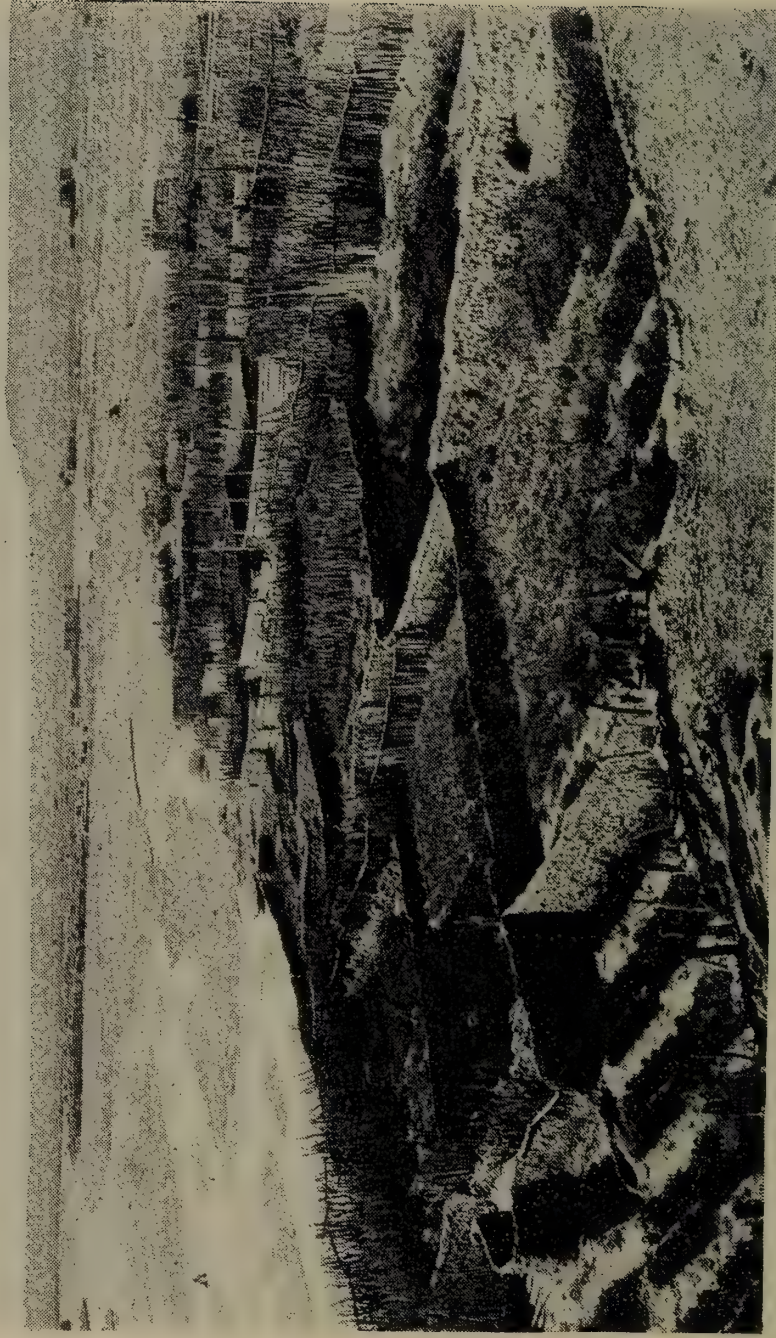
CLEANING AN OVEN PREPARATORY TO BAKING  
The unbaked loaves are seen near the woman's feet





MAKING A GARDEN





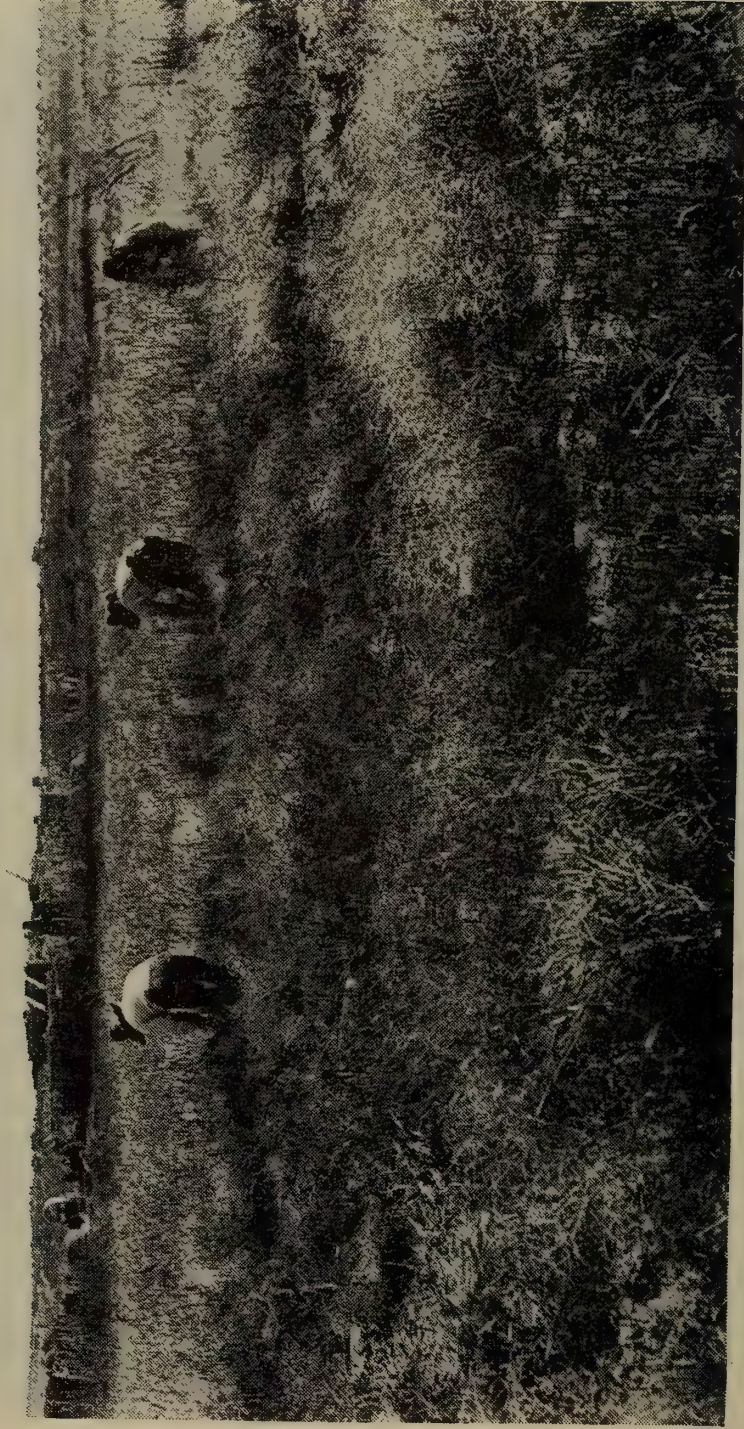
SMALL GARDENS AT ZUÑI





OJO CALIENTE, ONE OF THE THREE FARMING VILLAGES OF ZUÑI





GATHERING WHEAT





THRESHING WITH MODERN APPLIANCES





CULTIVATING THE GARDEN

A pail of water and a gourd dipper for irrigating are seen





GRINDING GRAIN



CUSHING—ZUÑI BREADSTUFF

PL. XXIII



WINNOWING BEANS









A TYPICAL FIREPLACE

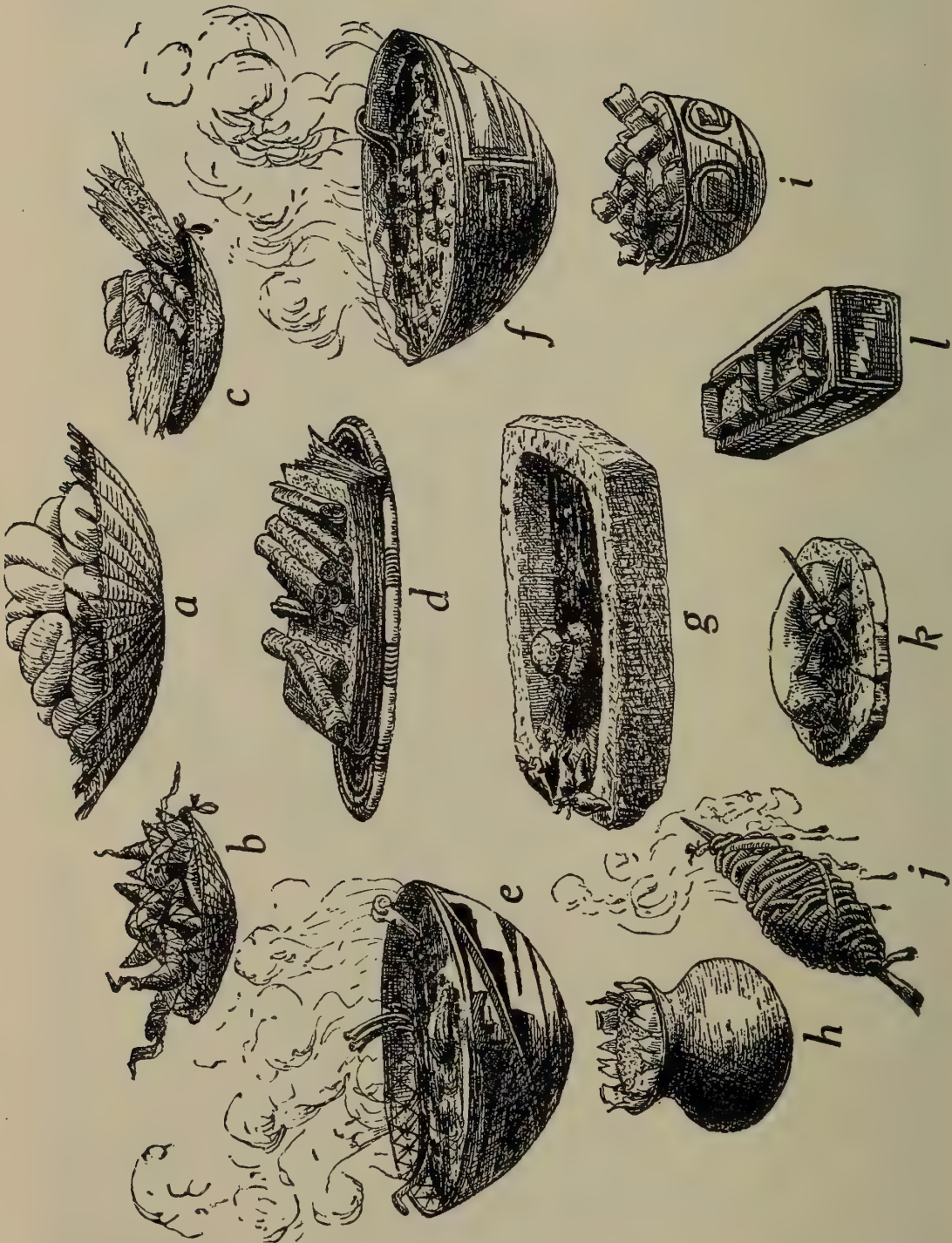
Utensils of civilization are slowly but surely superseding those  
made by the natives





SERVING A MEAL





VARIETIES OF COOKED FOODS



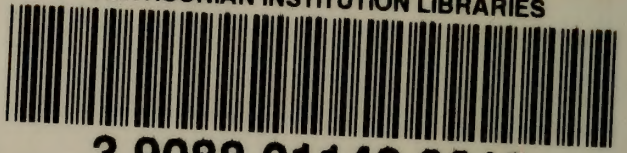








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